THREE YEARS IN AMERICA

1859-1862 *Volume II*

by

[I. J.] BENJAMIN

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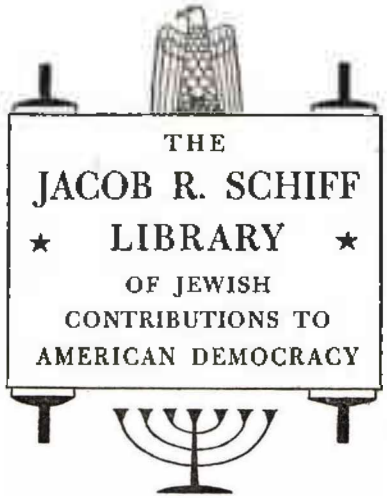
CHARLES REZNIKOFF

with an introduction by

OSCAR HANDLIN

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Three Years in America

II

Preface

THIS, THE SECOND VOLUME OF MY TRAVELS IN AMERICA, DEALS WITH California. Among the triumphs which civilization has celebrated, the name of California will remain for all time in brightest lights. Little known by the civilized world only a few years ago, California has grown to be a flourishing State, developing rapidly and prosperously by means of constant diligence and the spirit of brisk enterprise. There has never been so quick and complete a change. Where, only a short time before, the primeval forests with their terrors seemed to have shut themselves off forever from the onward pressure of human culture, there arose and still arise rich populated cities, overcoming all handicaps as if by magic. In place of swamps there is an expanse of smiling fields and gardens and, where the barren limestone absorbed the burning rays of the sun, the grapes of the vine now turn to them eagerly to warm their delicious juice in the heavens' glow. Desolate mountains, on which a human foot had never trod, swarm with vigorous workingmen: they know how to bring up the treasure of the depths, where it has lain hidden from the beginning of creation until it has become countless.

Every land, every race, has sent its children to share in this gigantic task and, if the civilized world did not send the best of its sons, the work itself improved the rude, so that civilization need not be ashamed of its children in California. Law and morality have, on the whole, conquered everywhere, and many a man who in Europe found himself at odds with human and divine laws, has in the depths of the mine, or upon the prairie, regained his lost faith in God, learned to adjust himself to the laws of society, and become a respected member of the new State.

I offer in this volume the most accurate account possible of the origin, present situation and conditions of every place of any degree of importance in California: nothing like it has been done anywhere in such detail. Newspapers of California have said the same. I intrust this volume, too, to the good-will of the kind reader.

Hanover, September 29, 1862.

I. J. Benjamin II

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Book II
Journey in the Interior of California

Chapter I

JOURNEY FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SACRAMENTO*

NOVEMBER 6, 1860, WILL BE RECORDED AS A MOST NOTEWORTHY DAY IN the history of the United States. It was on that day, namely, that the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of the United States decided the fate of the country. Men were well aware of the significance of the day, and the seriousness of it dominated every one. The places of business were closed, work was suspended, the ceaseless bustle took a holiday, and the only rivalry was in working for the election of the man considered most suitable to take the wheel in that stormy time.

It was indeed a day that I will long remember, for I had never seen an election and all its attendant circumstances: its excitements and its

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* Whoever undertakes to travel in a land new to him, must, above all, in addition to the many preparations required, go to the trouble of acquiring an approximate knowledge of the country by means of travel descriptions and similar writings. Enough that is new and worth paying attention to will still remain for the traveler and he will have the advantage of examining more closely that with which he is acquainted and of comparing it with the descriptions. Before I commenced my trip to California, I looked about for an accurate description of that land, and the latest book that I could find, *Illustrierte Geographie von Nord- und Südamerika*, by Wilhelm Rapp, Philadelphia, 1857, second edition, seemed to me the most suitable. This book, although it is considered one of the best, is brief, insufficient and skimpy about California. Since a short survey of the geography of the State will be useful to understand what is written here and to orient oneself, we add the following.

The present state of California (according to the geographer's viewpoint, "Upper California") is bounded on the north by the Territory of Oregon, on the east by the Territory of Utah (from which it is divided for some distance by the Sierra Nevada mountains) and also by the Territory of New Mexico, on the south by Southern or Lower California, which still belongs to Mexico, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. It lies between 32 degrees, 28 minutes, and 42 degrees northern latitude, and 114 degrees, 10 minutes, and 124 degrees, 50 minutes, western longitude; its greatest length (from northwest to southeast) is about 700 miles; at its widest it is 335 miles; it is 188,982 square miles in area.

The State of California is crossed by two great mountain ranges, running from north to south, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, almost parallel to the Pacific. These chief mountain ranges branch off into several smaller chains and

tricks and crookedness. Fully impressed by this singular spectacle, I went on board the splendid steamer *Chrysopolis*. The Rev. H. A. Henry, preacher of Congregation Sherith Israel, went along with me to Sacramento, in accordance with a resolution of his congregation, to introduce me to the Israelites of that city. About two hours after we left the bay, we reached Benicia at six o'clock in the afternoon. The place has about two thousand inhabitants. The arsenal here should be mentioned and the dry-docks where a good many steamers and other vessels are built. Mention should also be made of a beautiful school for young women. A small place, called Martinez, lies across

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all these mountains divide the land into countless valleys. The most important is the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers that stretches for almost 500 miles from north to south and, on the average, is about 60 miles wide. It is bounded on the west by the mountains of the coast and on the east by the Sierra Nevada mountains. These mountains, which are considered to be a continuation of the Blue Mountains of Oregon, run almost due south, unite with the Coast Range at 34 degrees northern latitude, and have much higher peaks in the north than in the south. The highest is Mt. Shasta which is as much as 14,000 feet high.

The bays include: Pelican Bay, south of Oregon, at the northwest end of California; Reddings Bay, the harbor of Humboldt; and the bay of San Francisco, one of the most splendid bays in the world. A mountain-chain separates it from the sea and it has only a narrow entrance – about a mile wide. Beyond this entrance, however, it stretches north and south and extends in both directions about thirty-five miles so that the total length of the bay is about seventy miles and the circumference 275 miles. It is divided into three parts by promontories and tongues of land: the bays of San Pablo and Suisun to the north and to the south what is properly San Francisco Bay. The farthest indentation is about 40 miles from the sea and here the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers enter the bay. To the bays of California belong also Monterey Bay and the bay of San Diego at the southwest end of ("upper") California.

The important rivers of California (naming them from north to south) are as follows. The Sacramento, flowing from the north, and the San Joaquin, flowing from the south, unite 15 miles above Suisun Bay and then empty into it. All their more important tributaries flow from the Sierra Nevada mountains, among them the Feather, Yuba and American rivers which flow into the Sacramento, and the Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne and Merced which flow into the San Joaquin. The lower reaches of the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Merced are navigable for small steamers.

The following lakes should be named: the Tulare, in the southern part of the State, 60 miles long, and Clear Lake in Colusa and Yolo counties.

The climate is much milder than in the same degrees of latitude along the Atlantic. In the districts along the Pacific coast it seldom snows. For the low-lying districts, climatic conditions are best distinguished as the wet and dry seasons rather than summer and winter. In the northern part the rainy season begins in the fall, in the neighborhood of San Francisco at the end of November, and in the most southern part at the end of December. Here it ends as early as the middle of February, but continues for a longer period in the northern parts. The soil, still little cultivated, is excellent. In the south it produces mostly tropical plants, and is also chiefly suitable for vineyards. The northern part produces wheat, rye, and oats most abundantly; hemp, rice, tobacco, cotton, and coffee, likewise, are raised successfully. The woods have an abundance of excellent

the river. Here sea-going craft are repaired. Those that are idle remain here at anchor until they find employment in a new trip.

From Benicia we continued up the Sacramento River and, after about three hours, reached the little town of Rio Vista. Here, to our great fright, the ship ran aground on a sand-bank. The water of the river was very low and it took the crew almost an hour before they could get the ship afloat again. At about three in the morning we reached Sacramento, "the city of the plains," a name it has received because it is on a level expanse of ground. People were already at work in the newspaper offices and in hotels, restaurants and saloons. Sacramento, the capital of the State, is situated on the Sacramento River, 120 miles from San Francisco. The first impression that it makes is not pleasing: the streets are broad and cross each other at right angles; the sidewalks are shaded by cottonwood-trees. It is surrounded by a dam to keep back the waters of the American River, which flow into the Sacramento just above the city, as well as to keep the Sacramento from overflowing. Captain Sutter was the first white man to settle in the neighborhood; that was in 1845. In 1848 a colony

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timber: pine-trees of great circumference, a kind of cypress that reaches a diameter of fifteen to twenty-one feet, maple trees, oaks, cedars, sycamores and other kinds of trees. The land is also rich in wild animals: elk, deer, grizzly bears, antelopes, California lions (a kind of panther), coyotes (half fox, half wolf), black wild-cats, wild horses and other animals. Most of the gold is to be found along the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. In addition to gold, quicksilver, gypsum, iron, lead, silver, copper, asphalt, coal and platinum are also to be found. There are a great number of salt springs, hot sulphur springs and warm springs containing soda.

Nature has adorned this land with varied and colorful plants. Its population is like this, too. In no land on earth is the population as mixed as in California, for its wealth lured adventurers from all the ends of the world. A local census, taken at the end of 1852, showed the total number of inhabitants to be 264,435: consisting of 151,115 white males, 29,741 white females; 1,637 male Negroes, 253 female Negroes; 424 male mulattos and 98 female mulattos; 19,675 male Indians and 12,864 female Indians. The immigration of Chinese, particularly, will also become increasingly important. A large part of the population is still occupied with digging for gold, particularly with digging out ore containing gold. The capital invested in this, according to the census of 1852, amounted to $5,871,401. $98,407,990 worth of gold from California was deposited in the mints of the United States by the end of 1851. In the year 1852, $46,528,076 was deposited. In addition, to obtain an approximate idea of the wealth of gold found in California, there must be included the enormous export of gold dust and gold nuggets to Europe and the large sums exported by private persons.

In recent times, agriculture is becoming more and more important: this is a good sign. According to the census of 1852, 110,748 acres were cultivated. The greater part of these were in the central and western parts of the State. The principal agricultural products were: barley, wheat, oats, Indian corn and potatoes. Together with agriculture went the raising of cattle, horses, mules, swine and sheep.

was established where the city is now. In 1850 almost the entire town was destroyed by fire, and in 1852 it was completely submerged by a flood. Both disasters destroyed property worth $12,000,000. At present, the city has between twelve and fifteen thousand inhabitants: the geography book, mentioned above, says it has twenty thousand.

The day on which a new governor is inaugurated is, particularly here, one of the popular holidays. Generally, the newly-elected governor takes his solemn oath to fulfill the duties of his office faithfully and conscientiously, on a platform in front of the portico of the capitol, surrounded by friends, flatterers and officials of the State. On the platform is a wreath of roses, from which he takes one as a symbol that he is seriously ready to tread the thorny path that he must walk for the next two years. This path is indeed a thorny one, as all the governors thus far have experienced. In spite of this, a few seem to be so fond of the fruit which grows among the thorns that throughout their lives they wish to pluck it.

During the eleven years of the existence of California as a State, there were seven governors. Five were elected by the people and inaugurated in the following order. P. H. Burnett was inaugurated at San José in December 1849. He resigned and his place was taken by John McDougal who made Vallejo, and afterwards Benicia, the seat of government. H. W. Bigler was inaugurated at Benicia in 1852. He was inaugurated again, for a second term, at Sacramento in 1854. Here John Neely Johnson was inaugurated in 1855, John Weller in

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With respect to manufacturing, the young State is still very backward. Its commerce, however, is all the more flourishing. San Francisco, the chief commercial center, maintains the most active commercial intercourse with Europe, Asia, Australia and the Atlantic coast of the United States. The extent of the city's commerce may be judged from the fact that between San Francisco in the West, New Orleans in the South and New York in the East no less than forty-one great sea-going steamers travel. Except for the export of gold, California's trade consists almost exclusively of imports, for even the material for building houses is imported. Imports from foreign lands amounted to $4,648,587: this does not include, of course, the enormous trade with other states of the Union. Exports in 1852 consisted of about $50,000,000 in gold dust.

As for the government of the State, the governor and the Senate, consisting of thirty-three members, are elected by the people for two years; the eighty members of the House of Representatives are elected for a term of only one year. The Supreme Court, the highest court of the state, consists of a chief justice and two associate justices; they are elected by the people for six years. The school system, assisted by generous gifts of the Congress of United States, is gradually becoming better. Still, in 1853, of 17,821 white school-children, no more than 3,314 attended the public schools. Recently, several academies have been established by private funds. In 1850, the State had twenty-three churches: of these, seventeen were Roman Catholic and the rest Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian. Of public charitable institutions, the following are worth mentioning: a lunatic asylum at Stockton, the Marine Hospital in San Francisco and the

1858, and Milton S. Latham in 1860. The last-named was in office only a single week and then resigned. John G. Downey succeeded him.

At the inauguration of a new governor it was the custom to give a great ball. Since this took place only once in two years, it was run in a grand style and beautiful women from all parts of the State attended it. In addition, the inaugural celebration arouses the interest of many; for the governor has the right to dispose of several profitable posts. Although, in assuming the duties of his post, he is besieged by a troublesome host of friends, he can take comfort from the prospect that when his term of office is over he will be rid of all these "friends" as well as of his duties.

United States Marine Hospital in the same city. In San Quentin, fifteen miles north of San Francisco, a prison is being constructed.

Of the cities, San Francisco, on the western shore of the bay of the same name, owes its rapid growth and flourishing state to its excellent geographical condition which has made it the emporium of the commerce between Europe and Asia and the agent of the trade with the islands of the Pacific. At the beginning of 1849, it was still an insignificant village; in 1850, San Francisco had a population of 30,000, and in 1853 this was estimated at 60,000. It has a custom-house, a branch mint of the United States, a music-hall and several theaters. Every two weeks, regularly, a steamer leaves the city for Panama, and leaves Panama for San Francisco; there are also regular sailings to, and from, Sacramento and Marysville.

Sacramento, on the left bank of the Sacramento River, 130 miles northeast of San Francisco, is the center for the transportation of food to the great northern mining-districts. The population is estimated at 20,000.

Marysville is on the north bank of the Yuba River, a mile above the point where it joins the Feather River. In 1853, the population was 8,000.

Stockton, three miles from the San Joaquin River with which it is connected by a canal, has from five to eight thousand inhabitants. Other well-known cities are: Nevada City, Placerville, San José, Vallejo, Sonora, Shasta City, Sonoma and Monterey.

"Upper" California was discovered by Francis Drake in 1578 but first settled by a few Spaniards in 1778. After the Mexican revolution, it formed part of that republic until 1836, when the inhabitants threw off the Mexican yoke. By the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico in 1848, "Upper" California became part of the United States and was admitted to the union as a sovereign State in 1850.

Chapter II

Sacramento

Among the most beautiful river-scenes in the world are those along the Sacramento, particularly during May and June. The traveler, who wishes to see and appreciate the scenery of the Sacramento River in all its beauty, should leave San Francisco at four in the afternoon. He will then enjoy a splendid view of the promontories, mountains and valleys which lie in sight of the bays of San Francisco, San Pablo and Suisun and border upon them. On all sides, the land is a most beautiful green; here and there, to the right and left, between groves of trees, herds of cattle are grazing; the fields of grain are shining in the sun; and all together they form a panorama that must charm the least impressionable into a state of enthusiasm and stir the heart to jubilation and praise.

By steamboat, one reaches Sacramento from "the Slough" during the night. Going down the river from Sacramento, there is time enough – since one leaves the city at two in the afternoon – to view the country between the city and "the Slough." On this trip, the long stretches of fields of grain, waving this way and that; the mountains shimmering in the distance; the slowly-rising upland, with farmhouses scattered here and there, captivate the spectator: eyes and other senses are profitably busy. The upper part of the Sacramento valley, with Lassen's Butte in the background, belongs to the most beautiful parts of the upper Sacramento River. The shores of the river are here somewhat higher than the surrounding countryside and this is easily flooded. In 1852 and 1853, the whole district was flooded for a distance of a hundred miles, so that the area from Feather River to the foot of Lassen's Butte looked like a lake. The floor of this valley is extremely fertile and forms an extensive flat tract of land suitable for agriculture. Because of its situation, in case of necessity, it can be irrigated everywhere with little trouble; under the circumstances, it is most suitable for rice fields; and, for this reason, we have not the least doubt that the time will soon come when smiling rice fields will delight the eye of the traveler in the valley of the upper Sacramento.

Lassen's Butte is about 1200 feet high, thirty miles in circumference, very rough and jagged. The western side of it is very steep and, therefore, difficult to climb; but the eastern side is quite different, and pleasure-parties can go to the highest point almost all the way by carriage. On the butte itself and around it there are several small valleys which are very fertile. Most of these are cultivated, and increasingly so: the whole district will soon become, no doubt, the garden of California.

Civilization is making rapid strides here. Only twelve years ago the place where Sacramento stands was a complete wilderness, and eleven years ago only a few fallen ruins were in the limits of the present city; later, the surging flood completely destroyed what the fire had spared. Today, Sacramento is the second-largest city on the Pacific coast due to the unconquerable activity and perseverance that are characteristic of the American nation; and it will always rank as such unless, unluckily, one of the many earthquakes which from time to time visit the blessed soil of California, shatters the city to its foundations. The immeasurable wealth which its hills and valleys held remained, over many centuries, untouched by the rude and lazy inhabitants, but industrious hands have brought the hidden treasures to the light of day and now distribute them to the advantage and blessing of the citizens of the State.

The city is shaded by trees and in summer, when the days become very hot and the thermometer climbs to 95 degrees in the shade, it has the appearance of a park. The Sacramento River, which surrounds the city, has a yellow color because of the dirty water that the miners in the neighboring hills have used which flows into it and which has polluted the river water so that it is not fit for drinking. Before the discovery of gold, however, it was clear and pure. The river is filling up the places near the city with gravel and brushwood and it is a pity that the water here is becoming shallower daily: in a few years, it is to be feared, the steamers that go between the city and San Francisco will have difficulty reaching the docks.

Sacramento has about five hundred Jewish residents. They formed a single congregation at first. Later, there was dissention among them and a number formed a separate congregation. This happens quite often in America.

Congregation B'nai Israel was organized in 1859 and soon built a synagogue with the same name. The German and Polish Jews were at first united but separated because of the *hazzan* (cantor) whom the Germans did not like. They left the synagogue to their Polish brethren and formed a new congregation called B'nai Hashalom. By this time

it has three thousand dollars in its treasury and will soon build a synagogue. In the brief time of its existence, the B'nai Israel congregation has had no less than four preachers. I could not find out who was to blame for this frequent change.

The B'nai Hashalom congregation celebrates New Year's and the Day of Atonement in a rented house; and this is almost all it does by way of religious services.

The Hebrew Benevolent Society was organized in 1850 and has, at present, eighty members. They have three thousand dollars in their treasury.

A social club of young Jews was organized in July 1855. It has forty members. They meet monthly for social entertainment and the exchange of ideas. The club is highly thought of for its benevolence.

I. O. Bnai Brith

was founded on the first of January, 1859, and has forty-five members.

During my stay in Sacramento a friend told me that he met a Chinese Jew in the mountains. It was clear from the conversation of this Chinese that he was well acquainted with Jewish customs and this, as well as the fact that he was circumcised, was proof enough that he was a Jew. It could also be seen in his features. He said that he was born in Manila, in the piratical islands, between Bering Straits and Goar, where – a fact unknown to me until then – a large number of Israelites were living. Another Chinese, who called himself a Jew, was said to be in Sacramento. He would refuse to light a fire on the Sabbath and explain that, although he was a working man, he did not want to do anything that his religion forbade him. This story aroused in me a great desire to meet these Chinese and to learn something more definite and detailed about those of our faith in the "Flowery Kingdom." In spite of the most zealous efforts on my part and many others, they could not be found, so that I had to console myself with the hope of meeting Chinese Jews for the first time in their own land in the immediate future – if a kind Providence will lead me there.

I saw as little of the religious life of the Jews of Sacramento as I heard of their charity.

Turn Verein

This society was organized in June 1854, and has built a splendid hall at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars. It has eighty members. In this splendid hall they have both athletic exercises and musical rehearsals. As part of their athletic drill they have a shooting-range with twenty-five rifles worth a thousand dollars. The society has, in addition, a

select library. Theatrical performances are also given from time to time. The lot is about 160 feet long and sixty broad; the buildings themselves are fifty-five feet in width and sixty in length. They are very comfortably furnished in German style. The German gymnastic societies of the United States formerly were united in one large organization but, because California was so far away, its society withdrew from the others so that now it is an independent organization.

Free and Accepted Masons

The California grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons was organized April 18, 1850. At that time it had representatives from only three regularly organized lodges. At present, there are 150 lodges under the jurisdiction of the grand lodge with the three degrees of master mason, journeyman and apprentice. The grand lodge meets annually in Sacramento on the second Thursday in May. The grand chapter of the Sovereign Head-Master Masons of California was organized on the eighth of May, 1854, by representatives of the three existing chapters. It meets annually on the Thursday before the second Tuesday in May. The Grand Camp of the Knights Templar of the State of California was organized on August tenth, 1858, by the representatives of three commanderies. It meets annually in San Francisco on the fourth Saturday of June.

The subordinate lodges in Sacramento are:
Jehema Lodge, No. 3, organized November 24, 1850.
Washington Lodge, No. 10, organized February 26, 1852.
Sacramento Lodge, No. 40, organized July 26, 1853.
Union Lodge, No. 58, organized May 2, 1855.
Concord Lodge, No. 117, organized May 15, 1857.

The Sacramento R. A. C., No. 3, was organized December 26, 1851. The Sacramento Council of Master Masons meets on the fourth Saturday of every month in Masonic Hall. The Sacramento Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, was organized July 1853.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

The grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of California was organized in San Francisco on May 17, 1854. It has at present under its jurisdiction 105 subordinate lodges with 6842 members.

Camps

The Grand Camp of the I. O. of Odd Fellows was organized in the city of Sacramento on January 8, 1855. It has at present twenty-two camps with 530 members under its jurisdiction.

Pacific Camp, No. 2, was organized in 1855 on the eighteenth of January.

Sacramento Lodge, No. 2, was organized January 28, 1851.

Eureka Lodge, No. 4, was organized January 7, 1852.

El Dorado Lodge, No. 8, was organized September 24, 1852.

Capitol Lodge, No. 87, was organized June 10, 1859.

The four subordinate lodges, mentioned above, have 320 members.

Independent Order of Knights

This order was founded on October 14, 1858, in Folsom, about twenty miles from Sacramento, and the first regular great encampment was held then. At this festivity, thirty representatives from various sections of the State were present, elected as the result of a resolution at a convention held in San Francisco, June 9, 1857. The principal purposes of the order are to unite all mankind in a common brotherhood, to assist each other mutually in sickness and in misfortune, and to teach the rising generation of young men of the nation their duties towards their Creator, their Fatherland, their fellow men and themselves. At present there are forty-eight subordinate encampments in the State with fifteen hundred members.

Temple of Honor

The Great Temple of Honor was organized in California on August 9, 1854. It holds its annual sessions in Sacramento on the fourth Tuesday in May. There are thirty-one subordinate Temples, nine "grade" Temples, and seventeen social Temples under the jurisdiction of the Great Temple, with a total membership of 1300.

The Honor Temple of the Golden Horizon, No. 1, was organized May 18, 1853. It has sixty-eight active members. The Social Temple of the Golden Horizon, No. 1, was organized in June, 1854, and has 120 members. The "Grade" Temple of Friendship, No. 1, was organized November 30, 1854. The Council Department meets in the evening of the fourth Friday of every month.

Sons of Temperance

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance was organized September 9, 1854, and has at present in this State two hundred subordinate divisions with 3,500 members under its jurisdiction. The following are the subordinate divisions in Sacramento: The Pacific Star Division, No. 1, organized May 9, 1850, with a present membership of eighty; The Sands Division, No. 3, organized August 22, 1850, with a present membership of thirty.

Independent Order of Good Templars

This temperance order is under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge for North America. Edwin H. Bischof is the head for the whole state. There are in all six lodges in the state; the following two are in Sacramento and have 150 members: Siloam Lodge, No. 2, was organized in September, 1856, by John F. Pinkham; Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 6, was organized June 5, 1859, by E. H. Bischof.

Charitable Societies

The Howard Benevolent Society was founded in October 1857. Its principal purpose is to assist the sick, those in distress and the poor and needy, irrespective of age, religion or color. The society has a depot on First Street, between Eighth and Ninth. This is well provided with stores for those in need of assistance and there is also a man in charge who takes care of all requests for assistance promptly and accurately. The physicians of the city have offered the society their services free in a fraternal spirit. The funds of the society are derived from the monthly contributions of subscribers and actual members. The latter have to pay five dollars each. The need and necessity for such an organization appears from the fact that in its first year 243 persons were assisted by it and during eleven months of its second year 516 persons.

The Protestant Orphan-House

was founded in 1858. Its purpose is to receive all orphans brought to it and to bring them up. At present there are only four children under the protection of the society, but it has the means to receive all that may be sent to it.

Sacramento Mutual Aid Society

was founded May 2, 1856, incorporated March 10, 1859, and has now eighty members. Since its organization, this society has prospered so obviously that it has been able not only to satisfy all the needs of its sick members but to build a handsome hall with all necessary equipment and, in addition, it has a handsome fund on hand.

Musical Societies

The Philharmonic Society was founded by twenty gentlemen on October 15, 1855. Auditions begin annually on the second Tuesday in October and end at the beginning of June. Anyone who can read and sing sacred music, and is approved of by the directers after a test, may become a participating member. Sustaining members pay ten dollars annually, have the right to be present at the auditions and to receive

two tickets for every concert of the society. The society is in a flourishing condition, has a library of 250 musical works and owns a piano and other musical instruments, in all worth $1500.

The Union Brass Band of Sacramento

This excellent band was organized July 7, 1857. Its performances may be compared at any time with those of any other band in the United States. It consists of thirteen members and they have a brand new uniform.

Rifle Company of the Turn Verein

The company has forty privates and seven officers. They are all Germans.

Pioneer Association

This society was founded January 27, 1854, and has for its purpose the collection and cataloguing of everything that has any reference to the early history of California. It has almost two hundred members.

The Athenaeum

was organized January 4, 1854. It meets every Wednesday evening. The officers are elected every month.

Military Companies

The Independent City Guard was organized August 10, 1855, and consists at present of fifty members.

The Fire Department

The first fire-company on the Pacific coast was organized in Sacramento February 5, 1850. It was called "Mutual Fire Hook-and-Ladder Company, No. 1."

The fire department of Sacramento is one of the most active in all the State and consists of the most respected and influential citizens of the city. The promptness with which it fulfills its duties, the hospitality with which it entertains friends, and its conduct generally earns it universal praise. Its efforts not to lose this worthy reputation have hitherto been most effective.

The department at present consists of six fire-engines, two hook-and-ladder companies, and a hose company. Confident Engine Company, No. 1, has for its motto: "Throw the fire into water!" It was organized March 5, 1851 and has a splendid engine-house that cost four thousand dollars. It has, in addition, a beautiful hose-wagon, inlaid

with silver. It had it made to order for about two thousand dollars and it is the exclusive property of the company. Sixty-five members are attached to the fire-engines and twenty to the hose-wagon.

Protection Company, No. 2, with the motto, "To duty in time of danger," has sixty-five members. It was organized May 22, 1851.

Sacramento Engine Company, No. 3, with the motto, "Ever ready," was organized on March 27, 1851, and has sixty-five members. This company has arranged in its house a reading-room and places for other purposes and has built a bath-house, all of which cost a thousand dollars. In addition, it has a well-furnished hall and a library of more than a thousand volumes.

Eureka Engine Company, No. 4, was organized August 1853, and has sixty members. It has a beautiful and well-furnished hall.

Knickerbocker Engine Company, No. 5, with its motto, "We strive to save," was organized July 1854, and has sixty-one members.

The engine-company of Young America, No. 6, has fifty-nine members and a handsome engine-house. It cost four thousand dollars and is very handsomely painted and has brass fittings.

Mutual Hook-and-Ladder Company, No. 1, with its motto, "Always ready," was organized February 5, 1850, and has already performed excellent service. It has an engine, inlaid with silver, and a ladder that can be extended. It has also a handsome hall furnished at great expense.

The alert Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2, with the motto, "Always alert," was organized September 1852, and has thirty-two members. Its house and hall are furnished in excellent taste and may well be considered the most beautiful in the city; the furnishing cost $3,500.

The Neptune Hose Company, No. 1, was organized October 6, 1856, and has twenty-five members.

All in all, there is no fire department in the United States that can show better equipment, handsomer houses and greater success than the fire department of Sacramento.

There are nine Protestant churches in the city, a Roman Catholic church, and a Jewish synagogue called "Beth Israel." Their property has been estimated as worth $183,800. The Catholic church was the most expensive and this alone cost $55,000. In addition to the churches, there are six Protestant Sunday-schools. Here the children of Protestant parents are instructed every Sunday in biblical history and religion.

Chapter III

MARYSVILLE

I LEFT SACRAMENTO ON NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH, AT SEVEN IN THE morning, to go to Marysville, forty-five miles away. After riding through a desolate, barren region for about two hours, we reached a station, known as "Justice for the Miner Inn." We had our breakfast there while the horses were changed. The next place that we reached was Makalis. From there we travelled to Rablen, where our horses were changed again. Our next stop was at Humboldt on the Feather River. Towards noon we reached the Yuba River, crossed the bridge over this river and then pursued our way through a charming settlement to Marysville. We reached it towards two in the afternoon.

In 1849, the place now known as Marysville was the only settlement in this flourishing and fertile region. It is surrounded by the Yuba and Feather Rivers, begins where they unite, and extends towards their sources far in the distance. It was previously known as "Nye's Ranch" and was the only *embarcado*, or landing-place, for goods coming from the south. The district consisted of more than 45,000 acres of land originally called, after the name of the owner, "the Cordua Grant." He first settled there in 1841, after he had leased it from the early pioneer, Capt. John A. Sutter. At that time, three wooden houses ornamented the northern bank of the Yuba and belonged to Captain Sutter. They were close to the spot now known as the Fort of D Street. All that broad and even place, except for these three houses, was without any improvement or ground cleared for cultivation.

By April 1849, there were several pastures for cattle to be found there and, at that time, their owners estimated that they had five thousand heads of cattle, six hundred horses, five hundred pigs and a moderate amount of poultry. Trade with the natives was, of course, at that time unimportant but, upon the discovery of gold and strangers pouring in, all the trade with the settlers in the hills centered in this spot as the natural and necessary stopping-place for the boats bringing freight from the southern cities. The result was that great quantities of goods of all sorts were unloaded on the banks of the Yuba by the enterprise of thousands of gold-hunters and the place became a center

of active and profitable trade. Scouts and speculators returned from their expeditions with glowing and exaggerated reports that served to spur on and excite, all the more, the feverish multitudes that were arriving – lured to the Pacific coast by the far-spread tales of the land of gold.

Among the first who succeeded in making a thorough exploration of the gold regions along the Yuba and Feather rivers were a company of natives of Chile under the leadership of the enterprising and respected J. M. Ramirez. In the months of April, May and June, he followed the Yuba along its course from a narrow passage to its sources and discovered the important points now known as Foster's Bar, Wambu's Mines, and so on. His sagacity foresaw the advantageous location of Nye's Ranch and he was not indifferent to his own interests. The following September, he acquired by purchase with Mr. John Sampson the interest that Messrs. Nye and Foster had in the ravine there. Theodore Sicard, likewise, bought a fourth of the whole ravine. This was later divided between Sampson, Foster, Ramirez and Covillaud in equal shares: the ravine was then valued at $60,000.

As early as December, these gentlemen decided to lay out a city. Mr. A. Le Plongeon was, accordingly, commissioned to survey the ravine and to divide it into squares, blocks and various rows of lots. These lots were at once disposed of to eager buyers at prices that would astonish anyone unacquainted with the location and who had no notion of what the city would be like that was as yet only a plan on paper. Mr. Ramirez, in his efforts to build the city and establish it firmly for all times, was ably assisted by S. J. Field, George H. Beach, Mr. Parks (for whom Park's Bar was later named), J. Crook, Alexander Kerchner, D. C. Brenham, Colton, Fisk and others.

In all the interior of California there is no city that grew so quickly and so prosperously as Marysville. Since it was located so conveniently for shipping along two of the largest rivers of the State and was surrounded by an unusually large section of land most suitable for agriculture and mining, the doors to thousands of sources of wealth opened for the city at the same time and the growth of its trade was without parallel in the history of the oldest trading nations on earth. As if by magic, buildings rose from the ground and soon formed long streets: so that the dreams of the Arabian Nights seemed to have become real in this place. Hotels, sufficiently provided with all attractions and richly furnished, appeared and those who ran them knew how to get the attention of the public. Saloons, decorated lavishly and extravagantly, spread their glitter at night and attracted even the passers-by who had no wish to visit them. Steamers and other vessels that could

still be used to a certain extent crowded the city's shore. Prosperity and enterprise were to be seen everywhere. The merchants of the city, in addition, always enjoyed an honorable distinction because of their liberality and their strict honesty, and the citizens under their restless activity had a firm foundation for shining hopes and dreams of coming fortune and prosperity. These expectations were fully realized.

According to the most reliable reports that we could get on the subject, we estimate that the number of white residents of Marysville on January 1, 1850, was about three hundred. That month deserves notice particularly because of the arrival of the first steamer on the Yuba, the *Laurentius*, under the command of F. C. M. Chadwick, pioneer in traveling by steamboat on the Yuba. From that time on, he began his regular trips between Sacramento and Marysville that yielded the owners of the steamer an enormous profit by the transport of freight and passengers. Freight, then, cost eight cents a pound and the fare was $25 a passenger: at such prices there could be no lack of customers. Marysville is to some extent indebted to the cargoes of this boat and the encouragement of trade that it provided by its regular and speedy delivery of freight and transportation of passengers from the south that the city so quickly outdistanced its rivals that were only spread out on paper – the new cities of Yuba, Fremont, Nicolaus and other rivals to be feared. Speculators did all they could to make these flourish, though they had nothing favorable in their location or any other natural advantage.

At this time most business was conducted, as in all other places in California then, in tents, hastily set-up and quite simple. The center of trade was the plaza – near the river. The great number of adventurers, arriving daily and setting up their tents, naturally set the citizens to asking serious and important questions about protecting the community – about law and morality. Until then there had been no court, no law or officials who, if necessary, would take the execution of justice into their hands, but every man for the protection of his own interests was told to look to his "own right arm." The pressing need of a legal organization that would be set up with the unbiased and free consent of the people constantly became more urgent. Therefore, in accord with the general demand, an election for the office of first and second alcalde was set for January 18, 1850, and 231 votes were then cast.

Stephen J. Field was named the first alcalde, or chief judge, J. B. Wadleigh the second, and T. M. Twitchell sheriff. Mr. Twitchell had reasons for declining the post and Robert B. Buchanan was elected in his place. A city council was likewise elected, but such a body was

later thought unnecessary and the management of all public affairs by common consent necessarily fell into the hands of the alcaldes. Judge Field, who received his commission soon afterwards from the governor and was duly established in office, entered upon his difficult duties. The honest, impartial and satisfactory manner in which he handled legal matters and the administration of justice is clear enough in his decisions preserved in the records of Yuba County. Here they are accessible to the curious and will be available for those who in the future will be engaged in historical research.

We take this opportunity of telling about the first case that was submitted to Judge Field for decision after he entered upon his office, as evidence of the adroit way in which he decided the matter without the assistance of unnecessary formalities, painful uncertainty, and expense of a technically correct court of justice. One morning, as Judge Field was standing on the principal street of the city, a well-known citizen came riding along on a horse he had bought a little while before. A stranger accosted him and claimed to be the owner of the animal. Naturally, a quarrel arose between them as to the identity of the horse and attracted the attention of those standing about—among them the judge. It was agreed at once to let Judge Field decide the matter. After both parties had taken the oath of a witness under the open sky, he heard their stories. There was no other evidence and Judge Field decided in favor of the stranger who had claimed the horse in the street, and he asked for an ounce of gold ($16) as the fee for his services. It was paid gladly. Both parties then went their ways, fully satisfied, after they had repaired to a near-by saloon and treated the crowd of unconcerned spectators.

At this time, unfortunately, public gambling with its seductive and most corrupt influence was fashionable, for it was then an important and characteristic distinction of life in California generally – very much in fashion and corrupting. Comfortable, roomy and splendid buildings began to be erected for the purpose of gambling. When merchants, bankers, great corporations and pious individuals would not venture a dollar as a contribution for the erection of a beautiful and useful building, the gamblers rivaled each other in building showy, expensive gambling-saloons. Before Marysville could be proud of a store or hotel, even if unworthy of the splendid business of which the city was the center, the public plaza was already surrounded by gambling-saloons that in spaciousness, in their clear and bright illumination, and in expensive furnishings, were beyond many a banquet-hall of Europe or the Atlantic states. The very thought of these is frightening to this day.

The first public gambling-house opened here was on the south side of First Street between D Street and Maiden Lane. It was kept by James Wharton and known as "The Round Tent." It was constructed of a row of stout boards, driven into the ground and covered with canvas. Others soon followed it and outdid it in the show of their decorations and furniture as well as in the attractions, enticements and seductions they offered. One of these was the El Dorado. It was on D Street and for a long time was a powerful magnet for all the adventurers in that part of the country. Music sounded from this great center of gambling; and artists, who now might refuse to appear anywhere else but in a concert-hall or theater, had no misgivings about offering their choicest strains to the bacchanalian company assembled here. Musical talent was at that time highly esteemed and even a second-rate bungler who could only punish the catgut of his strings found a much more profitable field for his business in the gambling-houses than the rancher with cash in his pockets, or the miner who had been panning gold.

Every kind of game was in progress before the eyes of the visitor, in a most enticing display. Many an American, who had left his home and with it the rules of moral conduct and the standards of taste acquired in his youth, repressed the sense of propriety and feelings of shame which he had inherited from home and let himself be sucked into the gambling house – the whirlpool of want, misery and shame. Representatives of all nations were to be met at these games of chance; men of different callings mingled here in a motley gathering with no distinction of standing or color – from the consecrated expounder of the gospels down to the poor, dull cattle-breeder with his tattered *serapa,* and the more timid son of New England who, earlier, had known no other rule but that of his mother. All sorts of games of chance which the ingenuity of the centuries had devised were to be found here in perfection: the ABC, the "sweat cloth," faro, monte, poker, and other games "to fleece you," as they say here, that only the Devil himself could think up, were ostentatiously on display before the eyes of the crowd streaming past, and they were made to appear as if they were the most excellent and mightiest contrivances that the age had produced.

Minted money was not sufficiently available then to cover the stakes of those who bet at the games, and gold-dust was therefore used as a pledge for currency. Those for whom this seductive pleasure had become a passion would pledge their sacks of gold-dust with those who ran the gambling-houses and get the sums of money needed. This was considered a sort of borrowing, a kind of arrangement to help one in case of bad luck; it was a loan that usually brought about – finally

and fairly soon – the ruin of the borrower who had solicited this favor. A Hogarth or a Cruikshank would have been amazed if they glanced at the subjects that offered themselves at the gaming-tables and been puzzled where to begin and where to stop if they tried to paint and recreate them. Here the corruption of gambling was to be seen in all its nakedness without any mask, by day as well as by night. In the bustle of the gambling-house might be found the speculator, the merchant, the gold-digger, the mechanic, the doctor, the minister and the lawyer gathered around the deceitful and bewitching glitter of this *ignis fatuus*, watching it closely, and seldom leaving it before perishing in its glow. When they came to their senses again, they also came, often enough, to the resolution born of despair, to put an end to their life by a pistol-shot on the plaza.

The general rage for gambling was at that time neither hated nor condemned by one in fifty; all, as a rule, were slaves to it. The sums that men spent at this passion and the boldness shown at it seems really difficult to understand at present. Enormous sums were thrown in heaps on the scales of chance and, before the eyes of the gaping crowd, taken off with the same apparent indifference – the indifference with which a man throws down a dollar for refreshment. In the course of a few hours, ten thousand dollars might be won or lost without causing the least change in the persons sharing in the game. It was not unusual to see two or three thousand dollars wagered on a hand in poker. Indeed, the rage for gambling had increased to such an extent that the initiators of this disgusting business, or those who had most luck at it, came to be considered the directors of public affairs, and their brazen conduct went so far, if only for a short time, that it appeared as if these "men of influence" wanted to determine the fate of the city – of hundreds and thousands. One could see hundreds of men, who in their youth had been taught that gambling, this frightful mother of all infamies, was the greatest blot on a man's character, and who had left weeping children or parents trembling with age behind them at home, who longed to return quickly from this golden dreamland; one could see hundreds of such men, I say, directing their steps at all times to these dishonorable and godless hells. What had been gained with difficulty vanished quickly here and with it went ambition, honor and self-respect. The great American statesman, Daniel Webster, said on a memorable occasion: "This is a checkered life;" and so it was in California in 1849 and 1850. – But we have lingered long enough before this unhappy picture.

In March 1850, more than 350 city building-lots were sold off to various buyers. Stephen J. Field was one of the most important among

those who at once showed absolute confidence in the future of the city and others quickly followed their example. In the same month, Mr. Colby and Dr. Ayres began the erection of the first wooden building in the city. It was located at the corner of D and First Streets and the lot was No. 8 on the city map. At this time, a thousand feet of timber were sold for from $225 to $300. Among the important firms in business then the following should be mentioned: A. T. Farish, Fall and Company; Ford and Goodwin; Babb and Eaton; Eaton and Green; S. Sartwell; Cook, Baker and Company; Low and Brother; and Thornberg.

The first public religious service in Marysville was held in the spring of 1850 on a pram (a kind of flat-bottomed boat), opposite the plaza. It was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Washburn. The same gentleman at the time ran a restaurant, or hotel, which had a bar at which he sold even worse liquor than was usually sold on prams.

During the spring and summer, business of all kinds went on briskly and aroused great hopes. The first newspaper — and the first to be printed north of Sacramento — the Marysville *Herald,* appeared on the sixth of August. This mighty lever and essential ingredient of civilization gave business a new lift and, in addition, gave the gigantic growth of the city a new importance. The numerous changes, since then, to which this pioneer undertaking has been subjected, as well as the similar fate suffered by its fellow newspaper, *The Express* — this appeared for the first time on November 3, 1851 — are to be ascribed simply and solely to the intrigues of political plotters from whom the smallest village in California is not free.

We should have mentioned earlier, in our description, that in 1849 when the city was planned there was a difference of opinion about the name with which it should be baptized. Some were for calling it Yubaville and there were several deeds prepared with this name. Still others wanted it called Yuba City, others Norwich, and some Sicardova. Colonel Peiry favored this. While deliberation about a name went on and opinion swayed this way and that, a public meeting was held to consider the common interests of the new city. At this meeting, Capt. Edward Power from St. Louis proposed that the name of the city should be Covillaud: the name of the only white woman, at that time, who lived within the boundaries of the city. Since her given name was Mary, they came to the conclusion, finally, to call the city Marysville.

In August, there was a meeting at the court-house of those who had newly settled on ground as yet not built upon. Resolutions were passed that breathe a spirit of moderation, calm and sagacity that merits recog-

nition. If mankind had acted everywhere with such thoughtfulness, men would have accomplished much more and much blood would not have been shed, to say nothing of the bitter personal hatred and the passions which have since let their seed, then strewn about, take root and grow to spread a poisonous, tainted color through the years to come. Among other matters, this assembly also decided that it would be unjust to settle on city property, since this would necessarily result in a conflict with the rights of third persons who had acquired them by the payment of premiums.

In September funeral rites for General Taylor – as soon as the news of his death came – were participated in by all citizens in a suitable and worthy manner. Mr. S. M. Miles, a man inspired by patriotism and public spirit, was the marshal. In the same month, the corner-stone of the first brick house along the Yuba was laid. It was on Second Street, near D, opposite where the Western House is now.

An election of county officials was set for the first day in April of the current year, in compliance with an act of the legislature, and the following elected: H. P. Haun, county judge; S. B. Mulford, county attorney; F. D. Wheeler, county clerk; R. B. Buchanan, sheriff; Alfred Lawton, county recorder; J. B. Cushing, county surveyor; L. W. Taylor, county treasurer; S. C. Tompkins, county assessor; S. T. Brewster, coroner. At this election, in Marysville alone, eight hundred votes were cast. This will give the reader an approximate idea of the number of inhabitants.

As a proof of the extent of the business transacted at this place in August of this year, it is worth mentioning that on the twenty-seventh the sails of twenty-four vessels were at its levee.

At the State election, held in October, Stephen J. Field was re-elected a member of the legislature by a big majority. At the same time, J. D. Gutmann was named district-attorney.

Towards the end of this month, an epidemic of the dreaded cholera, with its attendant terrors, afflicted Sacramento as well as San Francisco. In Marysville, however, only a single case was reported. Likewise, in the neighboring Yuba City, there was only one case. Until the present time, the city rejoices in an uninterrupted and unusually good state of health. Due to the myriad and exaggerated rumors of the ravages caused by this dreadful scourge elsewhere, business was more or less at a standstill; but the city grew no less, it was clear, and this cloud of misfortune did not hinder it for a moment; moreover, it passed on at once.

In November the *Governor Dana* called at Marysville. It was the first steamer to do so in three months because the water had fallen so

low. The arrival of the steamer caused great rejoicing among the citizens. As it panted up the Yuba, that was a sign for all to stream to the levee. By the time the steamer had reached it, almost three hundred businessmen of consequence had assembled there. The steamer was greeted by long and loud cheering, and the festivities arranged because of its arrival were long remembered for their sincere and genuine joy.

On December third there was a public meeting at the United States Hotel, then on D Street. The purpose of the meeting was to consider whether the time had come to apply to the legislature for the organization of Marysville as a town or city. G. H. Levezy presided and the meeting heard speeches by many distinguished citizens who urged the application most vigorously. A committee was named to draw up a set of resolutions and the meeting adjourned to assemble again on the fifth of the same month. At this meeting the committee decided upon the organization of a city: this required an act of the legislature. The decision resulted in a lively debate, the upshot of which was a resolution to draft a special act granting Marysville a city charter and to submit the draft to a meeting to be held on the fourteenth of the month.

The meeting on the fourteenth was not as well attended as the importance of the business to be considered required, and those who took no part in it stirred up a certain amount of dissention among the people of Marysville. The result was, as it had likewise been decided at an earlier meeting, that the public was again invited to attend a meeting to be held on the seventeenth. The committee laid before this public meeting the draft of an act to grant Marysville the privileges of a city and it was approved by an overwhelming majority. Stephen J. Field, their powerful and adroit representative in the legislature, had the draft handed over to him to have it enacted at once.

On the twenty-seventh of the month, the Masonic lodge celebrated St. John's day in a worthy and suitable manner. Mr. Mitchel delivered an address and the festivities closed with a ball at the United States Hotel.

The year 1851 began with business generally sluggish. That was true everywhere in California and the dull state of trade then may be ascribed principally to the scanty population as well as to the great accumulation of stock by the merchants.

On the twenty-fifth of this month, a bill was enacted by the legislature incorporating Marysville as a city, dividing it into four wards, and authorizing an election to be held on every first Monday of March. This charter was later, in April 1852 and May 1853, amended and improved in its principal provisions in several material respects. The

first municipal election had the following results: S. M. Miles was elected mayor; L. W. Ransom, S. C. Stambough, F. Schaeffer, B. Tallmann, J. G. Smith, D. W. C. Rice, S. C. Tompkins, and Charles Covillaud, aldermen.

The council held its first meeting for the purpose of organizing itself on March tenth. L. W. Ransom was elected president, R. H. Taylor clerk, Ludwig Cunningham treasurer, R. S. Olds assessor, F. J. McCane city attorney, and Albert Miller city marshal. The necessary committees were also named.

About the time a regular municipal government was set up, spring began. The prospects of the city were generally favorable and promising: a new and happy era was beginning for the young city. In all branches of business new life was stirring; continuous improvements were evoked with lightning speed by the awakening good-will of the spirit of enterprise. The city proceeded firmly and surely to wealth, a greater population and progress in everything that constitutes the essence of a commercial city. In the place where a year before only an insignificant adobe house stood and the population consisted only of a few dark-brown Californians and cattle-breeders, or the tenant of a ranch that was only fit for pasture, there now arose the queen of the northern cities of California.

The plain that was then covered only with its original wilderness is now much more charming with its view of houses in good taste and richly-stocked shops. It has — to ornament it — an intelligent, busy and industrious community of invincible Anglo-Saxons striding in the van of progress. Trade flourishes and the invigorating strength of youthful activity fills the northern land with life and the bustle of business which is constantly renewed by the products of the rich mining-districts. Agriculture, that inseparable companion of commerce, the indispensable requisite for the continuing growth and prosperity of a state, is pursued everywhere in the fertile low-lying stretches of land and the plains which surround Marysville so that all signs of a happy future are at hand.

Societies

The Hebrew Benevolent Society was organized in 1855. It is in a flourishing condition. The society bought a cemetery and constructed a *metaher* house (where the dead are prepared for burial) on it. The society also has $1300 in its treasury. A congregation has been organized with the name Bnai Brith. The president is J. S. Barman. The congregation has a hundred members and, since it has no regularly recurring expenses, its funds are increasing. They have no regular

hazzan nor teacher, and no poor, and the cost of installing a cantor for the high holidays, once a year, is sufficiently covered by offerings.

Churches

Marysville has three Protestant, one Catholic and an African church.

The library

has two thousand volumes. The tables have on them all the illustrated newspapers and magazines of the eastern states, furnished without charge since the beginning of 1856 by Mr. G. Amy, who runs a bookshop in the city.

Charitable and Social Societies

There are five Masonic lodges and a V. E. chapter. There are three lodges of the Independent Order of Oddfellows. They dedicated their new hall, built at a cost of $80,000, on April 26, 1861. At the celebration, a fairly large number of Oddfellows from the lodges of San Francisco and places near Marysville visited the city to witness the dedication. The Temple of Honor, No. 5, was organized at Marysville in 1854. Its purpose is to do acts of charity and convert the people to temperance.

Placerville

On November seventeenth, I left Marysville by steamship for Sacramento, fifty miles away. The following day I left Sacramento again and went by railway to Folsom – a distance of twenty-two miles. This was my last stop before Placerville to which the road ran through a hilly and mountainous district. On this trip I passed through Mud Springs. This place owes its name to the mud through which a man must actually wade in the rainy season. It has 700 inhabitants, mostly Chinese and a few Irish families.

Two miles farther is Diamond Springs, a flourishing little town of 400 inhabitants. The town has its name from a clear well, eighteen feet deep, which provides the inhabitants and the gold-miners with fresh and pure water. Diamond Springs has six Jewish families consisting of thirty-two Jews. My old friend, Daniel Levy, who is now a *hazzan* in San Francisco has brothers and sisters here. I let myself be persuaded to spend a day with them. The place is proud of its profitable gold-mines and the land about it is very suitable for cultivation.

In the evening I came to Placerville, one of the oldest towns in the hills and, because of its location, one of the most important. Placer-

ville is the capital of flourishing Eldorado County. It lies on Weber Creek, a branch of the southern fork of the American River, and is divided into two parts – Upper and Lower Placerville. The place was first built in 1849 and became important at once because it was the point to which immigrants first pushed on when they came to this land. For a long time it was known by the pleasant-sounding name of Hangtown, a name it received because of the many hangings that took place there under the laws as laid down by "Judge Lynch." In 1850 it was given its present name and, ever since it received a respectable name, it rejoices in a respectable standing.

Since Placerville is on the route between California and Utah, it has become a kind of center for the trade of Carson Valley and a depot for the silver ore of Washoe, as well as for the necessities of the people in the mountains there. Placerville, like all other towns, has had to suffer disasters by flood and fire. The last severe trial of this sort took place in July 1856, when almost the whole town was changed into a heap of ashes. Since then it has been rebuilt, for the most part with fire-proof buildings. It has almost four thousand inhabitants, two newspapers published twice a week, as well as several schools and four churches. There are good placers in its neighborhood, as well as rich and extensive mines. The ore of these provides much work for several mills of the town.

It is due to its location that Placerville became so quickly a town of great importance. Its prosperity does not depend wholly on the mines of the neighborhood, and it would suffer no damage in case these were to become exhausted. The suburbs have beautiful gardens and orchards. These provide the residents of the city with fruit and repay with great profit the labor expended on them.

Placerville has only a few public institutions. It has a hospital, two public schools and three private ones: that is all this wealthy town has to show. But there are other institutions to be found, public enough not to be lacking in influence upon the ways of the place, and these are – the gambling houses! Some of them are open day and night, as used to be the case in the good old days of '49 and '50. Here the most expensive games of chance are played and many a miner goes in a rich man and comes out a beggar. It is true that gambling is permitted throughout the State but in many places it is conducted more privately; here all the laws of morality are openly scorned. The cards, however, are treated with as much favor as if the dealer were put there by the State to cheat poor simpletons and squeeze them dry of their hard-earned earnings.

Five companies of militia, four belonging to the town, should like-

wise be included under the heading of "institutions," since they were organized for the general good.

The Masons and Oddfellows are well represented. They have their lodges and gather substantial funds in their treasuries. A new society, called "Druids," was recently organized. They received their "privileges" from St. Louis. Since they keep their affairs secret, I know nothing of their purpose and heard only that all their members are Germans and that they trace the origin of their organization back a thousand years to the time when the druids were exterminated in England.

Israelites

Placerville has seventy Jews. They are almost all members of a charitable organization that they organized. The president is Mr. Cohn. Otherwise, little is known of them and a cemetery is practically all that discloses the presence of Jews. Public services are held on New Year's and on the Day of Atonement; during the rest of the year no one thinks about performing Jewish ceremonies. However, they are planning to build a synagogue very soon: its success as a unifying center is to be most ardently desired. If there is a house of prayer, there must also be a teacher; and the Jewish children of the town will at least have some idea, if only a weak one, of what Jewish character should be and of Jewish religious services, almost completely neglected by their fathers.

The Israelites here are well off. They do a great and good business and several have interests in the neighboring gold and silver mines from which they receive handsome dividends.

Chapter IV

Nevada City

On the twenty-second of November I returned to Sacramento but not to rest; for, on the very next day, I was on my way to the northern mines. The first place of importance that I came to was Nevada City, seventy miles distant from Sacramento.

Nevada City is at present eleven years old. The first settlers were Captain John Pennington, Thomas Cross, and William McCaig. They came here in September 1849, selected a spot on which to build, and built a hut. In October, Dr. A. B. Caldwell built a store out of logs, where Nevada Street is now, and gave the place a name. In the course of the same month, a Mr. Stamps with his family, consisting of his wife and several children, settled at the fork of the ravine in the mountains back of where Coyote Street is now. That year several other houses were built, but it was not until the spring of 1850 that the population — and more comfortable homes — began to increase rapidly. In March the settlement was called Nevada, instead of Caldwell's Upper Store" and "Deer Creek Dry Diggings," the names formerly used to suit oneself. In May, Nevada received a powerful stimulus towards growth by the discovery of the Coyote Lode, northeast of the settlement. Enormous quantities of gold were found there and many busy men earned a livelihood from it so that, in the autumn of 1850, the number of residents of Nevada and Coyoteville rose to six thousand within the present limits.

The community in those early days when the town had its beginning was characterized by honorable conduct but outer coarseness. Clothes were regarded as of secondary importance; very few women ornamented the place by their presence, and hard-working men thought nothing of their dismal appearance, so that red shirts, torn clothes and unshaven faces were in style. One could not judge a man's wealth by his clothing. However, although the crowds in the streets looked like a rough lot, had for their only recreation a visit to the gambling-saloons or, on Sundays, listened to the unlearned exhortation of several who set themselves up as preachers in the shingle-cov-

ered assembly-hall on upper Main Street, nevertheless one heard of no cases of robbery in the streets; one could leave his gold-dust without fear of theft at the diggings or in his hut; and any sort of crime was extremely rare. The most frequent disturbance of the public peace consisted only in the noise caused by strong drink; and the sounds died away without bloodshed. The fact that in the course of several years after the settlement of Nevada there were only two cases of murder will serve as clear proof of this; and this honorable conduct was characteristic of a community where the law itself had little actual influence and, at most, was only a moral restraint. (Incidentally, one of the two cases of murder was the cowardly assassination of Dr. Lennox.)

On a Wednesday, March 11, 1851, a great fire ravaged the city, destroyed almost all the places of business, and consumed much property. But the check to the progress of the city by this disaster was only temporary and it quickly rallied from it.

The *Nevada Journal* appeared in April and was published twice a week. That same month, as the result of an act of the legislature, a grandiose but short-lived municipal government began its activities. On September 7, 1852, another conflagration left the section of the city by the plaza, on the other side of Deer Creek, in ashes. The fire destroyed twelve buildings, including the National Hotel and the office of Adams and Company. A famine threatened the inhabitants in December 1852. The unusual downpour of rain made impossible the delivery of provisions from the south and almost all stocks were consumed before the roads were again passable. Flour was sold for $40 a hundredweight and beef for 40¢ a pound. But this sad state of affairs did not last long.

The first church in Nevada was established in the summer of 1850 by the Rev. Mr. Owens and its denomination was Methodist Episcopal. The first saw-mill, operated by steam, was erected in September 1850, by a certain Moore on the site where the mill of March and Palmer now stands. The first theater was the "Drama Hall," built of wood; the owner was H. Davis, and the theater stood on the corner of Broad and Pine Streets. The first theater-company was the Robinson Troupe, including Miss Carpenter, Messaner, Dr. Robinson and others. It was very popular among the crude mass of people, hungry for sensations. The first brick house was built in September 1853, on Broad Street, by H. Davis. The first news by telegraph was received from Sacramento on October 5, 1853. In 1855, the telegraph line was extended to Downieville. Two fires broke out in 1855 and together caused damage of $50,000. Nevertheless, by the beginning of 1856 the city had

made great progress; a number of beautiful brick houses were built and the city enjoyed a wide and constantly growing trade: within five years, a flourishing city had bloomed in the middle of a wilderness. Churches and schools were built, many families had settled there, and at no other time had Nevada been as justified in having such hopes as it had then.

But a misfortune that many feared threatened and the city did not know how to protect itself effectively against it. In a few hours it was to destroy the dwellings and possessions of hundreds and consume the savings of years. The nineteenth of July will always remain a day to remember in the annals of the city. In the afternoon of that day fire broke out by accident in the smithy of one Hughes, on Pine Street, and spread with the utmost rapidity. In its swift course it sent brick houses crashing in flames as easily as wooden houses and its fury was such that those who tried to stop it found it dangerous to approach. The whole city was destroyed – in the literal meaning of the word: twenty-two fire-proof brick buildings, almost four hundred wooden houses and a new brick court-house were burnt to the ground. The total of the losses in buildings and other property amounted to about a million dollars. But deplorable as was the loss of property, the loss of the lives of several of the best citizens was, of course, much worse. Ten persons died in the flames, almost all because of the deceptive hope that the brick buildings were fire-proof and that one could remain in them without danger. The building in which was the greatest loss of human life was that of Kidd and Knox, the first brick building in the city.

Wm. B. Pearson, who worked for a newspaper, *The Democrat*, and J. C. Beans showed themselves fearless. They undertook to close the shutters of the building. Successful in closing the door and windows of the street floor, they went to the second storey to close the shutters there also. Just then the fire blazed up on two sides of the building. Mr. Beans, afraid that his retreat would be cut off, took a bold leap from the rear window of the upper storey to a hut below, and called to Fletcher to follow him. Fletcher was visibly afraid to make the jump. He closed the shutters and awaited his fate in the building. Almost immediately it was the center of a great sea of fire, and for those who stood outside it was as impossible to approach as though it were standing in the crater of Vesuvius. Before one could approach it, twenty and more barrels of powder exploded and the walls collapsed. In a few days, the bodies of the unlucky victims were found in the cellar, faces turned towards a little waste-pipe as if they had been looking for air.

Peter Hendickson, a merchant on Broad Street, lost his life in his brick house. It was one of the most "fire-proof" in the city. It was generally believed that he sought his end deliberately, for he could have locked up the house and escaped. John Yates, of the firm of Tallman and Yates, ironmongers on Commercial Street, likewise died in in his brick building, and an unknown person was burnt to death in the house of Kelsey on Commercial Street. Several others also lost their lives, and a large number suffered severe burns in tearing down burning buildings.

There was not much delay in rebuilding the city, and a month later 205 houses of wood had been built and twenty-five fire-proof houses of brick commenced. The merchants of San Francisco showed themselves generous to the unfortunate residents of Nevada: gave them credit for new stock and asked only for small payments on the old debts. Great enterprise and much industry were shown in the renaissance of the city, but the great losses could not be so easily replaced and for several years remained heavy and oppressive upon its places of business. Many who had previously lived as the wealthiest were completely ruined. They toiled and struggled for a time to improve their shattered fortunes but gave up in despair as new arrivals took their place. In spite of the misfortunes of those years, Nevada had 2,081 voters in 1856, only two cities, San Francisco and Sacramento, having more.

On the third of October, 1856, W. W. Wright, the sheriff of the county, and David Johnson, a deputy, lost their lives in an unfortunate occurrence at Nevada. During the night before, three notorious scoundrels broke out of jail and fled. Before nightfall on the third, the sheriff received word that two saddled horses were hidden in Gold Ravine, near Gold Flat, an out-of-the-way place. Some of the residents of Gold Flat suspected that these horses belonged to the escaped prisoners or others of their gang, and armed themselves. Led by L. W. Williams, they lay in wait near the horses. The sheriff rode to the spot but neither his party nor the party of those in wait was informed of the intentions or proximity of the other.

The sheriff's party reached the ravine about eight o'clock and by their noise attracted the attention of the others who had, in the meantime, hidden themselves. Plummer, one of the sheriff's men, went cautiously forward to the end of the ravine. He approached to within fifteen steps of Williams' men and whistled: at this signal, he was joined by two others, and all three went to the spot where the horses were standing. They whistled again and a fourth man made his way towards them. He discovered G. H. Armstrong, one of Williams'

party, behind a tree, and told this to some of his own party. One of the sheriff's men then called out: "Come out, fellow!" Another of the party followed the summons by rushing at Armstrong with a loaded revolver but stopped when he was ten feet away and asked Armstrong his name. Armstrong told him and added that he was a friend, although as it appeared from his testimony later he still thought the questioner one of the gang Williams' party was waiting for. The man who had asked Armstrong his name kept approaching him and opened fire. A battle then began between the two parties and about fifty shots were exchanged until Plummer heard the voice of Williams whom he knew. Williams was issuing commands in a loud voice and, at the same time, Plummer saw his face by the flash of a pistol. He commanded the sheriff's men to stop for they were shooting at friends. Both sides then stopped shooting at the same time. Lights were brought and Sheriff Wright was found lying on the ground, dying, with a bullet in his knee and struck by a dozen shots in the breast. David Johnson, who was also shot in the breast, managed to get to Armstrong's house, but he only lived a short time.

Sheriff Wright was a fine man and much respected by a large circle of friends of all political parties. David Johnson was city marshal at the time of his death, as well thought of and as brave a man as the city could possess, in the full strength of early manhood, unafraid of danger and generous to a fault. The loss of two such men at the hands of friends, killed while engaged in a matter which they felt due the common good, caused deep sorrow in the city and marked the year, 1856, as unfortunate.

On February fifteenth, another misfortune befell Nevada. A heavy downpour of rain had continued for several days and Deer Creek had risen to an unusual height. The damage would not have amounted to much had not a reservoir, at some distance, which I. A. Land had constructed in the bed of the creek and which was full of water, given way. The dam was built of wood to a height of forty feet and the reservoir covered about two hundred acres and had an average depth of twenty-five feet. This large reservoir of water emptied itself towards morning; the waters came rushing and crashing down the creek with a fearful sound and carried away saw-mills, shops, bridges and whatever else they met with along the banks. At the foot of Main and Broad Streets people barely saved their lives and in their haste left behind money, watches, valuable papers and clothes. The damage was estimated at $100,000.

On Sunday, May 23, 1858, Nevada suffered another destructive fire. It began in the house of a Chinese on Broad Street. The fire spread

quickly in spite of the utmost precautions and in a short time left all this business district of the city in ashes. The residents, however, managed to save most of their possessions. The damage amounted to $200,000. This was the last general conflagration that Nevada suffered and we hope it will continue to be the last: the city has now excellent equipment and preparations for putting out fires. We will discuss this subject below in detail.

Rumors of the discovery of gold in large amounts in Washoe reached Nevada in June 1859. John Stone and W. P. Morrison, citizens of Nevada, were attracted by the news to that place, since famous. A man named Comstock had discovered a stretch of land which seemed to contain a sort of metal in great quantity. Morrison bought an option on it and brought along some pieces of the ore to Nevada. It was assayed by J. J. Alt and proved to have $1595 worth of gold and $3196 of silver to the ton. This caused unusual and general excitement in Nevada and hundreds left the city for Washoe to try their luck and secure, if they could, a share of the enchanted ground. Morrison, later, sold his holdings for a fortune. Shares in Washoe holdings have since become a good article of commerce and both miners and speculators have gained large sums. Trade and travel between Nevada and Washoe became so important that a road company was formed and a road planned through Hennoss Pass. This is now almost finished and, according to the testimony of impartial persons, is the best route over the mountains.

The citizens of Nevada were not only the first to explore the wealth of the new mines and to share in it, but they also had their full share of the unfortunate events that followed. On the night of May 7, 1860, news reached Virginia City that a party of seven white men had been massacred by Indians below the bend of the Truckee, that probably other murders had taken place, and that the settlers along the border were particularly in danger. A committee of five, among them Henry Meredith of Nevada City, organized itself at once among the citizens of Virginia City to make arrangements for forming a company of volunteers to protect the settlers in question, as well as to send out scouts to warn scattered groups in the hills. Two companies were formed, the first under the command of Major Ormsby, the second under Captain McDonald. In all, 160 men left Virginia City to avenge the death of the Americans.

On the twelfth, the companies were marching towards Pyramid Lake and, in a mountain pass, were fired upon by a large number of Indians in ambush. The white men returned the fire, but the Indians advanced along the right and left, surrounded the white men, and

blazed away at them. The volunteers soon began to run out of gunpowder. The Indians drew ever closer and kept up an unbroken fire. The white men fought bravely as long as they had ammunition; when this was gone, the companies fell into disorder and the men scattered through the hills, completely disorganized. A large number, among them Meredith who defended himself bravely as long as possible, were murdered.

This news caused great excitement in Nevada City. A volunteer company of thirty men was immediately formed under the command of Sheriff Van Hagan and left for the scene of the battle. At the same time, the sum of $2265 was subscribed by the citizens for their maintenance; Birdseyn and Felton alone contributed five hundred dollars each. The Nevada City company was gone six weeks on their expedition. They first went to Virginia City where they were reinforced by seventy-seven men, mostly residents of Nevada City, and then marched to Riley's Station, where all the volunteers were organized under Colonel Hays. We have no space to follow all the movements of this little army and can only supply a few facts. Andrew Hasey of Nevada City was badly wounded at Fort Story. Upon the return from Mud Lake, where they had gone on horseback to pursue the foe, the Nevada company found and recognized Meredith's body. The dead of the battle lay over fifteen miles from the place where the attack had first occurred and were all, more or less, mutilated by the savages. The body of Meredith was found at the place of the ambush and brought back to Nevada City by returning volunteers. A delegation of citizens met the body a few miles from the city and it lies now in the city churchyard, the grave marked by a tall monument that tells of the merit and heroism of the noble spirit that once animated the body there buried.

The Nevada Hose Company, No. 1, and the Pennsylvanians, No. 2, were organized June 21, 1860; on the twenty-second, the Protection Hose-and-Ladder Company, No. 1, was organized. That same month, the Board of Trustees of Nevada City entered into a contract with Charles Marsh to lay iron pipes in order to provide the city adequately with water in case of fire: this had been authorized by a vote for that purpose. We are glad to be able to add that the iron to fill this contract is already on the way to the State. The well-known energy of the man who has undertaken to carry out this project and his ample means leave no doubt that this most necessary work will soon be accomplished.

On September 6, 1860, appeared the first daily newspaper under the name *Nevada Transcript.* The publishers are N. P. Brown and Company. The public has supported it generously and it promises to become a permanent institution.

Societies

A Jewish charitable society has been formed by the Jews of the city. There are ten Jewish families consisting of sixty persons. A cemetery is all that they have managed to acquire, despite all the money that is lying useless in their treasury. On New Year's and the Day of Atonement they assemble for services and hire a cantor.

In other respects, however, this society is very friendly and helpful to strangers and travelers: I know this from my own experience.

Churches

Nevada City has four churches. The Methodist Episcopal church was founded in 1850. A Congregationalist church was founded in 1851 and a Baptist Church in 1855. The Catholic Church of St. Peter and St. Paul was dedicated in 1857.

Library Association

The Nevada Library Association was established January 1, 1858, and at present has 1300 volumes.

Freemasons

The first Masonic lodge was founded in November 1850, under a charter by the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin and continued until March 1857, when the assembly-room of the lodge and its documents were destroyed by fire. A new place for meeting was purchased at once and a charter obtained from the Grand Lodge of California for Nevada Lodge, No. 13. This lodge is flourishing at present. Its place of meeting is in Kidd and Knox's building, at the corner of Prim and Broad Streets, and it meets every Saturday evening.

The Nevada chapter of Royal Arch-Masons was founded in October 1854, and meets regularly on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic hall in the building of Kidd and Knox.

The Commandery of the Knights Templar at Nevada was founded in November 1858, and meets in the Masonic hall on the first and third Mondays of every month.

Sons of Temperance

The Sierra Nevada Division, No. 17, of the Sons of Temperance was organized on the twenty-third of August, 1852, and meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall.

Good Templars

The Independent Order of Good Templars was established on

April 9, 1859, and has its meetings every Friday evening in Temperance Hall.

Order of Knights

Nevada Camp, No. 39, of the Independent Order of Knights, was organized April 16, 1860, and meets every Wednesday in Temperance Hall.

Oddfellows

The Austomach Lodge of the Oddfellows was founded in November 1853. The name "Austomach" is an Indian designation for the city of Nevada. It meets every Thursday evening in the Masonic hall.

Newspapers

Nevada City has three newspapers. One is a daily; the other two are weeklies.

Chapter V

Grass Valley

On November twenty-fourth, I said farewell to Nevada City and left for Grass Valley, five miles distant. On the way, my attention was attracted to a mountain that, because of its shape, is called Sugar Hill.

The material for a sketch about Grass Valley is much scantier than we should like. It is second in importance of the cities in Nevada County; its population is very enterprising and it rejoices in a steady progress, although it has suffered several destructive fires.

The row of valleys among which Grass Valley is one of the largest and best situated, extends from Greenhorn Creek, just above the place known as the Buena Vista Ranch, in a southwesterly direction for almost twelve miles and includes in its windings some very fine arable land and plenty of good water and a good supply of oaks and pine-

wood suitable for building. Some of the immigrants who came along the Truckee route to this flat land were the first to till it. The worn-out and famished draft-cattle of the immigrants (who had made their camp near the junction of Steep Hollow Creek and Bear River) wandered about looking for food and found, after much wandering, pastures of lush grass in the valley that has given the city its name. The valley attracted the attention of the immigrants because of its situation and eight or ten of them built three huts or cabins in the autumn of 1849, at the mouth of the Boston Ravine, and began to dig for gold. Among them was Jules Rosiere and his company from Potosi, Washington County, Missouri. He built the first cabin. People live in it to this day. Rosiere sold the cabin in May 1850, to B. L. Lamarque, who established the first store in the valley. The second store was opened in the autumn of 1850 by "Uncle" Fielding; he sold it later to Baxter and Hollis. Fielding and Lamarque are still living in Grass Valley.

The first families to come to the valley were those of J. R. Rusch and Peter Mason. They arrived in August 1850, and set up their tents near Lamarque's store. In December of that year, a company of four from Boston came to the ravine and were lucky in digging for gold. But in the spring of 1850 there was lack of water and they left. A Mr. Baldwin, a lawyer, was the leader of this company.

Samuel and George Holt and James Walsh arrived in 1849 with a wagon, mechanic's tools, machines and so on, to build two saw-mills at a place four miles below Grass Valley; the Holts built a water-mill and Judge Walsh a steam-mill. Samuel and George Holt finished their mill in March 1850, and began to saw timber on May third. While they were engaged in this work, they were attacked by Indians. A great number of Indians lived in the neighborhood and often close to seven hundred men and as many women took part in their annual gatherings or dances. Samuel, the elder Holt, was pierced by arrows and fell dead on the spot. George Holt saved his life. Armed only with a small pocket-knife, he drove eight or ten Indians up the hill between the two mills and fell into the arms of Judge Walsh, covered with blood and wounded by arrows in thirteen places.

At the time of the attack, there were only three of the company at home: Mr. Wheeler had gone off to the steam-engine, and two others had gone to Yuba. The Indian bands plundered the property and, during the night after the attack on the Holts, set it on fire. They also threatened Judge Walsh's camp. As is their manner, they continued to howl and yell all night and, to frighten the white men, lit fires on the hills. But the occupants of the camp were well armed with old United States rifles and kept the Indians off with the help of a very good dog,

Brutus, of whom the Indians were very much afraid. By his courage and alertness, Brutus was worth five soldiers; he tried to spring at the throat of an Indian who pushed too close, and in various other ways showed his bravery.

A few friendly Indians offered to help the occupants of the camp, during the night; and Captain Day, later surveyor of Nevada County, and another man, after they had noticed the fires and the disorder, appeared on the scene. The old chieftain, Wemeh, conducted himself very well during the whole affair. He offered to assist the besieged and provide a guard of peaceful Indians. In addition, he brought Holt's body into the camp and showed himself at all times, so far as anyone could see, very friendly. Next morning, Captain Day and his friend set out for a camp known as "Far West," on Johnson's ranch beside Bear River; and the following morning twenty-four United States soldiers arrived, provided with all that was necessary by Major Day, who was commander at that station. A hundred miners from Deer Creek also appeared and in a few days drove away or killed all the Indians. Mr. G. Holt, in the meantime, had gone to Stocking's store on Deer Creek and in ten days recovered from his wounds. Later, he was digging for gold along Deer Creek, below Nevada City.

Judge Walsh arrived at Grass Valley in July 1850, and built the first saw-mill. He soon sold the first lot of timber, a thousand pieces, to Lamarque and Squire for $225. Among the first settlers were Zevas Wheeler, G. W. Wood, B. L. Lamarque, F. Squire, E. A. Kendall, and others. The first large cabin built belonged to Mr. Scott, and stood on Main Street, almost directly opposite where the Grass Valley Hotel stood before the fire in which it was destroyed. The first hotel, "Mountain Home," was built by J. B. Underwood.

In January 1851, there were only three or four huts, or cabins, in Grass Valley proper but soon afterwards the population increased rapidly. An attempt was made to change the name of the place to Centerville: so many settlements were known as "Grass Valley," it was only with difficulty that letters reached their correct destination. In 1851, the increase in population was astounding, and there was no other city in all the State that became important — to a certain extent — so quickly. Much of this was due to the excitement caused by the mining of quartz which was then at its pitch.

The first piece of quartz containing gold was picked up on Gold Hill, in the month of June 1850, by a German. By accident, he struck against it with the toe of his boot and noticed that it contained a shining ore. He brought it to Lamarque who recognized the ore as gold and at once bought it for $5. Lamarque was later offered $150 for the

piece of quartz but he would not part with it for that price. A lady in New York City has this interesting piece of quartz now — the first to be found. This incident of the German and his find was at first completely forgotten and no further attention was paid to it until the following September when two men, digging on Gold Hill, accidentally stumbled upon the lode known as "The Elbow." They uncovered some valuable pieces of quartz. George Grandel, a lad from Rhode Island, happened to be standing nearby and was so excited by the wealth that the quartz held that he ran to the cabins in the ravine and told everyone he met what he had seen. They all dropped their work at once and hurried to the hill to stake out a claim. The miners had no appliances for pounding other than hammers and soon concluded that they would not do as well on the hill as in the ravine below. The excitement, thereupon, died away until the following November when a party of miners who had arrived a short time before — among them James Huff — again stumbled on a vein, rich in gold, as they were loosening pieces of rock for a chimney. This roused the inhabitants once more to a state of excitement, claims were staked out again, and pestles obtained, in which the pieces of rock were pounded with the aid of flexible bars.

In this way, those who worked on the hill gained in the course of the winter and spring about $20,000 worth of gold. The first quartz-mill was built, in January 1851, on Wolf's Creek by two Germans for Mr. J. Wright, Jr. It was diagonally across from where the Empire Mill is now. The mill (a water-mill) did not amount to much and did not have much success: it was the second to be built in the State, the first having been built in 1850 in Mariposa County. This, too, proved to be a disappointment. Grass Valley justly claims the honor of having had the first quartz-mill in California that was profitable. In the winter of 1850-51, Messrs. Sowers, Abbey and Ridgell built a little steam-mill. By next spring, Judge Walsh built a quartz-mill that has always been profitable. The Gold Hill Company, at that time under the presidency of Mr. Lagrave, in about a month began to build the first Gold Hill Mill. Captain Peck signed the contract. Soon after Judge Walsh sold his first mill, he began to build another near his saw-mill, a few rods up the creek. Shortly afterwards, an English company, "Agna Frio" by name, bought the Gold Hill Company's property. Mr. Attwood was the chief representative of the new management until the beginning of the spring of 1860 when the English company transfered the property to Messrs. Attwood and Walsh, the present owners.

Other mills were built in rapid succession. The new Helvetia Mill was erected in the autumn of 1851 by Corway and Preston. Colonel

Richardson built a mill in the summer of 1851; Mount George Mill was built about the same time. In 1852 a French company built another mill. In the same year, the mills of the Rocky Bar Mining Company and of James Winchester were also built. The mill of the latter was only used for sawing timber, although originally planned to be a quartz-mill. The Union Company built a mill in 1853. However, since the lode near which it was located was no longer being worked, the mill was moved to another place. Quartz mining was begun at Gold Hill and then continued on Massachusetts Hill. Here, A. Deland, at present an important banker in Grass Valley, bought the first claim.

A. A. Sargent wrote the following about Grass Valley October 2, 1851. "We believe that in Upper California only one other city (San José) can be compared to Grass Valley in charm. The dwellings under the trees, the gentle slopes of the hills, the beautiful broad valleys, and the impression of its original simplicity that persists in spite of the noise of business, all contribute to distinguish this place.

> "In addition, the din of the many quartz-mills that, except for Sunday, work without stopping day and night assures the city a sure and lasting duration, in contrast to the many towns in California that, within a few years sprang up, prospered, and quickly vanished. The improvements made in Grass Valley are all lasting: they build beautiful houses and have stores with large stocks of goods for the approaching winter. Many families have already settled in the place, more are constantly arriving, and when the beneficent influence, that association with the female sex always exercises becomes greater in Grass Valley, the sun will smile upon no fairer dwelling-place.
>
> "The miracles that the spirit of enterprise can conjure up are in evidence at their best in this city. Two or three years ago, the woods here echoed only with the cries of birds and wild animals, or of Indians – as wild and no better than the beasts. The riches that lay hidden in the ravines attracted the attention of the inhabitants; the treasures that were buried in quartz required skill and and endurance. Men sought them and also found the means of securing them. The result was that great machines were set in motion, a city to endure forever arose, and the wilderness was changed into a pleasant and populated seat for a multitude of inhabitants. We visited the quartz-mills of Grass Valley several times and always had the impression that a work had begun here that, without fuss or boast, among the mountains and far from the theater of undertakings successfully carried through in the past, would overshadow in the importance of its results and usefulness many enterprises of which men have been proud as if they were the trophies of the century."

With respect to placer-mining, Grass Valley is not behind many

other important localities. Yes, as the prospects of the place are at present, both quartz and placer mining will achieve here as lasting a success as anywhere else. The city rejoices in a peaceful and industrious population and, although the property of many individuals suffered severely in the last conflagration, the community as a whole is continuing to prosper and grow ever more and more.

The first mining-enterprise of Grass Valley using water was the "Centerville": it was constructed by Ormsby and others in the autumn and winter of 1850 to use the water of Wolf's Creek. It was followed in the autumn of 1851 by a second mine – that of Day, Fouse and Company. "Murphy's Mine" was constructed by Murphy, O'Conner and Company in 1851 and the "Empire Mine" by Whiting and others in 1852; both were supplied by the water of Wolf's Creek and its branches. The "Union Ditch" was opened in 1852 by Phelps and Gebhart and used the water of little Deer Creek.

The "Grass Valley Slide" forms the site of good mines directly north of the city and within the municipal limits. These lodes were discovered in the autumn of 1851 and the discovery caused great excitement. Towards the west, on the opposite side of the ravine, is the "Alta Hill" lode: this proved to be much richer than the "Slide." Northwest of the city are found two other deep lodes – the "Lola Montez" and the "Jenny Lind." East of the city is a deep lode that has become known as the "Howard Hill."

The first brick house was built in the autumn of 1854 by Adams and Company. It is a handsome building, two storeys high. Since then, several other handsome brick buildings have been erected in the city.

The first sermon delivered in Grass Valley was preached, in September 1849, by the Rev. Isaac Owen in a bend on the north side, now known as Clark's Ranch. Mr. Owen had been appointed a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1848 – before the discovery of gold in California was known. In 1849 he crossed the plains and preached two or three Sundays of the above month to a congregation consisting only of those who went with him and a few gold-miners who were then beginning to work at Deer Creek.

The Methodist Episcopal church on the south side was the first to be organized as a religious corporation in Grass Valley. The first preacher, the Rev. Mr. Blythe, arrived in September 1851, at Nevada and began to serve there as well as in Grass Valley. Thanks to his efforts a fund was collected that was used to build Paine Chapel, the present house of worship of this religious congregation. It was organized in the autumn of 1851 and a church was dedicated in the spring of 1852.

The Rev. A. Bland was in charge of the religious services at the Methodist Episcopal church, although they were not fully organized until January 10, 1852. The Rev. Mr. Bland had arrived at Nevada in September 1851 and preached at Grass Valley and at Rough and Ready every other Sunday until his duties, at the time of the above-mentioned organization, were transferred to the Rev. R. R. Dunlay. The Rev. J. D. Bland was his successor the following May and through the Rev. Mr. Bland's efforts a building, formerly used by the mayor, was bought for the Methodist congregation and enlarged. It was used as a church until the summer of 1854. When the present church, its superior in every respect, was built, the building was turned over to the city for a school-house.

The next church to be established was the Presbyterian. The congregation, however, was dissolved and only the name remains. Their preacher, the Rev. Str. Blahe, arrived at Grass Valley in November 1851, and, after he had preached for a while in his own house, he was fortunate enough to be able to build the present district school-house. This was used both as a school and church. The congregation had been organized in March 1851, and their religious services continued to be held regularly until the Rev. Mr. Blahe left. The building was then bought by the Methodist church and the Presbyterian church went out of existence.

The Rev. J. D. Hale, the present pastor of the Congregationalist Church, conducts its religious services. He preached in the Masonic hall until October 1851, when the present comfortable church was completed and the congregation organized.

The first Roman Catholic church was built in the autumn of 1853. The priest in charge was Father McClanahan. He also conducted services in Nevada. The present building is of brick and, except for the church in San Francisco, is the finest example of ecclesiastical architecture in California. The city and the congregation are indebted to the good taste of the pastor, the Rev. Thomas Joseph Dalton, for the church.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church was built in the autumn of 1854. It is a handsome building and does honor to that part of the population through whose efforts and for whose interest it was erected. The congregation has no regular preacher.

The Episcopal church was organized in the summer of 1855 under the name of "Emanuel Church." The Rev. W. Hill was the spiritual leader and conducted the services here and also in Nevada. Services were held in the Masonic hall until this was destroyed by fire. Since then, they have been suspended because Mr. Hill has gone to New York.

There was excitement in Grass Valley when a man whose name was Wm. Fitzgerald tried to burn the town down. G. W. Foster, a policeman, was making his rounds at about two o'clock in the morning. When he came to Mill Street, he noticed a faint flash in an unoccupied house situated halfway up the street. He stationed himself at a window and saw the criminal about to set the house on fire. He waited until Fitzgerald's bundle of clothing caught fire and seized him as he was about to run out of the door. The fire was quickly put out. The residents were divided with respect to punishment for the crime: most of them wanted to hang the criminal on the spot. However, he was turned over to the authorities and at the next session of the District Court he was sentenced to eight years in the State's prison.

On September 13, 1855, Grass Valley suffered one of the most devastating fires in the annals of the State. After it had fortunately escaped for several years an element that had laid waste almost every other important city in the State, its turn came and the whole city was completely destroyed in an hour and a half. Thirty acres, on which almost three hundred houses had been standing, were covered with ashes and heaps of rubbish. There was no question of saving property; people were glad to escape with their bare lives. The fire broke out in the United States Hotel during the night and destroyed property worth about $350,000. The flames were visible for miles and many hurried to Grass Valley from neighboring towns but were unable to help. The more splendid the spectacle at night, the more depressing the sight next morning. But the unwearied inhabitants began at once to rebuild and soon the city showed few traces of the destruction that had raged in its midst. In spite of the fire, Grass Valley cast 879 votes in the September elections of 1858.

In February 1858, there occurred in this city another sad event. Two years before, a Mr. Michael Brennan had come from New York. He had been sent by the stockholders of the Rocky Bar Company (the firm was afterwards changed to the Mount Hope Company) to be the superintendent of their quartz-mills and mine. He was a clever man and of the utmost integrity in business. In a short time, he was in a position to make a substantial return to the stockholders and at that time this was a most creditable achievement. But, later on, when affairs were not going so well, he saw himself compelled to ask for the return of the sum he had sent and even to ask for additional sums. In the autumn, the sinking of a shaft on Massachusetts Hill involved not only his company but his personal credit – which he had unwisely pledged – in heavy debt. His proud and ambitious spirit could not endure the unmerited disgrace and he decided to sacrifice not only

his own life but the lives of his innocent family in order to escape from this painful situation. On a Sunday afternoon in February 1858, Brennan, his worthy wife and their three little children were found dead: he was on the floor of his parlor, the others on the sofa and in near-by beds. Prussic acid was found in bottles and wine-glasses and all had been poisoned by it. It was clear that Mrs. Brennan and the two older children – the eldest was about six – had lost their lives by trickery and the youngest by force. The circumstances showed the coldest calculation on the part of the murderer and his heartlessness. He had secured the prussic acid a few days before from San Francisco. A long letter was also found, written the afternoon of his death, in which he stated that he was on the point of leaving for the long journey from which no one returns and that he had decided to take his wife and children with him. This is what false pride and ambition can do!

The Allison Ranch gold-mine, which has now become famous throughout the whole world, is on the western bank of Wolf Creek, three miles south of the more important little town of Grass Valley township. The present owners, Messrs. Colbert, Stanton, Daniels, Fay and two others, were the lucky discoverers of the gold stratum in the spring of 1855. During the summer of that year, they offered to sell their find for a thousand dollars, but there were no purchasers. The following October they had their first load of rock, weighing eighteen tons, crushed in the Gold Hill Mill and received a profit of $6000. In December sixty-two tons showed a profit of $23,000. Thereupon they built their own mill and erected other necessary mining-machinery and began to operate these in October 1856. From that time on, the records of the United States mint in San Francisco show deposits from this mine amounting almost to a million dollars and as yet there are no signs from which one may conclude that the mine is becoming exhausted. With respect to the capital invested and the cost of operation, the mine is the most profitable, if not the richest, in the world. For several years it was under the supervision of Philip Galloway and from the very beginning was conducted with economy and skill.

In the beginning of August, another great fire broke out and destroyed a great number of dwellings and other buildings in the low-lying part of the eastern end of the town. Almost all the houses that were burnt down were, to be sure, not of much value and were replaced by much better ones later so that, on the whole, the city was the gainer even though individuals suffered great losses.

In our brief notes about Nevada City, we remarked that men from that place began to dig for gold in Washoe. Citizens from Nevada

City and Grass Valley were among the discoverers of Washoe's treasures and among the first workers in that wonderful region of gold. We are glad to be able to add that in these ventures they were also among those who enjoyed the greatest success. Placer-mining is, however, not the chief source of Grass Valley's wealth: most of this is derived from quartz-mining. We take the following from the *Nevada National* for December 29, 1860.

> "In no previous period of the history of Grass Valley has its great staple product, quartz containing gold, been secured in such great quantity, nor has there been so great a production of the precious metal as is the case at present – as this is being written. In the course of mining in this district our principal shafts have reached a depth which – as the general experience in other places has shown – decides the value of a mine. Until now most of what was broken from the rock was ore that is generally called surface rock, which is to be found a little above the lowest water-level, or a few feet below it. One or another undertook the uncertain and daring venture of digging deeper and exploring the depths to a point that was never free from water. Harmful effects result when places mined are exposed now to water, now to air; here, however, their disintegrating influence failed to affect the flint-like quartz. These explorations into the depths had, almost without exception a quite favorable result, as far as we could learn, and aroused a general confidence that is being felt again in every branch of the industry in the State. Many mines that had been worked to water-level, and then been abandoned because it was believed that they would not be profitable at a greater depth, are again in full and profitable operation and are drained of their water by steam-engines.
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> "In Grass Valley and its neighborhood there are at present no less than eighteen or twenty steam-pumps in operation and, according to all appearances at present, there does not seem to be any doubt that our principal mines will be operable for an infinite period. We find that the veins of metal in most cases are, not only richer but, the deeper they go, also appear to be thicker.
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> "As proof of this, the 'Lone Jack' mine, about two and a half miles below the creek, may be cited: at its present depth, it shows clearly the vein of ore at a thickness of two feet. At present it produces a daily yield of twenty tons of rock that, on the average, brings in a certain hundred dollars a ton. The total cost of digging, transporting, and crushing the rock does not exceed ten dollars a ton, so that the lucky owners have a clear profit of ninety dollars a ton or $1800 daily.
>
> "The same facts apply, more or less according to the value of the rock, to most veins of ore that are being worked at present in this district. Quartz mining is no longer an experiment of a temporary nature but a lasting reality and a branch of industry that will continue to

expand the farther the mines are opened. It will certainly prove the secure foundation of a population which, as a result of its industry, is building pretty and comfortable little houses on all the surrounding hills and handsome and durable business buildings along its principal streets, which are not only fire-proof but proof against the disturbing influences of the times. No city in the mountains of the State that must depend upon its own resources to exist has gone forward on the road to prosperity more constantly and with greater certainty than this beautiful little town. None has a more certain foundation for future happiness. Troubles in trade or the cessation of commerce can have no harmful effects upon it. Railways may be built through it, around it, or away from it without doing it any, comparatively speaking, great injury: the sources of its wealth lie deep in the sides of its mountains, and the strong arms of its powerful and industrious miners force these to unlock treasures that will never fail."

Grass Valley has at present between three and four thousand inhabitants, not counting three thousand Chinese.

The famous Lola Montez, who died a little while ago in New York, lived in Grass Valley from 1852 to 1854. She had her own little house and a garden and as inseparable companion – a sign of her eccentricity – a white bear. I visited the house. There was nothing there to remind one of the proud Lola. Here where she used to entertain her admirers and play with her bear, her dogs and her swift horse, all signs of her were gone – as she herself.

Societies

There are thirty Jews here; twelve are married. They have a charitable society. Mr. Marks is its president. They have bought a cemetery, although they are only five miles from their brothers in Nevada who bought a cemetery before the Jews of Grass Valley did and made all necessary arrangements. They meet for services on New Year's and the Day of Atonement and have a Scroll of the Law: that is the sum total of their religious services.

Churches

Grass Valley has six churches: a Methodist Episcopal church established on the south side of the city in 1851; a church of the same denomination on the north side, established in 1854; a church for Negroes built in 1854; a Protestant Episcopal church founded in 1856; a Catholic Church of St. Patrick, dedicated in 1859. This is also the episcopal seat, headed by Bishop Alemany. The church cost $27,000 to build. The old Catholic church is used at present as a free school and maintained by the Catholic Church.

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Schools

Besides the usual number of churches and societies that are to be found in every city, there are here a public school and two private schools. That is all that a place where millions of dollars pass from hand to hand, and where immeasurable wealth still lies in the strata of the ground, does by way of spiritual education.

Freemasons

Madison Lodge, No. 23, Free and Accepted Masons, received its charter on May 6, 1853, and meets every Tuesday evening. Grass Valley Chapter, No. 18, Royal Arch-Masons, was chartered May 1, 1858, and the lodge meets every Wednesday evening.

Odd Fellows

Grass Valley Lodge, No. 12, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was founded July 28, 1853, and meets every Thursday evening. Union Encampment, No. 11, of the order was founded May 1, 1857.

Order of Knights

Tomochichi Camp, No. 27, of the Independent Order of Knights has its meeting-place in the upper storey of Delano's Bank. It meets every Monday evening at seven o'clock.

Good Templars

Sylvania Lodge, No. 12, of the Independent Order of Good Templars was organized on May 26, 1860.

Fire Department

The Grass Valley fire department consists of the Protection Hose Company, No. 1, and the Grass Valley Hook-and-Ladder Company, No. 1, who are amalgamated. As yet, the department is not fully organized. The present number of subscribing members is forty-three; those in active service at present number thirty-nine.

Chapter VI

Folsom

On November twenty-fifth, at three o'clock in the morning, I climbed into the stage-coach and arrived at Folsom towards noon. Folsom is a young community and dates from 1856. There was no particular inducement, at first, for building a city at this place, for all around it in this neighborhood there were already trading-centers, and it was only the completion of the railroad from Sacramento to Folsom that gave the place new life so that tradesmen and merchants flocked here and in a short time it became what it is at present — a flourishing city of gold-miners. Trains run daily between Folsom and Sacramento, three a day each way, and, since all travelers going to the mines in the north must pass through Folsom, it rejoices in numerous visitors; the traders and the merchants, as well as all the other inhabitants, make good use of this. Folsom has more than 1500 residents, among them twenty-three Jews. Three of these are married.

Since these Jews, although not all are rich, are still fairly well-to-do and yet had no charitable society when I came there, I asked them to a meeting one evening at Odd Fellows' Hall and in a short speech laid before them the necessity of following the example of their fellow Jews in other towns and organizing a charitable society: not that there would necessarily be any claim upon their benevolence, but for the simple reason that by means of such a society they would become linked to each other in a brotherly fashion — as was the case in other places. By means of such a society, they would all the sooner be in a position to build themselves a house of prayer or buy a cemetery. This was the way men proceeded to go about communal affairs in many cities: monthly contributions accumulated even though there was no immediate opportunity to carry out charitable acts. The reasons I advanced were obviously good and a society was founded. The $25 I gave was the initial capital and others followed quickly with substantial contributions. The society was called "Hebrew Benevolent Society Jeshuath Israel." The president is David Woldenberg; the secretary, Julius Jacobs. The constitution and by-laws of this society were soon drawn up and I do not think it unsuitable to add them here.

Article 1

Section 1. This society shall be known as "Jeshuath Israel, Hebrew Benevolent Society of Folsom," and it shall continue in existence and may not be dissolved as long as five members are present and vote against dissolution.

Section 2. Its purpose shall be to assist and help the poor and needy.

Article 2: Officers

Section 1. The officers of this society shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and two trustees; they shall be elected by ballot at the regular meeting in December and enter upon their duties at a regular meeting in January. They are to remain in office one year.

Article 3: Members

Section 1. An applicant for membership must be at least eighteen years of age, of good moral character, and of the Jewish faith.

Section 2. An application for membership must be in writing and state the applicant's age, residence and business; it must be signed by two members by way of sponsorship. The application shall be placed before a committee of three for investigation who shall make their report at the next regular meeting unless they are prevented by unusual circumstances. The candidate shall then be voted upon. If there are no less than five blackballs, the final vote shall be postponed until the next regular meeting. During the week, those members who voted against the applicant shall inform the president what their reasons were and he shall place these before the society at the next regular meeting without, however, mentioning the names of the members. Then the application shall be voted upon again and, if there are no more than four blackballs, the applicant shall be accepted as a member; but if there are five or more blackballs the applicant shall be rejected.

Article 4: Dues and Payments

Section 1. The dues and payments of this society shall consist of $10 upon admission and whatever regular dues the society shall fix in the by-laws.

Section 2. Every member shall have the right to apply for weekly assistance, such as shall be determined by the by-laws, in case he is unable to pursue his regular calling or business because of sickness or accident.

Section 3. If a member of the society dies, a sum shall be granted sufficient to cover the cost of burial.

Article 5: Charities

Section 1. Requests for assistance must be presented to the president by a member of the society. The president shall then arrange for a meeting of the trustees. These have the power, after a full consideration of the facts, to decide upon a suitable sum: this, however, shall not exceed $25.

Article 6: Penalties

Section 1. If an officer, without a valid reason for his absence, shall be absent from three meetings in succession, or is negligent in carrying out the duties of his office, he may be removed from office by the vote of two-thirds of the members present. This, however, must have been proposed at a previous meeting. Sickness or absence from the city is, naturally, not included within the conditions for the penalty of this article.

Article 7: Vacancies

A vacancy in office shall be filled by an election at the next meeting after an interval; until then, the president shall appoint a member to the office temporarily.

Article 8: By-Laws

Section 1. The society shall be free to pass any laws, rules and regulations, amend them, or repeal them, as seems suitable, provided such action is not in conflict with the established constitution.

Article 9: Concerning the Constitution

The consent of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting shall be necessary to change or annul any part of this constitution, provided, however, there has been a previous notice of one month of the proposed change or annulment.

By-Laws

Article 1

Section 1. The society shall meet on the first Sunday of every month to transact any business before it.

The president may call special meetings. Five members have the same right if they make their request in writing.

Section 2. At such a meeting, no other business shall be transacted except that referred to in the notice.

Section 3. The society shall proceed to the transaction of its business fifteen minutes after the time set for the meeting, and no member may leave without the permission of the president.

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Article 2: Duties of the Officers

The president shall preside at all meetings of the society and the trustees, impartially require a faithful observance of the laws of the society, keep strict order and decorum, appoint all committees, and sign all drafts upon the treasurer. On the question of the acceptance of a member, or the election of an officer, he shall have his vote as an officer; but in all other cases he shall have only the usual vote. He shall make no motion, or second it, or take part in any debate as long as he is in the chair.

Section 2. In the absence of the president, the vice-president shall take his place.

Secretary

Section 3. The secretary shall keep the minutes at every meeting, take part in every meeting of the trustees and enter the proceedings in a book, keep an exact account of the disbursements and income of the society, collect money and transmit it to the treasurer and secure a receipt for it, prepare all requests and notices, and certify all drafts on the treasurer. After his term of office, he shall deliver to his successor all books, papers, money, stocks, securities and any other property whatever in his possession belonging to the society.

Section 4. The treasurer shall post a caution* of five hundred dollars with at least two guarantors as security for the faithful performance of his duties. He shall receive and keep safe the money and funds of the society and comply with all requests for payment that the president makes, provided these are also signed by the secretary. He shall keep his accounts, showing income and expenses, in good order. His books shall at all times be available to the president or the trustees for examination. At such examination he shall furnish all necessary explanations. He shall have at every regular meeting a complete record of all money received and spent, as well as of the rest of the funds on hand. At the end of his term he shall make a final report to the society and deliver to his successor in office, or to whomever the society shall designate, all books, papers, money, and other property of the society.

Section 5. The trustees shall take good care of all stocks, securities, investments, and funds of the society, whether on deposit or entrusted, investigate the character of those who apply to the society for assistance and, in the name of the society, deal as well as they can with them, examine the books and papers of the secretary and the treasurer and

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* This term, no longer in use, means "guarantee." According to the Oxford Dictionary, it is a term of Scottish law used in the United States. Tr.

furnish an annual report, and, above all, undertake the performance and fulfilment of such duties as the society shall assign.

Article 3: Concerning Members

Section 1. Every application for membership must be in writing and must comply with the requirements of the third article of the constitution: it shall then be voted upon by ballot.

Section 2. During the balloting upon an application for membership, the ballot-box must be placed in full view of the presiding officer. It shall then be opened by him and the vice-president and the result announced. The third article of the constitution, where more detailed instructions concerning this are provided for, must be complied with exactly.

Section 3. In case a member wishes to resign from the society, he must do so in writing directed to the secretary, and, in case his account in the books of the society is in good order, he shall have the right to leave the society.

Section 4. All who are admitted to membership in the society must sign the constitution within a month after their admission. No one, before complying with this condition, may enjoy any benefit of the society or take part in any debate, make a motion or second it, or hold any office.

Section 5. No one may speak more than twice about any matter or speak longer than fifteen minutes on end, unless he is permitted to do so by the president.

Article 4: Concerning Dues, Privileges, and so forth

Section 1. Every member must pay dues of a dollar a month.

Section 2. If a member's dues remain unpaid for twelve months or if he refuses to pay, his name shall be stricken from the list of members.

Section 3. Every member has the right, if he becomes unable to continue his calling by reason of sickness or other misfortune, to apply for a weekly aid of five dollars for the duration of his sickness or other misfortune provided, however, his sickness or inability to work was not due to his own fault.

Section 4. A member who has not belonged to the society for fully three months cannot apply for aid.

Section 5. When a member is reported to be sick, the president shall assign two members in turn to nurse him for a day until he recovers; provided, however, his sickness is not contagious.

Article 5. Penalties

Section 1. A member who is more than six months in arrears has no right to vote or take part in a discussion.

Section 2. A member who is negligent in nursing a sick member, or who refuses to perform this merciful service, as required by article 4, section 5, of the by-laws, shall be fined $5 provided, however, he has no sufficient excuse. But no member shall be free of this penalty unless the society agrees to excuse him.

Section 3. An officer who is absent from a meeting shall be fined $5.

Section 4. A member who uses improper language at a meeting, or refuses to obey the president when called to order, shall be subject to a fine for every offense: the total, however, shall not amount to more than a dollar.

Article 6: Funds

Section 1. This society shall have only one fund, to be known as "the General Fund," and it shall include all the money of the society.

Article 7

Section 1. No part of these by-laws shall be repealed, changed, declared invalid, or amended unless two months' notice of a deliberation to consider the change be given. If two-thirds of the members present thereupon agree to the proposed change, it shall be adopted. Moreover, no by-law shall be suspended except for very special reasons and then only with the consent of two-thirds of the members present.

Julius Jacobs, Secretary.

Names of the officers:

D. Woldenberg, president
M. Levy, vice-president
Julius Jacobs, secretary
S. Hanack, D. Levy, D. Eisner } trustees

On the fourteenth of December, a few weeks after this constitution with its by-laws was drawn up, I returned from my journey to the mines in the south and called a meeting the following day. I inquired about the handling of the laws of the society and expressed my heartiest thanks that they had followed my advice. I found myself compelled, however, to point out that it was the duty and obligation of such a society to provide itself with a *Sepher Torah* (Scroll of the Law) and to acquire a cemetery, and to have at least a *minyan* observe the principal holidays by religious services. To achieve this, whoever left the city without good reason on New Year's and the Day of Atonement

and went on a trip, disagreeable though it might be to fine him, should be fined $5. I took the opportunity also to make other less important proposals, but the fulfilment of which was no less necessary for the proper observance of Jewish ritual and religion. These were all accepted without dissent and entered upon the minutes of the society. The first two points were soon carried out.

Thus I left the city, satisfied and grateful that God had permitted me to carry out a worthy matter. In gratitude for my service – so they considered it – in organizing the society, they later sent me a testimonial in which I was designated a member for life. Later, when I completed my research in California and was about to return to the eastern states, they presented me with a splendid silver cup to use while traveling. With it came the following letter: "Folsom, April 16, 1861, to I. J. Benjamin II, Esq. Dear Sir: I have the honor to send you a silver cup, in the name of the Jeshuath Israel Hebrew Benevolent Society, as a token that the society still remembers the deep interest you took in its welfare. I remain etc., Julius Jacobs, secretary."

This cup is of thick silver, heavily gilt inside, of beautiful workmanship, and exceptionally convenient. It is in four parts or rings that fit into each other, so that the height of the cup can be diminished to an inch and a quarter. It was the first to be made like that in California. The name of the society and mine are engraved on it.

The American River flows in back of the southern part of the city and is crossed by two bridges: one for the usual traffic of vehicles and the other for the railway. This will soon be extended to Marysville. A mechanical device in operation on the steep bank of the river provides the city with water.

Gold is to be found everywhere in and about the city. However, it is not present in sufficient quantity to induce prospectors to examine the ground. Three miles from the city are rich marble pits where marble is quarried and carried to all parts of the State. This yields a substantial profit to the enterprising workmen and merchants of Folsom.

In the neighborhood of Folsom are trees, about five feet in height, known as "poison oak": if they are touched, the body swells up. Many people are affected in this way just by being near the trees. The only way to protect oneself is to rub the whole body with fat, or to wash it with milk, or paint it with white lead, or to bathe in vinegar. The poison, however, has no serious consequences and no one as yet has died of it, but it leaves ugly traces on face and hands for a while. This poison-oak is also found in many other places in California – to the annoyance of the farmers and particularly of young girls who often have to pay dearly for picking strawberries.

About thirteen miles from Folsom is a famous alabaster cavern. I visited it in the company of Doctor Woldenberg, a physician. After we had gone four miles, we came to Mormon Island and then Negro Hill; we crossed the American River and climbed Chaperral Hill. From its summit we enjoyed a splendid view of the Sacramento River and the surrounding countryside. Near it is a mountain called Mancinetto Hill on which grow trees known by this name. The trees reach a height of six feet and the leaves are used by the Indians as medicine: they squeeze out the juice and use it for the colic. White men also use the leaves, but in a more modern and perfected way. Other hills, like Placer and Call, are close to the one first mentioned. After visiting it, we descended into the valley where the Eris River flows, crossed it, and came to the

Alabaster Cavern

To be in El Dorado County and not see the great cavern of which every one in the neighborhood has so much to tell, and which is so attractively described in the newspapers, must be considered an unpardonable sin.

As I entered the cavern, I saw a wide, oddly-formed and low chamber before me that was 120 feet in length, 70 in width, and 24 feet high. Shining stalactites, shaped like coral, hang here in irregular fashion and in the greatest possible variety of shape and appearance, ranging in color from milk-white to cream. The stalactites as a whole form a charming contrast to the arched and darkly colored convolutions above them, as well as to the dark and massive pillars to be seen to the right and left. Light brown and quite dark streaks, as well as some that are reddish brown, extend along both sides of the cavern, and dots in between have a peculiar color of their own that is whitish.

If one goes downward to the left, one discovers a beautiful group of stalactites of the most wonderful shape. Some of these low-hanging formations are no thicker than the stem of a pipe, are shaped like it, and are no longer than from two to five feet. Three or four of them are eight feet in length. Some are like the ears of white elephants, if the natural history of animals had such a color to show, and others resemble long, thin nine-pins thrown down.

On closer examination that we made of this and other groups, we found that the base consisted of numerous coral-like protuberances of great beauty: in some places they resembled moss, petrified, shining and transparent; in other places, a splendid sponge set with diamonds; and in still other places little pine-trees that have bowed to circumstances and have grown down instead of up. In other places they

clearly resemble the most delicate fleece of the finest merino wool, or a silk very much like it.

If one leaves these formations and climbs a ladder to the upper part of this chamber, one catches sight of a combination of such mysterious beauty that all effort and danger are richly rewarded.

After these groups one comes to a formation of numerous stalactites that makes a very charming impression. Forms like moss, coral, wool and other shapes fill the spaces between the larger wart-like formations of stone and the stalactites. At the farthest end there is a large mass of rocks like ice, which has shaped itself into various folds and hillocks. This is united with the top of the cavern, at several places, by pillars. Here, fairly deep, is the entrance to the innermost chamber, and there a new surprise awaits the visitor.

At the right one sees a great formation of stalactites almost like the shape of a dome. One may see every conceivable beauty of drapery "cut in alabaster," arranged in the most marvelous fashion and as beautiful as any the Builder of the Universe ever created. Since this scene, as well as all the others, is brilliantly illuminated, the place is one of the most splendid that one can imagine: one sees the pictures of fantasy realized in a masterly fashion, similar to those which appear in works like the *Arabian Nights*. The wonders of California will not all be discovered for some time but, as more of the State is explored each year, more new wonders of nature that have been caused by changes in the surface of the earth will be revealed.

This cavern was discovered by some workmen who had been hired by a Mr. William Groyon to quarry limestone. There is, indeed, a vein of limestone here similar to marble. Since it soon appeared that the stone produced an excellent lime, Mr. Groyon continued the venture. On April eighteenth, two workmen discovered a dark opening in the rocks after they had broken away a large stone. Upon closer examination, the opening turned out to be the entrance to a large cavern. The men went in out of curiosity and, after they had climbed fifteen feet, they found themselves in the center of a chamber about a hundred feet long and thirty wide. There is a splendid pulpit in the rocks at the northern end, such as one finds in Episcopal churches, and this one is surrounded by a most beautiful drapery of alabaster in all colors. The colors vary from white to crimson. Directly under this natural pulpit is a beautiful lake of clear water of considerable extent. The discoverers were greatly surprised to find, in addition to the first chamber, a second exceeding the first in splendor, two hundred feet in length and a hundred feet in width, splendid decorations of alabaster hanging from the walls. Here a splendor is unfolded, said Mr. Groyon

in his first announcement of the discovery, which at once impresses the spectator with the realization that there is a Power above man's. Here is grandeur that will not turn to dust; age that has numbered centuries; beauty that time will only make more beautiful: the purest symbol of that eternal, unchanging, and omnipotent Majesty by Whom and for Whom all things have been created.

After this interesting piece of news had spread, hundreds of the neighborhood came to see the new wonder. To be sure, many were impelled by curiosity and the thought of taking away samples of the stone rather than the desire to marvel at the beauty of nature; and so they destroyed, right at the entrance, some of the most beautiful groups of stalactites. This caused the owner to decide upon keeping all the cavern closed until adequate arrangements for protecting it and at the same time illuminating it to advantage could be made.

In the spring there was a good deal of water in some of the deepest chambers but even then it was noticed that the water decreased by almost six inches a day and in a few weeks the cavern was completely dry. This occasioned additional examinations and it appeared that only a little work would provide a better entrance from the highway. This has now been made and, among other conveniences, a continuous supply of fresh air has been secured.

Other parts of the cavern as, for example, the picture-gallery and so forth, merit a detailed description but since these in many respects have a striking resemblance to scenes already described, I shall end my report of this interesting visit in California.

The finest part of the whole cavern is the so-called "crystal chapel." To picture it fully, words worthy of it are not to be found and just comparisons are wanting. Here silence is praise and so I wanted to give only a weak sketch and nothing more.

Sublime grandeur fills the soul with astonishment and speech is silenced wherever man treads the great halls of nature. The humbler he is, the more surely do they point to the inexpressible majesty of the Eternal One and he will praise Him Who prescribes the laws and watches over the course of nature that calls such wonders into being. With the profound, inextinguishable impression that this magnificent work of nature made upon me, and sad that I must leave so truly a splendid scene, I returned to Folsom in order to hurry on to San Francisco, the great city of the great West.

The United States has other important caverns to show. They lie particularly in the states of Missouri and Kentucky. One in the latter state is certainly the most important. However, there is a cavern in the former state at Rolla, about a day's journey from St. Louis, that

has already been explored for five miles and the end of it has not yet been found. The owner is a Jew named Friede.

Chapter VII

Stockton

I left San Francisco, with which I was already acquainted, on December 4, 1860, and went to Stockton, eighty miles away, on the steamer *Cornelia*. After about twenty miles, we reached San Francisco Bay and after that Suisun Bay; from this one can follow the San Joaquin River which flows about 150 miles above the city of Stockton. A deep stream, a branch of the San Joaquin, which we will describe later in more detail, is navigable and brings steamers to the city, but, in another two miles, loses itself in sand and then, at some distance, forms a narrow lake. I arrived at Stockton at half past two in the morning and, unfortunately, could see almost nothing of the splendid scenery along the banks of the river or of a starry moon-lit night — of which travelers generally have poetical descriptions to delight their readers. The night was pitch dark, not a star was shining, and my traveling companions unfortunately consisted of that inquisitive class of mankind that is always thinking of how to make a dollar.

I took lodgings in the Weber House and, after I had some refreshment, I sauntered out early in the morning to inspect the town. It is in no respect behind its sister cities farther in the interior, with respect to favorable location or its buildings. The city lies on an even stretch of ground, about four miles in extent; its streets are broad and clean, and there is evidence of prosperity everywhere.

Mr. Weber, a native of Germany, little thought when he bought the place where Stockton is now that it would become so extensive a city in so incredibly short a time. And certainly the Mexican governor, Micheltorena, did not dream of the rapid rise in value of the land when he sold thirty-three miles of it, including the site of Stock-

ton, for the pitiful sum of two hundred dollars, of which he received from Mr. Weber half in money and the rest in goods. The heirs of Micheltorena have had a suit about the property pending against Mr. Weber for three years – property that he received practically for nothing and that now is worth many thousands of dollars. However, Mr. Weber is in possession of it, sells building lots, pockets the money and, since he is still a young man, he may enjoy the fruits of his profitable transaction for many years to come.

We have put together the following sketch from various sources to give a faithful account of all that pertains to Stockton. We have no intention to write a detailed history of Stockton but only a brief and concise review of the first settlement as well as a record of the events that happened during the brief existence of the city and that are of general interest.

The city of Stockton is situated on a beautiful meadow at the upper end of the Stockton Slough, a broad and deep branch of the San Joaquin that often extends from the river for three miles along the flat land. The average width of this "slough" is eighty feet and at the lowest water level it is never less than eight. Stockton has a favorable location for a port and a greater advantage in this respect than many cities of California in the interior of the State: three other "sloughs" – the Mormon, Fremont, and the Lindsey Canal – empty into the Stockton Slough at its upper part, and throughout the year these have sufficient depth and width to be navigable. For this reason Stockton has an excellent and uninterrupted commerce by water. Steamers and sailing-vessels, of 150 to 200 tons capacity, can navigate the San Joaquin at every season of the year without any danger, since the river at no place, except at the shallowest points, has less than eight feet of water.

The original inhabitants of the place were Indians, known as Jachicumnes. There are still several traces of their camps to be found in the neighborhood of the city. The first mention of the San Joaquin valley is in connection with an expedition in 1813 to explore the Valle de los Tulares ("valley of the rushes"). This was commanded by Lt. Gabriel Morago and it was he who named the valley and the river – which has its source in the Sierra Nevadas and empties into the Buena Vista lake – San Joaquin. He described the Indians as numerous and dangerous. In later years, the Spanish monks of San Jose and the mission Dolores in San Francisco wished to establish military forces, here and there, among these Indians and others of the valley, to seize as many as they could catch and drag them as captives to the mission "for the good of their souls." These expeditions served the purpose

of making the residents of the coast better acquainted with the nature and resources of the San Joaquin valley. Through the communications that the captured Indians maintained with their tribes, there soon arose friendly relations between the white men and the Indians.

By 1834 a party of Frenchmen from Canada, in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, explored the country as far as the site of Stockton during the hunting-season. They found many beavers in the Stockton and French Camp Sloughs and returned home laden with the results of a very successful trip. But since the government at that time neither recognized their activities as lawful, nor provided them with a license, their settlement did not last long.

The first two real settlements in the San Joaquin valley may be ascribed to the year 1844. One was made by C. M. Weber and Mr. Gulnac. On January 13, 1844, they received a concession, known as the "Weber grant," from Governor Micheltorena. The other settlement was made by the Hudson Bay Company at the upper part of French Camp Slough.

In the beginning of the year 1845, the smallpox broke out among the Jachicumnes and caused many deaths. While this epidemic was raging and during the absence of the white colonists who had fled from it to San Jose, the Indians staged an uprising, murdered Mr. Lindsey at the place now known as Lindsey's Point, burnt down the buildings, that numbered seven, and killed all the cattle. They then fled into the wilderness along the coast. Years later, however, friendly relations between them and Mr. Weber were resumed, and they made it a point to visit him once a year and exchange gifts. On January 10, 1852, the remnant of this tribe appeared for the last time before Mr. Weber's door with their step-shaped canoes woven out of reeds and crude utensils – a little band of ten families, all that remained of the once numerous tribe of the Jachicumnes.

In 1848, Mr. Weber established another colony with a larger number of immigrants and better pecuniary resources. But the war broke out before they had finished building their houses. They saw themselves under the necessity of abandoning the improvements they had made and their good prospects and of fleeing to the larger settlements for protection. The Bear Flag was hoisted and later the Stars and Stripes, and Captain Weber because of his zeal and knowledge of the neighborhood was able – with the men under his command – to be of important service to the American cause during both campaigns. After the end of the war, in 1848, a third and more fortunate attempt was made to found a new colony. In a short time the place was fairly well populated, but in March 1848 the gold-fever broke

out and the number of residents again diminished for a while. However, in the autumn, the place became the nucleus of trade with those who were looking for gold in the southern gold-mines and from then on the city gained in importance. During the winter of 1848-49, Stockton and most of its inhabitants remained idle and waited for the end of the dull rainy season.

J. H. Carson, who passed through Stockton on his trip from Monterey to the gold mines in the summer of 1848, spoke as follows of Stockton in his *Life in California*:

> "When I arrived in Stockton again on May 1, 1849, I found that during my absence the whole scene had changed very much: Stockton, which I had formerly seen graced only by Joe Buzzle's log-cabin with its roof of reeds, was now a large and illustrious city. One saw the tall masts of barks, brigs and schooners decorated with flags, heard the lively 'yo ho' of the sailors; chests, barrels and bales were being landed on the bank of the slough. A hurried and restless hustle and bustle were in constant commotion before my eyes. The magic wand of gold had been waved over a deserted place and at its command a great city had arisen."

On December 23, 1849, a fire broke out, the first of many such misfortunes that plagued every city and town of California, large and small. It raged over a section of this new city and left behind it nothing but smoking destruction. A large part of that quarter of the city that consisted of Center, Levee, Eldorado and Main Streets, the very heart of the city, was left in ashes. The property loss was estimated at $200,000. With spirits unbowed, in spite of the lack of suitable building material and the unusual severity of the winter of 1849-50, new buildings just seemed to sprout again, and the sad aspect of destruction was soon covered by a new, glittering city. Here and there, well-built houses of wood were to be seen. During the spring and summer of 1850 numerous wooden buildings were erected and took the place of the canvas tents. Through the influx of persons and goods brought by the daily steamship connection with the Bay, as well as trade with the wealthy groups of miners of the southern mines in the interior which became much easier by means of new or improved roads, the city assumed a more permanent and an established appearance.

By this time, Stockton had grown to such an extent many of its citizens thought it high time to place it under the care of some "city fathers." On the evening of March 15, 1850, a meeting of merchants was held in the store of George B. Belt to discuss the propriety of submitting to the inhabitants a proposal to form a city council. (We find this in the second number of the *Stockton Times*, Stockton's

"first newspaper." This was a weekly, first published March 16, 1850; Radcliffe and White were the publishers and John White the editor.) A municipal election on August 1, 1850 followed on the heels of the proposal and Samuel Purdy was elected mayor.

Thus, incorporated as a city, Stockton with its active population and its increasing trade made rapid progress from month to month and gained in size and esteem until it was checked by the fire of May sixth. This broke out at about two o'clock in the afternoon in the Branch Hotel on the Levee, midway between Center and Commerce Streets. The fire left all the houses on the block in ashes, except the old adobe house still standing on Main Street diagonally across from the Weber House. The fire also spread beyond Center Street and thus destroyed the most populated part of the city and the business section. The morning sun rose upon the burnt-out and smoking remains of a city – only a few hours previously flourishing and busy. The amount of damage caused was estimated at $1,500,000.

Building was commenced again and, after a few weeks, a new city rose like a phoenix from the black and glowing ruins. During this year and the following, several brick houses were built; Stockton recovered again from its latest hard blow, revived and continued to grow quickly. In the spring of 1852 the city issued bonds to the amount of $200,000 for building a city hall, for paving streets and for other public purposes.

That year the southern wing of the state asylum for the insane was built on the block of the city farthest to the northwest. This institution had been designated by the legislature in May 1851, as a general hospital; in 1852, a department for the insane was added, and any insane person in the State was given admittance. In 1853, the idea of a general hospital was abandoned and the building was converted solely into an insane-asylum. The main wing was built in 1854 and the kitchen, bakery, dining room and facilities for bathing added. One hundred acres of excellent land that border upon the block where the institution has been erected also belong to it.

According to the statement of the resident physician there are at the present time (December 1860) 423 patients in the institution. Of these, 340 are male and 83 female. Among them are five Jews: three young men, a married woman and a young girl. The latter lost her reason just two weeks after her arrival in California and after working two days. Of all who are received annually, about seventy of every hundred recover and are discharged, ten die, and twenty are incurable. The hospital from its very beginning to the present has been managed with exceptional ability and it may be proud of the fact that all sects and parties generally acknowledge that it is the best-managed insti-

tution in the State and the most deserving of confidence. The State spends $8000 annually to maintain it.

The history of Stockton is of little significance and cannot be told in a coherent sequence of events. Its progress was a sure and continuous one without disturbance or any unusual phenomenon. As proof of this we may only mention that it has built houses of brick which cost $300,000.

The value of all its real property is $1,787,448. The tax rate is $1.62 a hundred.

Stockton has at present at least 5600 inhabitants and the omens for its future happiness are very favorable, to judge from its constantly increasing trade with the mining-districts and from the surrounding countryside, which is fertile, easily cultivated and most suitable for agriculture, and which extends for many miles. The population is, moreover, increasing rapidly. Everything warrants a most favorable prospect for the city's greatness and prosperity.

Churches

The Jewish Congregation Re'im Ahuwim

Their synagogue was dedicated by Dr. Eckmann in 1855. It is a beautiful building. The lot on which it stands was a gift of Mr. Weber to the members of the congregation. The congregation numbers twenty-six and each member pays a dollar a month to maintain the synagogue. It was only at the time I left California that the congregation hired a cantor and teacher for their children. The congregation used to have more members, but as new camps of gold-miners were established around Stockton several members of the congregation moved from the city into the interior to increase their income.

The Israelites of Stockton are, as a rule, intelligent and, even if they are not rich, they have the reputation of being responsible business people and benevolent men.

In 1851, Captain Weber also presented the Jews of Stockton with the lot where the insane-asylum is now, for the purpose of establishing a cemetery. But, since the city wished to have the site for the above institution, Mr. Weber gave the Jews another place near-by and here they have buried their dead since 1855. At that time Mr. Joseph Marks, a native of Lobsens in the kingdom of Prussia, was the president of the congregation. He had emigrated to the United States in 1839 and in 1850 came to California.

The present officers of the congregation are: Mr. Lazar Cohn, a native of Chodsezen in the duchy of Posen, is the president; Mr.

Kierskie is the secretary. Mr. Cohn had emigrated to the United States in 1848 and landed at California in 1850.

A Presbyterian church was dedicated in May 1850; a Methodist Episcopal church in October 1850; a Roman Catholic church in 1850; a second Methodist Episcopal church in 1851; the first Baptist church in 1853; and the German Methodist Episcopal church on September 23, 1855. The Episcopal Church of St. John was built in 1856 and the African Methodist Episcopal church (for Negroes) in April 1852. The second Baptist church (for Negroes) was established in December 1854.

Newspapers

The *San Joaquin Republican* is a daily and first appeared on May 1, 1851. It has also a weekly edition. The *Argus of Stockton*, a daily, began publication on May seventh.

The Reading-Room of the Merchants Exchange

is located in the Weber House. It was opened January 1, 1855.

Charitable and Social Organizations

Parker Encampment, No. 3, of Stockton, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was founded on June 10, 1853. Pioneer Degree Lodge, No. 1, was founded July 13, 1853; Charity Lodge, No. 6, was founded February 14, 1852, and Stanton Lodge, No. 11, on July 1, 1853.

Masonic Lodges

Morning Star Lodge, No. 68, Free and Accepted Masons, received its charter on May 4, 1855. San Joaquin Lodge, No. 19, received its charter in 1856.

Sons of Temperance

Stockton Division, No. 9, was established February 10, 1852. The New Era Division, No. 140, was established in March 1855.

The Fire Department

consists of the Weber Engine Company, No. 1, with thirty members; Eureka Engine Company, No. 2, with 27 members; San Joaquin Engine Company, No. 3, with 27 members; and Protection Hook-and-Ladder Company, No. 1, with 32 members.

Public Schools

There are two public schools in Stockton, one for boys and the other for girls. Only the elementary subjects are taught in these schools.

It may not be without interest, before we take our leave of this place forever, to mention another instance that provides a clear idea of the enterprise of the inhabitants. There is an artesian well in front of the court-house that cost $11,000: hot water is brought from a depth of 1012 feet and rises to a height of twelve feet. After time, money and work had gone into trying to find water, the work ran into difficulties underground. The workmen did not permit themselves to be deterred by this, but continued to work until their labors were crowned by the most favorable results. Now a splendid fountain of bubbling warm water ornaments the center of the city. Wells are to be found almost everywhere in the neighborhood of the city, for the river water is salty and unsuitable for drinking. Water may be found flowing freely eight feet underground in many places, but in other places water is to be found only at a depth of thirty feet. Since an artesian well costs no more than from eight to fifteen dollars, almost every house is provided with water in its back-yard.

In the western part of the city there is a large orchard belonging to Mr. Weber and almost all kinds of fruit are to be found in it. It is a favorite spot of the citizens of Stockton, particularly during the hot summer months. Many a person spends a peaceful hour under the refreshing foliage of the attractive trees in the garden of the master of all German nursery-gardeners.

I cannot omit mentioning at this opportunity the fact that I was so eager to have the honor of becoming acquainted with Mr. Weber personally that I called at his house twice but, unfortunately, on both occasions his absence deprived me of the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

On the eastern slope of the city there is a vineyard which covers forty acres belonging to an Italian. The climate of Stockton is most suitable for the cultivation of the vine and the industrious son of sunny Italy gathers from the juice of his grapes a yearly revenue of $18,000.

In the neighborhood of Stockton there is a fairly large number of other important orchards and flower-gardens, but I do not consider it necessary to mention each individually, particularly since I found many such as these in great number in other places of the State.

The soil is fertile and fruitful. Mr. Marks, an agronomist, told me that he had fifty-five tons of hay from eighteen acres of land.

The Agricultural Society of San Joaquin, organized in 1860, possesses an inclosed stretch of land a mile and a half from Stockton. This is set aside for an agricultural exhibition held every year in September. Farmers and others come then with their best cattle and the products of their fields and farms, with the object of excelling their neighbors by the exhibit of the best – from the animal kingdom or that of the

plants. This sort of exhibition is very useful because it goads the exhibitor on to think of new improvements with respect to cattle or the soil. Towards the end of the exhibition, which lasts about a week, prizes are awarded, and the best horse or the largest turnip receives a medal as a prize. Here, too, the good is mixed with the bad, for an American will not permit his horse to be insulted and often the result is contests or races on which very large and important sums are wagered. Accordingly, the exhibition usually ends with a fairly large number of races on which large sums are wagered and the farmer who has visited the exhibition is often under the necessity of returning home with hardly a halter in his possession – which would proclaim him to have been the fortunate ex-owner of an animal.

The climate of Stockton is very good and mild, as it is generally in all the land. There is no lack of wild animals and of opportunities for good hunting-parties. So, for example, along the Stockton and San Andreas highway, James Cote, with the help of good hunting-dogs, caught and killed last year about two hundred foxes, raccoons and wildcats. In San Joaquin County, no more than eight or ten miles from Stockton, the partridges this year are said to be present in such number a farmer there complained that they completely destroyed, within twenty-four hours, all the splendid heads of cabbage on his two-acre cabbage-field.

Last year, a great deal of copper ore was mined in Spring Valley and brought to Stockton. Another large amount was likewise on the way but could not be transported farther because of the bad condition of the road. The copper ore shipped from Stockton amounted to 2354 sacks or about 130 tons and, during the period from April 1, 1860, to April 1, 1861, almost 200,000 tons of freight were shipped to the city. The timber brought to the city amounted to 6,145,000 feet besides 800,000 shingles and red-wood stakes. The dealers in vegetables have received about 70,000 sacks of various vegetables, most of these from the Sacramento River.

According to a report in the *Stockton Argus*, the following was shipped from the city between April 1, 1860, and April 1, 1861:

220,000 sacks (or 380,000 bushels) of wheat, at a dollar a bushel	$380,000
65,000 sacks (or 520,000 pounds) of barley, at a cent a pound	52,000
25,000 cords of wood, at $5 a cord	125,000
40,000 hides, at $3 a hide	120,000
150,000 pounds of wool, at twelve cents a pound	18,000
2,000 barrels of flour, at $4.50 a barrel	9,000
Total	$704,000

Chapter VIII

Journey to the Southern Gold-Mines

On December 7, 1860, I left Stockton at six o'clock in the morning to go by stage-coach to Sonora, sixty-two miles away. For the first thirty-six miles our road led over a barren plain where nothing was to be seen but a station here and there, just about good enough to change horses at. Towards noon we arrived at Knight's Ferry. This is about half-way between Stockton and the center of the southern gold-mines and near where the Stanislaus River turns away into the fertile Joaquin Valley. When the first southern mines were opened, a certain Mr. Knight set up a ferry over the river. This was the only way people and vehicles could cross the river safely. It was a busy point and the income from the ferry in 1860, because of the hundreds of persons, wagons, mules and other draft-animals that were carried over, was no less than $500 a day. In the course of that year, however, other ferries were set up and the flow of traffic was divided.

To judge by the various local and other advantages that the place has, I should not be surprised if in a short time a large city were established here. Among the favorable circumstances we count the fact that silver ore has been discovered two miles from Two-Mile Bar on the Stanislaus River, mentioned above. The deposit is said to be a rich one. As soon as the discovery became known, miners poured into the region and staked out claims. Few mining-districts, accordingly, are the equal of Knight's. The gold-miners set to work along its river-banks and ledges of rock and Knight's promises to become very productive by means of the latest great improvements that have been made in mining. The hills and ravines for several miles in the neighborhood were explored and the result was the discovery of rich deposits. A society of enterprising miners opened a mine that sends a great deal of water to the plateau and flat places of the neighborhood and provides water for a large number of places along its course above the ferry.

The town has between four and five hundred inhabitants. It has a Catholic and a Protestant church, an Odd Fellows and a Masonic lodge, and a public school.

Two bridges, one for pedestrians and the other for vehicles, have been built over the Stanislaus. Because of its many large rocks, the river foams along with a great noise; it is broad, but in no respect deep; however, in the winter or "in the rainy season," as the winter months are also called by the people along the Pacific coast, the river rises and its waters are dangerous.

In that neighborhood, on the other side of the bridges, I found an Indian tribe living among the cliffs in a state of nature, like their brothers in other districts of the land.

Fifteen miles from Knight's Ferry, in the southwestern part of this district (Tuolumne) and about twelve miles from Sonora, there is a town known as Chinese Camp. It has a population of about 1200; its progress culturally is to be seen in its good and well-built wooden houses as well as in a few splendid, fire-proof stores, a few first-class hotels, a few saloons, and in its bank and express offices. It has, in addition, a Protestant church, an important Masonic lodge, and a large "division" of the Sons of Temperance.

The discovery of gold in 1848, and the rapidly increasing immigration because of it, produced a marvelously varied and bustling life. The news of the rich gold-fields of California – which spread immediately, included the information that every man, no matter who, might work there freely without charge or difference – had hardly made its way across the ocean before a long and unbroken stream of people from the nations of the Orient, and principally from the empire of China, flooded these shores. The mysteries that still envelop the Chinese, the size and enormous extent of their land, the wealth hidden in it – at least so one believed – caused those who were already residents of California, particularly men engaged in commerce, to welcome heartily the sons of the Celestial Empire.

In the beginning, when their appearance still held a peculiar charm, all classes shared in this warm welcome so that the strangers from China met with the friendliest treatment and concessions were gladly made even to their whims. They were invited to take part in all parades celebrating national or local holidays, and were given places of honor in these. Indeed, those were sunny days for the Chinese; they were buoyed up and pampered themselves with the sweet delusion that they had found the paradise of Confucius. The most enticing and alluring reports of the wealth of the land they had come to, as well as of the hospitality and generosity of its inhabitants, were sent to the populous cities of China and its swamps, with the result that myriads of Mongolians streamed to California.

One could not foresee, naturally, the effect of such a flood; but they

became evident soon enough. It was clear that although the presence of Mongolian men, if their number were small, might be a good thing, they might easily prove to be "too much of a good thing" and that the Chinese in this land might be compared to whiskey: if taken only now and then in small quantities and for a change, it is very pleasant; but swallowed in excess and frequently, it causes nausea, disgust, sickness and even death. It was soon clear that nine-tenths of the Chinese immigrants consisted of coolies or slaves, who had gathered themselves from the lowest classes of the Chinese empire; that though they had, to be sure, on the one hand a certain amount of energy, endurance and aptitude, on the other hand they had dirty habits, were very immoral and brought with them the beastliest customs of semi-barbarians. So their good qualities were obscured. Instead of furthering the good of the land that protected them, they exploited it for their own advantage — to enrich themselves; and their own interests were completely remote from those of the people among whom they lived.

Moreover, the dangerous passions of the Chinese threatened society in a thousand ways with the infection of their evil influence. Thanks to their numbers, they encroached at once upon the rights of the white workingmen, worked in swarms in the mines, sent their gold out of the land and penetrated everywhere. Wherever they lived in great hordes in the cities, filth, sickness and fires were the inevitable results. Can anyone still wonder that, after such manifestations, the feeling of sympathy for the Chinese quickly changed to aversion and disgust?

At present there are almost 40,000 Chinese in the State, a number that is still constantly increasing. Since 1850, almost 70,000 Chinese have come to California. Many of these died; many returned to China; and still others left for the Fraser River. Whether this people is a blessing or a curse for the land, and whether the good they have accomplished outweighs the evil they have inflicted, are questions practically still undecided. Merchants, tradesmen and those who "go down to the sea in ships" claim that the land has gained enormous advantages by reason of the Chinese, but all others share just the contrary view. With respect to money, the matter is easily settled, for only a small part of the population has acquired much and heaped up wealth by trade with China; while, on the other hand, the sly Chinese have taken ten times as much real wealth out of the State as individuals have gained by trade with China.

From a political and social point of view, this is how the matter appears: the Chinese have done nothing, or almost nothing, for the improvement and cultivation of the land; they build no houses, cultivate no land and do nothing to make it valuable. They are diligent,

dirty and certainly get on; but this is at the expense of others, for they do nothing in exchange for what they get except to be an incumbrance. By birth, education and religion they are incapable of entering the bond of brotherhood with the rest of the population, or of standing on an equal footing; and so they remain in political and social respects at a far lower level. Their presence, therefore, is only to be regretted. Although California by law is a free State, the power of the Chinese here has established a system of slavery as absolute as that of Cuba; and the advantages of this system are of no benefit to the political leaders of the land, whereas all the evils that arise from it are bequeathed to the State.

The mines of the Chinese and of their neighborhood are mostly on the surface: they have only a depth of one to five feet. Gold is scattered throughout the surface of the soil — on the hills as well as in the valleys — and the work of mining it pays well. In former days, these mines as well as many others suffered for lack of water; but this disadvantage was remedied by an enterprising company that constructed a sluice and a canal from North Creek, near Jamestown. The Columbia and Stanislaus River Company is also planning an extension from its gigantic works to these gold-mines in order to supply them with water directly from the snows of the Sierra Nevadas. When this project is completed, Chinese Camp will benefit greatly and must increase markedly in wealth, for there are thousands of acres that may be usefully cultivated with a sufficient supply of water.

I went from Chinese Camp to Montezuma, four miles away. This place has been in existence only for a short time and its mines were only opened in the spring of 1852. Since then, however, a pretty town has been built up. Montezuma lies in the midst of an extensive mining-district and has a favorable location for trade and business.

Table Mountain is near it. This mountain has a remarkable formation and has puzzled many geologists. The sides, rising almost in a straight line from bottom to summit, are of solid rock but, if one cuts through the rock, the mountain beneath is sandy and has large pebbles like those of great rivers. The pebbles of the mountain, in many places, are rich in gold. These signs show clearly that the soil of the interior of the mountain must once have been the bed of a river, even if geologists insist that it would take 40,000 years, according to the laws of nature, before such a change can take place.

If one goes from Stockton to Sonora, one sees this mountain first at the Stanislaus River, near Knight's Ferry, and thirty miles from Sonora; from then on it is constantly in sight during the entire trip, its steep height and basalt-like sides in marked contrast to the surrounding

landscape. Its summit and sides are bare of all vegetation, except for a few scattered patches of low bushes here and there. Its sides are everywhere so steep that, except for two or three places, it is impossible for man or beast to climb it. The mountain is two hundred feet high, for the most part, and at the summit a hundred to five hundred yards wide. This is even and straight, except that here and there a ravine is to be found that carries off the rain water.

The mountain has been excavated in hundreds of places by the shafts and tunnels of miners looking for gold. Many enterprises carried out at great cost did not bring those who worked at them a single dollar in return, while the plans of others were rewarded a thousandfold. A further peculiarity of this marvelous mountain is that in its depths there are large quantities of water and, at its foot, springs bubble out at both sides. A company driving a tunnel into the mountain, opposite Shaw's Flat, caused a powerful jet of water that shot out twenty feet and continued for five years. The outline of the mountain can be seen as far north as Butte County, although it is much lower than the ground north of the Calaveras River.

Chapter IX

JAMESTOWN

FROM MONTEZUMA I PUSHED ON FIRST TO JAMESTOWN, THREE MILES away. This town has great advantages because of its favorable location: it is situated right between the Tuolumne and Stanislaus Rivers in the midst of the gold-region that stretches to the north and south along the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas. Its mines on the surface of the soil are, therefore, very good and excelled by none of this neighborhood, except perhaps those in Columbia. In view of the extensive work of tunnelling in near-by Table Mountain, these mines will probably make sure that this neighborhood will always be a good mining-dis-

trict. The opportunity of securing water is just as good here as, or perhaps better than, anywhere else in the land.

Wood's Creek, which runs through the town, went completely dry at the height of summer when the neighborhood was first settled. But the stream always has water now. The canal between Jamestown and Chinese Camp stores the surplus water of Wood's Creek behind a dam below the city and carries it to Chinese Camp.

The town is in the center of the mines opened here. It is conveniently located for those interested in mining; also suitable for trade. It is eight miles south of Columbia and Springfield, five miles south and west of Shaw's Flat and Sonora, and forms the great transit-point for the traffic of merchants and the mines. It is six miles from Chinese Camp, while in the direction of Montezuma City are Algerine Camp, Yorktown, Poverty Hill and Campo Seco, all only one to five miles away.

Taxes on property amounted to $283,000 in 1860. In October 1855, part of the town was destroyed by fire. This damaged goods and buildings to the extent of $50,000.

Jamestown has thirty shops and stores. Here the various merchandise and products necessary to satisfy the needs of the citizens are handled. The town has a church, a day-and-evening school and a Masonic hall.

In each of these small places, just mentioned, there are Jews, if only a few, and often only one, who are all engaged in trade.

After this long wandering about and visiting many small towns and mines, I arrived at last at Sonora, four miles from Jamestown.

Chapter X

Sonora

Sonora's first inhabitants settled there in 1848. these were a company of miners from Sonora in Mexico who named the place Sonora Camp and later Sonora. Wood's Creek and Jamestown, built afterwards by Americans, were distinguished from the camp of Sonora by the name American Camp, or "Campo Americano." The first white men who settled in Sonora in 1848 and in the beginning of 1849 were Joshua Holden, Emanuel Lindberg, Casimir Labetour and sixteen others. The first *alcalde* (justice of the peace) was R. S. Ham, elected in the autumn of 1848.

In the autumn of 1849, Sonora Camp was by far the largest mining-settlement in the neighborhood and its population then was estimated at five thousand persons. On a Sunday, the great market-day, the narrow streets were so crowded one could make his way through them only with difficulty. During the winter, part of the inhabitants withdrew again to camps in the neighborhood. In the summer of 1850, the population decreased, until it had at most half as many inhabitants, because of a tax newly imposed on miners coming from foreign countries: the tax amounted to as much as thirty dollars a month. Merchants, professional men, doctors – in short all classes – suffered much as a result of this sudden exodus from their midst and every branch of business came to a standstill. In 1851, many white persons arrived again and business once more became lively. From that time on, the number of inhabitants was never much less than three thousand: among these were many Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Italians.

Conflagrations, apparently, are inevitable in American cities and so, in the autumn of 1849, Sonora, for the first time, was startled by the cry of "Fire!" The whole town, which at that time consisted of canvas tents and *remadas* (huts patched together of brushwood), burnt down. The second fire broke out in the night of June 17, 1852; it destroyed the best part of the town, cost the life of a man and consumed property worth $70,000. The third fire broke out in the night

of August 17, 1853, and caused damage to the amount of $30,000. A fourth fire soon followed this, in the night of October 3, 1853, which likewise cost the life of a man; it destroyed property worth $300,000. In the night of November 2, 1853, a fifth fire destroyed property worth $40,000. Since then, many other fires have destroyed parts of the town, but great conflagrations are no longer possible because of the well-built houses and a very active fire-department.

The first newspaper to be published in the mining-districts of California was the *Sonora Herald*. It began publication on July 4, 1850. The first seven numbers had a fool's cap and bells printed at the head and every single copy was sold for half a dollar. The *Mountain Whig* and the *Union Democrat* likewise soon appeared to represent their political parties; but, like all other newspapers in this land that do not have the interests of the people but only of their own party at heart, they went the way of all flesh.

On November 7, 1849, the citizens of Sonora organized a town government. They had in mind, principally, establishing a hospital. Inasmuch as during the previous year fresh vegetables were not to be had, a large number of miners at the beginning of the rainy season fell sick of the scurvy. The Mexicans especially suffered and hundreds of them died. The sympathies of the charitable miners were stirred at the sight of so much suffering and the result was that a hospital was built. It received enough to maintain it for more than six months. The attendant received eight dollars daily as salary. Lemonade was sold at $35 a bottle, potatoes from a dollar to a dollar and a half a pound, and every other item in the same proportion. In 1849 these were not yet high prices. They show, however, the great expense of maintaining the hospital for the months during which the sickness was most widespread. The proceeds of the sale of lots owned by the town were not sufficient to cover the constantly increasing expenses and the burden fell chiefly on a few.

The first popular disturbance to be experienced in Sonora took place at the beginning of June 1850. Here is a brief account of it that I have taken from the *Sonora Herald*. Those who had come from foreign countries were at that time in the majority and they felt much aggrieved at the heavy tax imposed on them for permission to mine gold. Accordingly, they banded together and drove away the tax-collectors as often as these tried to collect the infuriatingly high tax. The news spread like wild-fire through the adjoining mining-districts and every man felt called upon to do his part. The miners, armed with pistols, guns, pikes and axes, maintained their position firmly, contesting the right of the tax-collectors and preventing them from resuming

their activities: a way of acting certainly more praiseworthy than that of many of their opponents.

The Americans, for their part, held meeting after meeting and organized military companies. These drove the rebellious Mexicans from their claims, their hearths and their homes. It is true that the latter had rejected the claims of a government that they did not recognize and could not recognize; but it was very unfair to wish to rob them of every share in what little land they had – those who, in fact, are the rightful owners of every bit of land in California. But the strong have always oppressed the weak; and the Americans, in spite of all their liberality and highly-praised tolerance, arrogated to themselves quite inexcusable prerogatives with respect to the Mexicans because the Americans knew very well that those in power would have to support them and that these would then find it to their own interest to rob the poor cattle-breeders of their inheritance.

From that time on, until about 1853, when the land was more thickly settled by white men, the Mexicans watched for every opportunity to avenge the injustice inflicted upon their fellow-countrymen who had been driven from Sonora: they robbed and murdered at every opportunity, burnt down houses and tents and often threatened to massacre every American in the colony. The result was many a hot, bitter fight in which the Mexicans, as a rule, were routed and driven back. Once, a hundred and ten fighting-men were counted, armed for battle and marching straight towards Sonora to capture it and kill every American; but the residents of Sonora were too strong for them: the band of rebels was beaten back and three of their ringleaders hanged. It is certainly necessary to state, for the better understanding of the facts, that the Mexicans were spurred on to the commission of such detestable acts by Americans themselves – low, contemptible fellows, who thought it would be a fortunate turn of events to be able to enrich themselves from the treasure left by their fellow citizens. A few of those who played at this game and goaded on the gullible Mexicans, were hanged by the exasperated crowds after they had been convicted of their misdeeds. Since then Sonora, except for a few unimportant and incidental hand-to-hand fights, has enjoyed lasting quiet and enduring peace.

Churches in Sonora

Sonora has six places set aside for the adoration of God by religious service: these are all beautiful and well-built houses of worship. The Catholics were the first to build a church: that was as early as the winter of 1848-49.

Sonora has two lodges of Freemasons and two lodges of Odd Fellows. It has also three public and two private schools. In addition, two weekly newspapers are published there.

The town has twenty-five Jews. They are all in good circumstances. Together with the Jews in the adjoining camps, they organized a charitable society; it has forty-two members. Its purpose is to have a fund on hand in case their charity is appealed to. Mr. Moses Hanauer, a native of Bavaria, is the president of this praise-worthy society and Mr. Henry Strauss, from Frankfort-on-the-Main, is the secretary. The Jews have, west of the town, a cemetery, presented to them by the town. This is kept in good order and has a neat little house; the cemetery is enclosed by a strong wall. Our fellow Jews have a *Sefer Torah* (Scroll of the Law) and observe the holidays. However, they are without a *shohet* (ritual slaughterer of cattle and poultry) at present and without a teacher: it is to be hoped that in these respects, too, their life as Jews will improve.

Chapter XI

Columbia

On december tenth, i set out on my journey from sonora to Columbia, four miles away. In every place, I directed my attention first of all to its history and tried to acquire an exact, if brief, account of it from its archives and official documents. It was only after much troublesome research that I could get a fragment of the earliest history of this town because the many fires that in earlier days broke out in California, here as everywhere, destroyed everything except the most important records and documents.

When miners began to dig for gold in 1849 in the neighborhood of Sonora, at Shaw's Flat and Paso del Pino, there was no exploring, or at least no mining, in the territory now occupied by the town of

Columbia – or that which now constitutes the mining-district of Columbia – except for some insignificant mining by a few Mexicans in San Diego. It was not until March 27, 1850, that a company of gold-miners, consisting of Dr. Thaddeus Hildreth and his brother George Hildreth, from the State of Maine, and Alexander Carson and Billy Jones from New York, made their camp for the night under an oak: it stood just under the present bridge at the foot of Main Street. They were on their way back to Wood's Crossing from an expedition looking for gold in Calaveras County. It rained all night. This caused them to remain a while in the morning to dry their blankets. As they were so delayed, it occurred to one of the company to see if he could find "the color" on the narrow mountain-ridge that extends from the east to join Columbia Ridge and that was later called Kennebec Hill. He found, in the first panful of dirt that he gathered, results that promised much; the company therefore decided to remain another day and prospect the place thoroughly. Towards evening they had an ounce of gold as the result of two hours of work with pick and pan. They decided to remain. Since there was little water and that to be found only in small swamps, they were forced to drag the earth in sacks to be washed in pans: each man daily gained six or eight ounces of gold by doing this. Captain Avent was the first to stake out a claim on the ridge. At the end of his first day of work, he had two and a half pounds of gold; after the second day, a pound and a half; and by July, when there was no more water, he had panned daily an average of twelve to fifteen ounces.

The news of these rich diggings spread quickly in the vicinity and thousands came streaming to the place. By April tenth, there were six to eight thousand persons in the camp on Kennebec Hill. A large number of gamblers came with the crowds and in a short time there were 143 gambling-banks in operation. They had a total fund of half a million dollars. It was no unusual sight to see three or four thousand dollars depend on the turn of a card.

On April twenty-ninth the town was named Columbia in honor of the great circumnavigator of the world. Public officials were soon found necessary, and Major Sullivan was elected alcalde. He entered upon his office at once. The first case for his decision was a theft. An American accused a cattle-breeder of stealing a pair of trousers. The accused was fined three ounces of gold ($48) for the theft and the American had to pay an ounce for the accusation. The second case was a complaint against a Frenchman for stealing a pickax from a claim. The judgment was that he was to pay an ounce for the value of the pickax and three ounces for the costs of the proceedings.

On June first, the tax upon alien miners, amounting to $20 a month for each one, went into force. The tax had the effect of clearing the camp of aliens. Since the camp also became very short of water, its numbers diminished to no more than nine or ten persons.

The first tent pitched on the north side of the Columbia Canyon was for the sale of rope and brandy. In 1851 a newspaper, the *Columbia Star*, was published by W. Gore, but it did not last beyond five numbers. It is said, by way of a bit of curious information, that copies of the first issue were sold for an ounce each ($16).

The town was incorporated in May 1854, and town officials elected under the General Incorporation Act. On July 10, 1854, at about three o'clock in the morning, the town's fate caught up with it and it was destroyed by an incendiary fire. All the stores were burnt down and the damage was estimated at half a million dollars. In a short time, the town was rebuilt with better and more substantial houses, a large number of which were fire-proof.

The first church to be erected in Columbia was Methodist Episcopal. Since then, two other churches have been built.

The Freemasons and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows have many members. The organizations have beautiful brick buildings.

During my stay in Columbia, I was witness of an event that showed an almost unimaginable amount of malice and the spirit of revenge. For about five years, thousands of miners in the neighborhood of Columbia, who were separating the "oro" from the soil, had been paying a company a very high price for water that one can have for almost nothing. The company owned a sluice and knew very well that it was not easy for the miners to wash their earth without its water. As long as the miners were digging up nuggets that repaid them well for their work, nobody cared about the high price of the water; but when the claims yielded less and less, it was no wonder that the miners did not feel like paying the high price of water in addition to all their hard work. When the company refused to consider any reduction in price, the miners formed their own company to erect their own sluice and bring their own water to their claims, and so work and live independently of the old water monopoly.

Things remained thus for almost five years until the funds of the miners were exhausted and they saw themselves under the necessity of borrowing $100,000 to carry out their undertaking. This sum was secured by a mortgage. The man who advanced the money then joined forces with the old company and sold it the mortgage. The company now demanded payment which the miners, who were almost penniless, naturally were unable to meet; and this cruel company, which

had become infinitely rich by the sweat of the miners, had the satisfaction of being able to buy the miners' sluice that was worth at least three million dollars for a hundred thousand – the amount of the legal claim.

The miners were greatly enraged by this, for with their sluice they not only lost all that they had acquired, but their work and efforts of many years was now in vain. They displayed their anger and deep hate and determined to destroy in their rage their own sluice and that of the old company. However, this destruction still did not satisfy them and they rose as one to revenge themselves thoroughly upon those who had deprived them of hope and happiness. They would have done so had not the members of the monopoly, when they sensed that an uprising was in the air, hurriedly taken to flight. So property, worth several million dollars, was destroyed in one day. For months after this, the town was like a "ghost town": the miners could not work because they had no water and the merchants, as a result, complained that business was at a standstill. These hardships are now forgotten and a new company has set to work, dug ditches and built sluices – all of which will shortly provide new life for Columbia, once great and prosperous, and give its trade a new impetus. Shortly before I left California, the old company came to an agreement with the miners and gave them $30,000 as compensation.

The population of this town has decreased to about three thousand. Among these, at the time of writing, there were thirty Israelites. They belonged to the Hebrew Benevolent Society of Sonora.

The great advantages which Columbia's location provides and the great extent of its gold-mining industry will quickly make it important again and, as it fully deserves to be, "the jewel of the southern mines."

Chapter XII

The Law of the Miners

WE DO NOT CONSIDER IT OUT OF PLACE TO OFFER THE READER A VIEW of the laws of the miners, since mining is so important here and there has been so much talk of gold-mining in this book. Accordingly, we select those of Columbia which went into force January 1, 1856.

The Laws of the Miners of Columbia District and the Miners' Ten Commandments

Article 1. The mining-district of Columbia shall include in the future all its present territory; its boundary shall begin at the upland bordering upon the southern fork of the Stanislaus River, opposite Paso del Pino; then it shall include to the east everything running along the line of the mountain canyon known as Experimental Gulch; then it shall follow upland and include the mines of Yankee Hill to a point within forty feet of Wood's Creek; then it shall follow the above-named creek to the road that leads from Saw Mill Flat to Kelly's ranch; from there, in a northwesterly direction, to a spring in the gulch that runs south of Santiago and is the eastern corner of the Springfield District; from there, in a straight line, to the side of old McKenney's store; from there, in a straight line, likewise, to the Lawnsdale sawmill; from there it shall follow upland where the gulch of the above-named sawmill begins, to the beginning of Dead Man's Gulch; from there it shall follow the narrow mine of the T. C. W. Company, where this bisects the Gold Hill mines; from there, in a straight line, to the beginning of Fox Gulch; from there, along a line parallel to this gulch and including it, to a point five hundred feet from the Stanislaus River; from there it shall follow the tableland bordering upon the southern fork of this river to the starting-point.

Article 2. A full claim to the right to dig for gold on the flats or hills of this district shall consist of an area of a hundred square feet. A full claim in a gulch shall consist of a hundred feet along the gulch; the width of the claim, if it is not more than a hundred feet, shall be as the claimant pleases.

Article 3. No one may possess in this district more than one full claim; this may also not consist of more than two pieces of land whose joint area may not exceed the area of a single full claim; however, nothing here said shall prevent miners from organizing themselves into companies for mining and, in that case, every member of such a company may possess a full claim.

Article 4. A claim may be taken possession of within three days, the period during which the usual water may be procured, by ditches clearly indicating its boundaries, or by digging a ditch along its length to drain it, or by driving into each corner good and sufficient stakes and posting at each end of the claim a written notice, showing the intention of the future owner and signed by his signature in his own handwriting.

Article 5. If a company has begun work on a claim but through lack of water, or by reason of sickness, or some other unforeseen accident, has discontinued work, the leaving behind of machinery necessary to work the claim shall be sufficient evidence that the ground has not been abandoned and no further sign is necessary; however, the boundaries must remain marked out, even though, as a result of the work that has been only commenced, they cannot be discerned in several places.

Article 6. The legal right to a claim is lost if the company possessing it has neglected to fulfill the conditions set forth in the previous article, or if it has not commenced work within three days after water becomes obtainable at the usual prices, unless the company is prevented from commencing work by sickness, or some intervening and unavoidable hindrance, or in compliance with some particular law to the contrary.

Article 7. Earth that has been excavated to extract gold from it is to be considered part of the claim from which it has been taken and is not to be separated from it; such earth shall be considered the property of the owner of the claim for six months after its excavation. It must, however, be marked by loose stones, brushwood or other material, or with a stake driven into it on which the intention of the company that claims it is written, signed by the name of the owner in his own hand.

Article 8. Earth excavated under the above conditions and marked as indicated above shall be considered private property; whoever, in violation of this right, is guilty of petty larceny shall after conviction be subject to a fine.

Article 9. Water which takes its natural course through a gulch containing gold shall not be diverted without the consent of those

working in the gulch. If the water, however, has been diverted, it must be restored to its original course upon the demand of any one who had shared in the use of it.

Article 10. Only Americans and those Europeans who declare their intention to become citizens of this country shall have the right to claims in this district. Foreigners, however, have until the first day of next November to declare their intention.

Article 11. Neither Asiatics nor South Sea Islanders shall be permitted to mine gold for themselves or others.

Article 12. Whoever shall sell a claim to an Asiatic or a South Sea Islander, shall have no right to any claim within the district for six months.

Article 13. All laws affecting miners, previously in force within district, are hereby declared null and void.

As a faithful reporter of conditions in California, we have had to mention much that was disagreeable and refer to much that was of no importance. Accordingly, it may not be considered out of place to include here also something amusing for the diversion of the reader. For this purpose, we quote two of several different lithographed examples of the so-called "Miner's Ten Commandments" in Columbia. The first example, of the year 1853, begins as follows:

> "A man spoke these words and began: I am a miner who left home and traveled to the East and came to a strange land to live there and see the elephant. And, behold, I saw him and can testify that his entire body, from the uttermost end of his trunk to the tip of his tail, passed before me. I followed him until the monstrously long feet stopped before a shingled hut. There the elephant stretched out his trunk and pointed to a quadrangular sheet of paper affixed to a shingle as if it wished to say to me: 'Read what is written here!' This encouraged me to read *The Gold-Miner's Ten Commandments*:
>
> First Commandment
>
> You shall have only one claim.
>
> Second Commandment
>
> You shall not seek to acquire a claim dishonestly nor, like a base wretch, take quickly as your own whatever you discover up on the heights or below, deep in the rocks, or in a cleft beneath them; otherwise, I will search out the miners about you and incite them against you and, when they have condemned you, you shall take your pick and your pan, your shovel and your blanket, and whatever else is yours, and you shall depart to search for gold and to go in quest of good diggings but shall find none. And when you return you shall

be overcome with grief that your old claim has been dug up by others and that you can find none of the stakes, by which you protected your claim, or a place where you might stow away your old boots near a cot, or hide your drinking-flask in your hut. For you shall have spent all that was in your purse; your boots shall be torn and your clothes in rags and only your empty pockets shall remain in good condition; and your patience shall be like your clothes; and nothing shall remain for you to do but to hire yourself out that you may have food to eat and get your bacon.

Third Commandment

You shall not look about for gold in other places as long as there is still gold to be found in your own claim. Moreover, you shall not take your gold, nor your gold-dust, nor your good name in vain to the gambling-table; for the more you put down at morte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet and poker, the less you will pick up; and then, when you think of your wife and children, you will consider yourself to be not only without conscience but also without honor.

Fourth Commandment

You shall not remember how your friends at home keep the Sabbath, for the comparison with what you do here will not be in your favor. Six days you shall dig or shovel as much as your body can endure, but the seventh day is Sunday. Then you shall wash all your dirty shirts, darn your socks, patch your boots, mend your clothes, split your kindling for the week, knead the dough for your bread and bake it, and cook your smoked pork and your beans so that you need not wait long for your food when you come home tired out with digging. Then, if you work only six days a week, you will not work so hard that your body will become skin and bones. But, if you also work hard on Sundays, you may ruin your health in six months; and you yourself, your son and your daughter, your chum and your girl, your morals and your conscience, will not be the better for it; but all shall pursue you with reproaches if you ever do return with your shattered health to your mother's hearth. Moreover, you shall not dare to justify yourself for not keeping the Sabbath even if the merchant and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the storekeeper, the tailor and the cobbler defy God and civilization by not observing the Sabbath and have no longing for a day of rest as their memory, their education and their home have hallowed it.

Fifth Commandment

You shall not be at all concerned about saving money and give no thought to increasing it, but consider how much pleasure you can get out of it now after you have cancelled the precepts and instruction

of your good old parents; you will then find no accuser in your money when you see yourself forsaken in the land to which your father's blessing and your mother's love went with you.

Sixth Commandment

You shall not put your life in danger by working in the rain, even if you have enough money to pay for a doctor and a nurse. You shall not kill your neighbor in a duel. You shall not wreck your life by downing too many brandy slings and gin cocktails, too much whisky-punch or egg-nog. Why, then, do you toil and labor? What is the purpose of your lying and standing, your broiling in the heat of the sun and your crawling into holes to find gold? You should be disgusted with yourself and ask: 'Is your servant a dog that he does such things?' And you should cry out within you: 'Now I am in earnest. To the devil with you, old bottle! I will never kiss your glistening lips again! And you, too, slings, cocktails, punches, smashes, cobblers, egg-nogs, toddies, sangarees and cooling drinks, farewell forever! I blush for shame when I think of you. I will have nothing more to do with you and will also be rid of headache, heartburn, the blue devil and all the other evils in your train. The sweet smile of my wife and my children will charm me and repay me richly for having the manliness and the courage to say once and for all: no! Once more I wish you: farewell forever!'

Seventh Commandment

You shall not become discouraged and never think of going back home before you have made your pile, even if you have come upon no good vein of gold, nor found a rich rift, nor dug into a pocket; for, if you hurry home, you will lose four dollars every day and be ashamed of yourself for having to work for fifty cents. You know that, if you can last out here, you may come upon a vein of gold and make fifty dollars a day. Therefore, do not let your spirits droop in an unmanly fashion and leave for home only when you have enough to make yourself and others happy.

Eighth Commandment

You shall not steal from your neighbor, who digs beside you, pickax, shovel, or pan; you shall not take without permission any of his tools; nor borrow from him whatever he cannot do without easily; nor return in a damaged condition that which you have borrowed; nor pester him to lend it to you time and again. Do not speak to him when his rent is due for his water; do not pull up the stakes he has driven into the ground to enlarge your claim; do not undermine his hill to follow a vein that runs through your claim; do not pan any gold out of his riffle-box; nor wash the weaker gold-dust particles

out of the opening of his sluice. You shall not pick out any pieces containing gold from the pan of your company, to hide them in your mouth or your purse; you shall not cheat your partner out of his share nor steal any gold-dust from him who shares your tent to add to your own dust. You may be sure that he will discover your theft and instantly summon his fellow miners and, because no law will stop them, they will hang you, or beat you black and blue to the tune of fifty blows, or shave you bald and burn an R upon each cheek like a horse-thief, so that everyone, particularly in California, can read it.

Ninth Commandment

You shall not spread any false rumors about good places in the mountains among those working beside you, to do a favor to some friend or other who has mules, stores, tools and blankets he cannot sell; so that your deceived neighbor should not, when he returns through the mountain snows, empty-handed but for his gun, greet you with its contents so that you fall down and die like a dog.

Tenth Commandment

You shall enter upon no unsuitable marriage, nor envy the bliss of a single man, nor forget the girl you left behind you; you shall not let your first love die out. But you shall think of how faithfully and patiently she awaits your return; how warmly she welcomes every letter of yours and covers it with kisses – until she has you yourself. You shall not lust after the wife of your neighbor, nor play with the charms of his daughter. But if your heart is still free and you are in love with almost everyone and lust after this one and that one, you must make up your mind quickly, before someone else who is quicker than you gets ahead of you, and you in the grief of your heart and full of regret must cry out in the speech of the great: 'Such is life!' Your fate in the future would then be that of a poor, forsaken, despised and uncomfortable young fellow.

And a new command I give unto you: If you have wife and children, dearer to you than your own life, think of them always: that will bring you cheerfully forward to the point from which you can cry out: 'I have enough! God bless them – now I will return home.' Then, as you hurry towards your beloved home, they will come to meet you and receive you with open arms; they will hang about your neck, weep with joy, and at your return they will find no words for happiness. Then will your heart be full of delight and in gratitude to your Father in Heaven you will all kneel together and thank Him for your happy return.

Amen. So be it."

A second table of ten commandments for miners is of later origin. It has three wood-cuts at the top – one wide and two narrow. The broad cut shows an elephant on which a miner stands holding the ten commandments. Rays of light are about the miner's head and in his left hand is a spade, pointed upwards. About him are a crowd of miners gazing up at their law-giving companion with curiosity and respect.

Here are the ten commandments:

First Commandment

It is the wish of all in California that you observe all that is here written down, that you may escape the shallows and quicksands of this life. Your stay in California makes a warning or lesson desirable – and this cannot be too soon. California is a great amphitheater that holds people of every land and every zone. All classes, all colors, all trades in a short time enter into more or less friendly relations with you. And, therefore, I give you these commands and this warning, my disciples, that you may be armed and a match for the tempters.

Second Commandment

You miners are the most numerous of all the tribes of California and I ask you for your own good to give me your kind attention. You are, to be sure, a brave people whose habitation the wise and the counsellors have sought out to teach you wisdom and understanding.

Third Commandment

It is ordained, brother, that you are not to labor to your own injury. You shall labor, as it beseems good disciples, and your labor shall not exceed ten hours daily. Your food shall consist of what is most healthful and most nourishing, and your woolen clothing shall be durable; you shall also wash your clothing every week.

Fourth Commandment

If you neglect this, your comrades, the other miners, shall carry you to the Feather River and cleanse you, your clothing, your body, all together, until you are willing to do it yourself.

Fifth Commandment

If vermin afflict you and your clothes, you shall be banished from your hut until you are rid of your unwelcome guests. And on the day, yes, at the very hour when it is seen that you are again free of this plague, you shall return to your hut in a festive procession with the other miners, your brethren, and shall celebrate this event by a feast.

Sixth Commandment

It is further commanded that one shall be the servant or vassal of another only in so far as the former shall serve and assist freely and of his own will. However, you shall not forget your brother when he lies sick and on the bed of pain, but shall nurse him and supply him with all that he needs until he can stand on his own feet again.

Seventh Commandment

It shall further be a law unto you, oh, miner, if you have a family in a far country, that you send them what you have gained by your labor, as much as you can spare, so that they have enough to live on during your stay in this land. You shall not neglect your wife and your children and run after strange women who, with their flattering tongues and captivating smiles, seek to entice you into their nets. It will only result in your shame and your pain and strip you of honor, virtue and money, and in the end they will only despise you and even curse you and, when you are fleeced, push you away. Furthermore, take good care and be on your guard that you are not taken unawares on your secret by-ways and lose your life.

Eighth Commandment

It is further commanded you, young man, who has left his father's house to dwell in California, that is, to pitch his tent among these mines, that you be careful. Remember the admonitions of your mother and your sister and do not forget the eternal adherence to them that you have solemnly promised. Do not forget to send a letter to your relatives at every opportunity, so that they may know how the wanderer is faring and when he will return. Do not forget the tender and fair maiden who, when you swore to be true, gave you her warm affection and do not ever let the memory of that starry night before your departure fade from your mind. Remember all your promises, so that in days to come you may be blessed with children who shall love as you love and are beloved.

Ninth Commandment

Another commandment is that you, as a bachelor, shall live in exile for a while, so that here in the mines, yes, in the eternal snow of the Sierra Nevadas, you take thought of the salvation of your eternal soul. Remain here until you perceive that companionship with the tender sex is beneficial and redeeming. When you have come to this conclusion as the result of your own experience, you may take up your bed to journey onward and leave your work in the hands of others. You shall be judged by your works and, when your term has expired and you have not spent your time usefully and have not obeyed the commandment that reads, 'Multiply and fill the earth,'

if, I say, you have failed to obey this command, you shall serve for ever and aye in the snows of the Sierras. Take to heart, you unmarried miners, this warning.

Tenth Commandment

Finally it is commanded that you and all Californians, men and women who have come here to improve your condition, should give this commandment your particular attention: You came here to put in order your disorganized circumstances; to pay debts that were hanging like black clouds over the heavens of your future happiness. You, O politician, who ran for office eagerly in your home beside the Atlantic but could not satisfy your greed for honors; you who were so energetic in your zeal for the welfare of your people and yourself; you whom your political opponent defeated by an overwhelming majority – you all came here to acquire the gifts of fortune, to build again your splendid air-castles, to woo again a friendly smile from fortune, and to make your name great and famous – but, take care, great care, you eager seeker for fame, there are many here, who have been here a long time, long before you came, whose nets are spread to catch you. Gather all the strength of your spirit; be wise; select and elect a good pickax, shovel and pan and remain for a while on the mountains. Then you will share the fortunes of your brethren, the miners. And you, dreamer, do you really think that you will enjoy a great success in California, or even in San Francisco, and that you will be able to rebuild your ruined fortunes by means of your plans and your future capital? You also have good cause to be very careful; for in San Francisco there are speculators from all the four corners of the earth who have studied deceit diligently and are practiced in deception. Take care and invest your capital in providing the needs of miners; flee to the mountains, or to a little town inland, and be satisfied if you are in good health and have good water and a modest profit.

And you, pilgrim on the way to Eureka, do not linger and dawdle beside the Bay, but push on through the mountains and the wilderness of the north and the mountains; rush boldly towards wealth and work. Do not lose heart in the hour of distress, but like a man bid the storm defiance and you will soon be safe.

And you, fair maidens, daughters of Eve, who have undertaken the hardships and dangers of a sea-voyage to our shores of gold, and you, heroines among the mothers, we greet you: you are all thrice welcome, you whom we remembered with reverence, you for whom we longed and yearned, you who are praised and respected in every land – you are thrice welcome among us! And you, elderly and still unmarried ladies, you also hurried to us, but you will not want to enjoy the happiness of a single life for long; for you will not find many beautiful rivals to snatch the prizes away. Soon enough we

shall also hear you exclaim, Eureka! Eureka! (I have found, I have found what I wanted.)

And now let every one observe the precepts of these commandments that all of you, my disciples, may be able to say at last: 'We have followed your precepts and have found them good.' "

Chapter XIII

Continuation of My Journey Among the Southern Mines

I LEFT COLUMBIA ON DECEMBER ELEVENTH TO GO TO MOKELUMNE HILL, forty miles away. The road there was rough and steep, above Vallecito; at the right was Big Trees, so called because of the trees to be found here. Several of these reach the extraordinary height of three hundred feet.

In this wood, one tree was especially conspicuous: it was thirty-two feet in diameter. When it was cut down, a hotel was built on the stump. The trunk was left lying lengthwise, levelled off on top, and made into a long and broad bowling-alley with thirty-two steps leading to it. Near it are two other trees, called "Mother and Son" because they are close together and one of them, compared to the other, appears slim and frail. The trunk of the "Mother" is hollow and an opening through it so wide that a wagon and a span of oxen can pass through it easily. This place is often visited by the curious who during the summer months delight and refresh themselves in the broad shade of the giant oaks.

> "When we had climbed the first row of hills in westerly Tulare Valley," wrote a recent traveller through these primeval woods, "we entered a wooded region of yellow pine-trees and white oaks. After reaching the summit, we turned right and, going east, arrived at a forest of redwood trees. The thick mighty trunks astonish even the natives and the Calaveras trees are not to be compared to them. The largest of the few mammoth trees in Calaveras is thirty-two feet in diameter; here one goes for miles through a forest of such giant trees.

One that I measured was thirty-eight feet in diameter and three hundred feet high.

"As we, continuing to go towards the east, went down to the north fork of the Kern River, we saw to our left a mighty chain of mountains of slate and granite. These stretched from the sources of the South Tule to the eastern range of the Kern River Mountains. This is broken only by a great gorge through which the north fork of the Kern River, coming from the north, has made its way. Great mountain peaks rise on both sides of the gorge. One stands on the elevated plain of this pass, five thousand feet above sea-level, and gazes in wonder at the gigantic mountains rising three thousand feet higher still."

Continuing my journey, I came to Murphy's Camp and spent a few hours here to get some information about the place. I managed to secure this only after a good deal of trouble.

Murphy's Camp is on the north side of the Stanislaus River, thirty miles from Mokelumne Hill and nine from Columbia, in the center of a very good mining district. It was one of the first mining-places opened in the south and was discovered by a man named Murphy: that is why it is called Murphy's Camp. He had charge and command of a tribe of gold-digging Indians who worked for him and had to bring him their rich find of gold-dust. Central Hill, the great point of attraction for miners in the years '51 and '52, was discovered by John Talbot, who dug thousands out of it. The same lucky miner, when he heard of a discovery of gold on the Amazon River, set out with a company of thirty to this distant and still unexplored district. They explored it all and, after they had wandered for hundreds of miles, they returned to Murphy's Camp having lost all they had. They also suffered the loss of seventeen men: these brave adventurers died partly of their exertions and partly of their lack in this terrible district of what was necessary to maintain life.

The following is an extract from a written, unpublished account which furnishes an insight into the beginning of the camp and the digging here:

"When in August 1849, I arrived at the camp, it was necessary to mine gold with pickax, shovel and pan. I and four others began to work in the lowland. Here we had to clear away six to eight feet of earth from the surface before we could begin washing for gold. The earth had to be carried in a sack, quite a distance, to a stream to wash it in a pan. Three of us had to sit in the pit and dig the gold out with knives. When the man came back from washing, the others gave him about three pansful of the earth they had dug out; he washed on the

average eight sacks a day. In the meantime, a fifth man was busy clearing away the earth from the surface.

On the fourth of October we came upon a great mass of flint that was too heavy to remove. We therefore dug a hole and let the stone fall into it. We gathered a panful of slime from the place on which the stone had been lying and brought the slime to the tent we used for washing. We washed it at noon and obtained forty-two ounces of gold-dust. On this day we obtained sixty-three ounces. If we had known then how to mine as advantageously as we do today, we would have been able to get fifty pounds of gold daily. Others might also have gotten as much a day. The first rocker used in this place came from Sacramento. Smith, Hayes, and I bought it in July '49, for $39; with the expense of transportation it cost us $50. Because of the lack of water we could not use it before the beginning of the rainy season. On November first, our only place for washing consisted of a little spring at the lower end of the lowland.

"In November, '49, I went to Stockton to buy 1200 pounds of food and rented a wagon and team of oxen to bring it: we paid six hundred dollars in gold dust, worth $16 an ounce. It took nine days to come from Stockton. On January twenty-second, there fell two feet of snow and it became very cold. As a result we had the death of Dr. Moore to mourn: he froze to death while hunting. Three men went out to find him and were overtaken by night a quarter of a mile from the camp. Next morning one of them lay frozen to death. In the autumn of 1850, when the secret gold-diggings – or McKinney's Humbug – became known, several men left this place. In a few weeks they found out that mining there did not pay and returned quickly.

"In December 1849, I went prospecting around Pennsylvania Gulch, near this place, together with one of my partners. Since we were the first Americans to begin working at that place, it received its name from us and we were christened the 'Pennsylvania Company.' As we climbed down the gulch, we came upon a slope over which water was running. We found bits of gold on the rocks. We washed out a few pansful and had half an ounce. We then went towards home intending to try out a few pansful on top of the gulch. We put our gold-dust on a narrow flat piece of rock that my companion carried. But he went to work very carelessly and we lost the result of our prospecting and had nothing to show our other companions on our return.

"Two persons in the camp were punished without the regular process of law and according to its own authority: two were shot and two whipped."

Murphy now has a population of more than a thousand souls, many shops, hotels, express companies and banks, a church, a Masonic lodge,

and a "division" of the Sons of Temperance. The Union Mining Company has its main office here and by means of its long canal it provides the mines here, as well as those of Camp Douglas, Vallecito, Angel's, Cherokee, and many other places with water. Among the many good and well-built houses that are being built and are nearly ready, the hotel of J. L. Sperry is the largest: it will cost about $18,000. It will unquestionably prove to be very profitable because of the many visitors that Murphy has enjoyed since the discovery of "the big trees."

Douglas Flat: This flat is about a mile from Murphy and forms an excellent mining-district. Here the first tunnels were driven into gold-rich Table Mountain. In January 1852, two tunnel companies were organized – the Ohio and the Southwest. The lode, however, was not excavated before 1854; since then, the owners have made almost half a million dollars. Vallecito is four miles from Murphy's Camp and is on the road to Angel's Camp. This is a very lively place to which the rich diggings contribute much. In 1852, a lump of gold, weighing twenty pounds, was discovered in a hill as well as several others weighing not much less.

A company was soon organized to dig a long tunnel to drain the flat. The company is now engaged in this work but, at present, is making only slow progress.

French Camp is three miles southwest of Vallecito and is a good place for mining. The residents are for the most part Frenchmen.

Angel's Camp is on the great highway running north and south and is a good place for business. The quartz-beds in the neighborhood are profitable and pay those who work at them well. This place was badly damaged in the summer of 1854 by fire that broke out in a disreputable Chinese house. It was rebuilt in part by better-built and better-looking houses than before; there are express-offices here and offices of banks, also a church, a Masonic lodge, and a "division" of the Sons of Temperance.

Cherokee Flat is three miles north of Angel's Camp and has a great deal of attraction because of a rich quartz-bed recently discovered and new placer-mines.

Carson's Camp was, in 1851, the largest camp in the south. Thousands rushed there to seek their fortune in the quartz mountains about which rumors had spread that they contained quantities of gold. Companies were organized, claims were made. Unfortunately, quarrels and unpleasant affairs also occurred and resulted in damage and injury; there were disagreements about boundary-lines and these misunderstandings resulted in riots in which several persons were killed. Lawsuits were brought about by several claims and they cost thousands

upon thousands of dollars before it was decided who was the rightful owner. At present, only a few of these claims are worked; but there is no doubt that, as soon as proper methods are hit upon, they will prove to be the most valuable property in California.

San Domingo, French Creek and San Jacinto are little places on tributaries of the Calaveras River.

There are still many other camps in the southern mining-districts, but I could not visit them all. I will merely mention their names: Shaw's Flat, Springfield, Gold Springs, Brown's Flat, Mormon Gulch, Jackass Gulch, Jacksonville and Poverty Hill. Farther to the southeast from Sonora, the farthest camp not more than fifteen miles away, are the camps of Belvedere Flat, Quartz Mountain, Humbug Hill, Amazon Gulch, Ohio Diggings, Love's Bar (on Wood's Creek), Campo Seco, Kincaid's Flat, Cooper's Flat, Half-off Gulch, Roach's Camp, and Sullivan Creek. Most of the latter are small places but promise well, since more or less ground good for mining is to be found in their neighborhood and, as soon as they can be supplied with sufficient water all the year round, they will supply just as much gold as many another place of greater area.

Stevens', Red Mountain, Hawkins', Indian, Texas, Morgan's, Don Pedro's, Rodger's and many other "bars" on the Tuolumne River are important places. In 1850, they were the largest camps in the land and thousands of miners busied themselves trying to change the course of the river because it was imagined that the bed held millions in treasure. But few of the companies were able to change the course of the stream somewhat and these few found themselves bitterly deceived in supposing that they might get hold of great wealth that way. Such undertakings were, in general, almost complete failures. From then on, an entirely different plan was adopted: sluices were set up. This is the only way in which the search for gold can be followed successfully along this river. The river promises richly rewarding labor for many years to come.

Among the southern mines belong also the following camps: Big Oak Flat, Gawte No. 1 and No. 2, and La Grange. The last camp that I visited, before I arrived at Mokelumne Hill, is the rather unimportant San Andreas Camp.

I reached Mokelumne Hill around half-past three in the afternoon. This town lies on a hill, four miles south of the Mokelumne River, in the center of a rich mining-district. A single mining-claim in that neighborhood, in the spring of 1850, brought in the vast sum of $78,000. Mexicans and natives of Chile began to build the place in 1851 and, in the early days, very unpleasant disagreements arose with the Ameri-

cans and French about the right to claims. Both sides took to arms. The disputes, however, were soon settled without an outbreak of fighting and the contestants concluded a peace. The population of the town is about a thousand. It is the county-seat of Calaveras County.

In 1854, the town was so badly damaged by fire that only fifteen houses remained standing. But it was rebuilt later and the little town has a pleasant appearance.

The thirty Jews of Mokelumne Hill are almost all in good circumstances. At my request they met in Odd-Fellows' Hall. In a speech, I urged upon them the necessity of establishing a charitable society and I found, thank God, no ear deaf to my plea. This society was really established and, because there were no poor among them, its funds grew to such an extent that in the course of time they could build a synagogue from the dues that accumulated gradually. When the society was organized, I was elected an honorary member.

In most places in California, if any Israelites live there at all, their first care is to provide themselves with a cemetery. No matter how indifferent and cold in many places our fellow Jews are towards their religion, nevertheless they are never so completely estranged from all religious feeling that it is a matter of total indifference to them where they bury their dead. And so in this town, too, the Jews have a place provided with an enclosure and set aside as a place of eternal rest.

An event, in itself of no importance, is closely connected with the purchase of this cemetery and may therefore be mentioned here. When two brothers, the richest Jews in town, were approached to contribute their mite for the purchase of the cemetery, they, to everybody's astonishment, flatly refused. The reason they gave was that they considered it quite unnecessary to do anything in the matter for they had no intention whatever of remaining in Mokelumne much longer. Soon afterwards, a child of one of the two died. His fellow Jews refused to let the body be buried in their cemetery, and he showed himself callous enough to have the body buried elsewhere. This is the way a rich Jewish father in California acted and even found satisfaction in doing so. But this was not all. Soon afterwards his only remaining child, a child of ten, became sick and died. This aroused the indifferent father and he pleaded with his fellow Jews to allow his dear child to be buried in the Jewish cemetery and at the same time offered a sizable sum for the privilege. At almost the same time, his brother also lost his only child.

Although these brothers were subjected to severe trials, they became neither more humane because of them nor of a gentler disposition. The people of this land are entirely too much interested in gold – although

I must add to the credit of some that this is not true of all. Unfortunately, it is true of the majority.

Chapter XIV

JACKSON

ON DECEMBER THIRTEENTH, I ARRIVED AT JACKSON. A LITTLE TOWN OF 800 inhabitants in Amador County, it was founded in 1849 and did not have the fate of its sister towns – to suffer loss by fire. In the center of the town is a stout tree which, because of its branches, attracts the attention of the passers-by: from 1851 to 1854 at least twelve robbers were hanged from it. The town unfortunately sheltered several inhabitants of the worst sort so that the community saw itself under the necessity, as soon as they were tracked down, of letting lynch law (self-defense without recourse to judicial authority) take its course.

There are thirty-five Jews here. They formed a congregation and in 1857 built a synagogue. But it is to be regretted that they have no Scroll of the Torah and must borrow one every year from San Francisco for the high holidays. The synagogue is closed and deserted the rest of the year. Only the passer-by is struck by it as a building of distinction.

In 1854 the city in a humane spirit gave the Jews a cemetery. The bodies of several Jews who had been buried at the foot of the mountain were thereupon brought to the new burial-ground.

In the past month, sixteen Jewish ladies organized a Ladies' Benevolent Society for the purpose of aiding poor women.

Jackson has three churches, a Masonic lodge and an Odd Fellows lodge, and a public school. It also has a weekly which first appeared in 1854.

On December fourteenth, I left Jackson to return to San Francisco, thirty-five miles away.

Before we leave the mines, we will glance again briefly at gold-mining and the quartz-mills. Great improvements have been made in gold-mining since the first discovery of the noble metal. At first the miner had no tools other than a pickax and a tin pan or a wooden Mexican vessel — a *batea* as they used to call it in the mines. Fortunately, at that time there was so much gold, and it was so easy to find, that it was quite usual to gain a hundred, or even a thousand dollars a day. Whoever was willing to work for less than two ounces was despised. In the winter of 1849-50, a period known among all miners who are "old-timers" as the real "golden age," a machine was produced by means of which two good workers could wash from 150 to 250 buckets of earth daily without much trouble and ordinarily make three thousand dollars each.

In 1849, traders used to engage in barter with the Indians: a pound of raisins for a pound of the precious metal. At that time, the miners gladly paid a dollar for a glass of "hard liquor," and $16 a bottle was considered a moderate price for a while. All provisions were sold from a dollar to $2.50 a pound. At that time many feared that the output of gold would become so great that its value would fall permanently below that of silver. However, the events of later days have not confirmed these fears.

In the course of the year 1850, a machine known as "Long Thomas" was manufactured and introduced into the northern mines by an old miner from Georgia. In the beginning, this machine was ridiculed by all the wiseacres; but its advantages were soon seen. The "Thomas" could do five times as much as the rocker, but did not last many years. Two years later sluices came into use. With this contrivance, consisting of a row of troughs hammered together out of boards, a man, if he had enough water, could wash as much earth as four or five men could shovel. In addition, the miners were digging pits the depth of which varied from thirty feet to a hundred and fifty, according to the nature of the ground. A few of these pits have brought great riches to light. We know of three or four in particular which yielded more than a thousand dollars' worth per square foot of ground. Others, on the other hand, worked a month to drive a tunnel into a hill and finally, in spite of all their toil, found nothing. It may be supposed, however, that if all the gold obtained by tunneling and digging pits were equally divided among all who took part in such work, none would get more than two dollars for each day of work: so uncertain is gold-mining. The tunnels are often a hundred feet deep. At one place near Jamestown, in Tuolumne County, a company of miners worked at a tunnel two and a half years without earning enough to

pay for sharpening their tools. For a while they met with rock so hard they could only advance a foot in a week although they worked day and night.

It was by means of such work, as we have just described briefly, that the State was able to ship 480 million dollars worth of gold. Still, how few of those whose work brought all this enormous treasure to the light of day have enough to live on free of care!

Those who have never traveled among the mines of California can hardly get a faint idea of the enormous amount of labor performed by the enterprise and endurance of the gold-hunters as well as of the hard work and hardships that they had to submit to. A close acquaintance with the mines and the life and labor of the miners will fully satisfy every one that the six hundred million dollars' worth of gold transported from the State was gained at great cost and by bitter work. The work of the miners was not limited merely to digging out the earth and washing it: the most difficult work and that involving most expense was the effort of bringing water from the streams to waterless places.

Sluices were erected that aroused wonder and amazement. For many miles they were built to a height of from eight to a hundred and fifty feet, wide enough to receive sufficient water to drive two of the largest mills in Lowell. We must not forget that the nature of the country often did not permit the necessary timber to be brought by wagon to the exact place where it was to be used. Considering the exertions of the laborers, it is regrettable that out of a hundred, ninety-nine are able to enjoy only one-tenth of what their tireless diligence deserved.

Quartz Mining in California

Quartz mining was, until a few years ago, an occupation that paid very badly here, and for the first three years it brought those who had gone into it misfortune and ruin. The reasons for this, however, lay only in the inexperience of those who undertook it. None the less, the impression made upon those who worked at gold-mining was bad and very few had any desire to go in for an occupation at which so many had been bled white. There was a great change, afterwards, and the talk now is no longer of risk, as it used to be: quartz-mining is today considered the safest and most profitable mining in the land. The Allison "Ranch Lead" in Grass Valley, Nevada County, is the most profitable and also the largest quartz-mine in the State and, perhaps, in the world.

The usual method employed in quartz-mining is to sink a perpen-

dicular shaft to a sufficient distance along the line where the lode comes to the surface. Working from this shaft, the miners begin to clear away the quartz along the lode to build a tunnel. Since the rock can be removed with greater ease and speed working upwards along a tunnel, it is clear that this is the way one goes about it. We take the following extract from the description of a visit to the famous Allison "Ranch Lead" by our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Hutchings.

> "After we had first provided ourselves with clothing of india-rubber, we descended the shaft. When we reached the bottom, we found a fairly strong current of water flowing between the rails of the railway constructed along the tunnel from the shaft. We proceeded forward in the direction of the railway and tried to find a firm footing.
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> "The miners who removed the quartz from the lode looked more like half-sick sea-lions than human beings. They were stooping or rather partly lying on the wet rock. With pickax in hand and a water-proof lantern burning feebly, they chopped down rock containing gold. Although this rock is worth no less than $350 a ton, we could find no gold-colored speck in it after a careful search, until we examined the procedure in the mill itself. The great chunks of quartz are broken there into pieces, the size of a man's fist, and then placed on a table, slanting downward, upon which a narrow stream falls from above which sends the quartz to the nether millstone and among the pounders. These are driven by steam and are stoutly tipped with iron so that each has the weight of six hundred to a thousand pounds. In front of the pounders is a fine screen towards which the gold and pulverized quartz is constantly driven by the falling water. From the screen everything falls into a box in which there is quicksilver and from the box through holes to a broad, somewhat sloping board."

So many processes are necessary to extract the hidden gold from the hard rock!

On the evening of December seventeeth, I returned to San Francisco from the southern mines, but remained only a short time. By the twenty-second, at nine in the morning, I went on board the steamer, *Brother Jonathan*, to go to Los Angeles, six hundred miles away. Next day, at half-past one in the afternoon, we stopped at St. Louis Obispo, a little town, to land cargo and set passengers ashore. St. Louis Obispo is three miles from the coast and inhabited chiefly by Mexicans. We did not remain here very long and next morning arrived at Santa Barbara – a mile from the shore. The town is built on an elevation and the view of it from the steamboat is splendid.

We stopped at San Pedro. Here goods and passengers for Los Angeles and the neighborhood are set on shore, and goods and passengers from there taken on board, and the ship goes on to San Diego. Opposite San Pedro is an island known as "the isle of the dead." It is called thus because it was previously used for the burial of all the dead in the neighborhood.

Los Angeles

I climbed into a small boat, *Comet,* and went from San Pedro to Newtown. From there I went by stagecoach to Los Angeles. I reached this city on the twenty-fifth, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Los Angeles is the county-seat of Los Angeles County and, according to the census of 1860, has 4,500 inhabitants, most of them native Californians. The city has a Catholic church with a bishop and dean, a school and a hospital. This is under the supervision of sisters of charity. The city-limits include three miles of land in every direction. The city has also established a public primary and grammar school. There are, in addition, several private educational institutions.

The valley of Los Angeles towards the west borders on the Pacific and towards the northeast is surrounded by a chain of mountains.

The products of the neighborhood consist of wine and fruits of every kind: grapes, walnuts, apples, peaches, citrons, olives and many others. When these beautiful trees are arrayed in their glory at the various times when they are in bloom, the air is filled with their fragrance, and one rejoices in the loveliest climate in the world.

Los Angeles is a beautiful valley between two mountain ranges and part of it belongs to the most fertile land of "Lower" California. The houses are, for the most part, adobe – houses very well constructed, very cool in summer and very warm in winter. Very many houses here are built of underbrush and wood.

There is a little place sixteen miles from Los Angeles, called Arnachan, where the grape-vine is grown. This tasty fruit requires little labor: no more than pruning twice a year – in the autumn and spring. To provide the vineyards with water, sluices have been set up in them in various places, which, where the ground is low, are supplied by a little stream (called the Sanchez). These vineyards are generally enclosed by a so-called "living" wall: this consists of pepper-trees or tall poplars. Three years are required from the time the vines are first planted until the first clusters of grapes are ripe; orange-trees require seven years; walnut-trees eight; and so on.

The Jews here also possess great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Stock-raising is above all the principal business.

At present two newspapers are published in the city. The *Los Angeles Star* was first published in May 1851, and the *Southern News* has been published since 1859.

About a hundred Jews live in Los Angeles – mostly young people. In 1853, they organized a benevolent society and the city gave them a cemetery, which is two miles from the city. They have surrounded it with a close and beautiful hedge of various trees, bushes and flowers.

That year the Jews organized a congregation, "Beth El," but they have neither *hazzan* nor teacher and assemble for religious services, as is the case in other places also, only on New Year's and the Day of Atonement. They form an enterprising and intelligent part of the population and have come together from all parts of the globe. They are in trade and business and own a number of vineyards. Indeed, the largest vineyard and the one in best condition belongs to a Jew – Mr. Morries.

For the first twenty-four hours of my stay in Los Angeles I could not leave the house because of the heavy downpour of rain. Bad weather like that is unusual in Los Angeles. The rain poured down without stopping; the streets were flooded and a number of stores and dwellings ruined – these were built of stucco in the Mexican fashion. The storm was so fierce the bells fell from the church tower. Since my stay in Muskat* in 1850, where a similar downpour of rain ruined landed property, I saw no such damage caused by rain.

I became acquainted with the customs of the country by personal observation. On the fifth of January, as I was walking along the streets of Los Angeles, untroubled and carefree, the publishers of the two newspapers of the city met near me. One of them unexpectedly struck his colleague with a cane because he felt himself insulted by some annoying remarks in the other's paper. The latter drew his revolver, fired three times at his assailant, and wounded him badly. This grim catastrophe struck me as quite novel and surprising, but the residents found such an occurrence commonplace.

A visit, paid by the chief of the Mojave Indians in Los Angeles, was very welcome to me because I was glad to become acquainted with him. He arrived on January tenth, accompanied by a young Indian of eighteen, and the impression that he made was very strange. He was barefoot and his body covered by a sort of red cape and a dirty shirt. He was known as Harry Tybee. His companion, who spoke a broken English, served as his interpreter. I was not a little surprised when I saw this subordinate sitting on the shoulders of his master. I asked for

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* See my book *Eight Years in Asia and Africa*, p. 174.

some explanation of this and was informed that it was a sign of great respect shown by subordinates to their master: they try to show by this that their chief who carries them for a short time on his shoulders is their only source of help. The chief wears, as a rule, richly decorated, bright red clothing and feathers on his head. He does without shoes, for this part of one's attire he regards as superfluous.

The Mojave Indians inhabit, together with the Pimos and Zunis, the district between the Colorado River, the southern parts of Utah Territory, Texas and Arizona. In the art of war and in agriculture, they excel all the other tribes of the district bordering upon the great American desert.

During my stay in Los Angeles, I made the esteemed acquaintance of Mr. Charles W. Moeller, a traveler, who spent seven years in western United States visiting the Indian tribes: the Shoshones or Snake Indians, the Bannacks, the Blackfeet, the Flatheads and all the other tribes of the south. I asked him for his observations, particularly about their customs, usages and history, and learnt the following:

The Utah Indians inhabit the fertile valleys, the mountains and canyons of Utah Territory, lying west of the Wasatch Mountains. These extend for about three hundred miles and cross the territory in a northeasterly direction. The principal tribes in Utah are divided into the Utahs and the Pah-Utahs, that is to say in English, the "Water" Utahs. The Wasatch Mountains form a range of very high peaks: the highest is the Nibo which reaches a height of 8750 feet above sea-level. These mountains are covered with snow almost all the year. They are heavily wooded and pines and mulberry trees grow more abundantly there than any other trees.

The Utah tribes take their different names, as a rule, from the tributary streams of the Corkson, along which they live. They build little villages, consisting of tents of skins, and are under various chieftains. They number about two thousand. The present head-chief is Arwayern who succeeded his brother, the famous chief and warrier, Walker. For many years, the latter was the terror of "Lower" California and known among the Mexicans as the boldest horse-thief that ever roamed about the ranches.

An anecdote of his cunning and boldness may be told here. Not so long ago he visited "Lower" California to get new horses. He had hardly succeeded in capturing all of a herd of three hundred and driving them away, when he was pursued by a great number of Mexicans. They had almost caught up with him and were about to recover, if not all, most of the horses. The Indians led the horses to the nearest mountains to water them and make their camp, for the Indians saw

that they were pursued. Two or three hours later, the Mexicans arrived, halted, tied their horses securely, and likewise camped for the night. The Indians were frightened at the arrival of their pursuers and took counsel as to what was to be done under the circumstances. Walker said nothing at first. At last, after everyone else had spoken, he asked if they could follow him on foot. They looked at him in surprise and said they could not. Nevertheless, since the Spaniards had much better horses, he urged them to follow him. Thereupon, they stole almost all the horses of the Spaniards and left them only a few mules. They rode off in a great column and taunted the Spaniards to follow. The Spaniards discharged their pistols and carbines at the Indians, but in vain, and there was nothing else for them to do but to return home having suffered the additional loss.

The Utah Indians, generally speaking, are the most demoralized and dirtiest of all the Indians I met in the missions between Krarien and the Rocky Mountains and Utah. I did not find the slightest trace of bravery among them such as I found in other Indian tribes. On the other hand, I found the Utah Indians treacherous and very apt to steal. Their chief occupation is hunting deer, elk, bears, hares, rabbits and mountain sheep – there are plenty of these in the mountains – and fishing. Most of the Utah Indians already have fire-arms and know how to handle them well, but generally they use the bow and arrow. Their marksmanship in shooting is really astonishing and even young boys have great skill. I held my hat as high as I could and, in spite of a distance of twenty yards, they could send an arrow through it. For fishing they build themselves a shelter of twigs at the shore, against the sun, to have the shadow fall on their side. The Indian then stretches out at full length and keeps his bow and arrow somewhat in the water. The trout likes to play about in the shadows of the shore, or to catch worms, and will swim backwards and forwards for the width of the shadow. The Indian will then shoot it with his arrow and his prey seldom escapes.

A squaw is the most pitiable creature of all I ever met on God's earth. She is the slave of her husband. She must twist the bow-strings; drag the children on her back when the tribe goes from place to place; make the fire and gather the wood for it; fetch water; take care of the washing; plant corn and reap it and then grind it between two stones; soften the skins and dress them; in a word, all the drudgery and menial work is hers. In the meantime, her lord and master lies nearby in the shadow and rewards her, to boot, for her work – if she cannot do two or three things at the same time – with blows or insults. An Indian considers it a disgrace to help a squaw at her work. I even

saw several squaws bleeding badly because their husbands had slashed them with knives for some slight oversight.

In their fighting they are most cruel and know no pity for an enemy. I myself saw this at a fight at Timpanoth. Pah – the word means water flowing over stones – is the largest river in Utah. It has an abundance of the finest trout and other fish. In the autumn of 1855, I left the settlement of Brovo at dawn to go hunting and shoot a few geese and ducks. As I crossed over a mill-dam, I heard a noise like thunder, or the hoof-beats of many horses. I climbed a height and became aware of about two hundred Shoshones or Snake Indians riding on small horses in my direction. They came from the mountains towards the mill with a speed I had never seen before, their tomahawks, spears, guns and bows and arrows lifted. I became alarmed and was about to hurry back to the settlement and warn the residents. They made a sign to me to remain at ease, swept past me, and attacked a camp of Utah Indians that consisted of seven or so "wakiups" or little huts, just in front of me below the town-canal. In less than ten minutes all were destroyed and five Indians, who were not lucky enough to escape, were killed by the tomahawk, speared, or shot down.

An old Indian, Cotton, whom I knew well and who had been in my house the night before to sell berries that had been picked on the mountains, tried to save himself in the bushes. He came within three yards of where I was and called to me, "Tooitsh" (meaning, "fight"). Five yards away from me, he was shot down. A Shoshone Indian, a young man about eighteen, came galloping up suddenly on his war-horse and jumped off near the body. He said to me: the American has a horse – I would get a skull. I saw the following carried out at once at my feet: the Indian had fallen on his face; the Shoshone turned the head around, made an incision along the forehead, extended the incision behind the ears, loosened the scalp with his knife, placed his fingers on the skull and with a swift grasp pulled all the skin with its hair from the head. Then he sprang up with a fiendish yell of joy, swung the bleeding skin about his head with jubilation, and galloped away.

A blind Indian, called Peter, who had crept behind a wall of earth that had been thrown up – to hide or escape, was discovered by the savages and shot more than a hundred times. His nose and fingers were cut off and in the end he resembled only a shapeless mass covered with wounds.

This feud was caused by the following incident. These Utah Indians once visited the Shoshones who were then friendly and were received as guests. The Shoshones even prepared a feast for them before they

left for home. In gratitude, the visitors stole forty horses. The Shoshones were so enraged at this that they felt it had to be avenged. The "wakiups" and everything else that belonged to the Utahs were burnt down and their horses killed by poisoned arrows. After the Shoshones had glutted their rage in this fashion, they returned home.

Before the Indians enter upon an important hunting expedition or go to war, they first gather to dance. The noise made at such an occasion is like the cries of wild beasts; the savage yelling reminds one of those who are stark mad; it can make even an otherwise steady heart tremble. When the Indians go to war or wish their tribe to meet in a general assembly, they light fires on the mountain-peaks at night and during the day send up clouds of smoke. The Indians of the neighborhood understand perfectly the meaning of these telegraphic signals and messengers acquaint their neighbors in turn with the message, so that it spreads like wildfire through the region.

The knowledge that they have of other, less important matters, their skill in dressing deer and bear skins, in catching the otter and beaver, is truly remarkable.

The Pah (or "Water") Utahs live along the border farthest to the south. They are more uncivilized and also poorer than those who live in the northern parts of Utah. They have neither horses nor fire-arms: only the chief or lesser chieftains may have these. Walker and his plundering band treated them badly: he stole a great number of their children and – before the Mormons settled in Utah – sold them to Mexican dealers as slaves. I spoke to old squaws who told me with tears in their eyes that they once had children, but that Walker kidnapped them and sold them to the Mexicans. They live in great fear of the Utahs, the northern tribes, and seem to be in a constant state of suspense and fear that the northern tribes will exterminate them. The majority of these poor and demoralized human beings live upon lizards. They raise corn in the lowlands and make tortillas of it which they bake in the ashes. Their district stretches from Parovan to Bitter Springs or Mojava – for eighty-two miles over desert where not even a hare could find enough to live on. An Indian showed me "the Medical Mountain" in payment for a blanket, a couple of pounds of zwieback and some bacon that I gave him.

The Indians acknowledge the idea of a Superior Being and, among the more intelligent, this has become like a religion. This is principally true of the Shoshones or Snake Indians and the Brimacks. I found very beautifully carved hieroglyphics of this tribe on a huge rock. This was at Fort Hall, an old trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company. Unfortunately, I could not get a translation because the more

intelligent Indians of that neighborhood were away in the Rocky Mountains on a great hunting-trip looking for buffalo.

The name of the head-chief and chief warrior is Arroapeen. His chief stations are along the Severn River in the San Pote and Beaver valleys. He has two brothers. One has a farm in Beaver Valley. The chief at Petimut Creek is Petimut, an ugly and savage-looking man. His appearance discloses his nature: he cut a child of the Pah Utahs in two because the colonists would not give him a cow for it. The chief at Corn Creek is called Kanoosh. He cultivates a farm with his tribe. Dr. Hurt, the Indian agent, owned it previously but gave it up because he could get no help at all from the government of the United States. The chief at Springville is called High Forehead. He is a very peaceful and shrewd Indian. The chief of the Pah Utahs is called Ismasito. He lives in Muddy, a narrow fertile valley at the edge of the desert. About three hundred men live there and raise corn and wheat.

From there, I visited another Indian place. On the journey, I lost my way in the desert. Overtaken by night, I rode and rode about for a long time in the darkness without being able to find any path. At last I saw a fire at a distance and made my way towards it. It was an Indian camp. I was at once surrounded by astonished faces. Luckily, I found among them an acquaintance who introduced me to his chief as a friend of the Indians and a good man. He gave me at once a place in his own tent for the night and offered me food. Supper consisted of buffalo meat, bear meat and fish.

This concluded my friend's report. I asked him, further, how he had succeeded in being admitted to the company of the Indians. He answered as follows:

To begin with, I had some knowledge of the language. I arrived at the border of one of the tribes whose language I knew somewhat and told the first Indian I met that it was necessary for me to speak to the chief. According to Indian custom, a man is under no obligation to show a stranger hospitality until the latter has spoken to the chief. He stopped at some distance and asked me what I wished. I am your friend, I answered, and place myself under your protection. At this, I put all my weapons down on the ground and parted my clothes to show my naked breast as a sign that I had nothing that I did not wish to entrust to him. Thereupon he asked me three times if I were in earnest in asking for his friendship and protection. After I had answered yes most emphatically, he required me to swear by the Supreme Being (*Shechletahi*) that this was so, in order to confirm the truth of my statement. I took the oath and then he motioned that I might come closer and took my right hand twice – in two different ways. The

first time he placed his thumb in the hollow between the second and third fingers. Then he placed his thumb, the second time, in the hollow between my thumb and forefinger. Then he took hold of my arm and embraced me, pressed his breast against mine, and moved his head from side to side. This ceremony seems very much related to those of the Freemasons.

I had also heard, earlier, that a secret order existed among the Indian tribes: it is known as "Red Men." This society spread later among many civilized men in America who, likewise, called themselves by the same name. I asked one of my friends who belonged to this society for its origin and learnt from him that it had first existed among the Indians. My friend also belonged to the Masonic order and so I asked him if there were any resemblances between the two. He said there were. Both have secret signs and passwords. Naturally, however, he did not go into details.

When the above ceremony was over, my friend went on, the chief assembled all his tribe, at least all that were there, and asked them if they beheld a man. When they said they did, he cried out: "Open your eyes and look at him closely; listen with your ears, smell with your nose and feel his love in your heart. He is to be regarded as one of our tribe and has the same rights. He is free to journey through our territory and among our tribe and whoever does him the least hurt shall be punished as if one, truly a member of our tribe, a member as of old, were harmed." At that I was shown a sign and told a password in order to be admitted everywhere among the tribe and to be able to journey in safety.

We return from this unavoidable digression to the history of Los Angeles.

The city is surrounded to the east, north and south by mountains. To the west there is a large plain that extends for some distance and has magnificent vineyards. Here flourish fruit-trees as they are usually seen to flourish only in the tropics; and all, except the palm, are rich in fruit.

I learned that 116 persons earn their livelihood exclusively by the cultivation of the vine and that, in 1860, 345,000 gallons of wine were produced. There used to be a great deal of business in shipping grapes to San Francisco, but it has fallen off considerably since it appears that the production of wine is more profitable than the sale of grapes. In 1858, 60,000 crates of grapes, each containing fifty pounds, were sent to San Francisco. However, in 1860, the number of crates diminished to 10,000.

There are usually a thousand vines on a single acre. A vineyard, after twenty years, produces eight hundred to a thousand gallons. As yet, the grape vintage has never failed and the grapes have always ripened as they should. The grape-vine requires three years to produce grapes. Oranges require seven years and walnuts eight until they begin to repay the effort and labor spent on them. As late as December twenty-seventh, I picked grapes from the vine – proof of how long they remain fresh and full of juice.

The vineyards are watered by sluices with water from the Los Angeles River and every owner has them in his vineyard.

Steamers leave San Pedro, the harbor nearest Los Angeles, for San Francisco and return twice a month. By land a stagecoach, in addition, leaves San Francisco every fourteen days for Los Angeles.

Chapter XV

San Bernardino

On December thirty-first, at nine o'clock in the morning, I took the stagecoach to go to San Bernardino, sixty miles from Los Angeles. We journeyed for ten miles through a beautiful stretch of country and reached the San Gabriel Mission. From there it was a short ride to Munti where we changed horses. In the afternoon, at about a quarter past two, we stopped at Kokamangi, rested and changed our horses. During the whole journey I saw nothing that could interest me in the least, except here and there great herds of cattle. The road led through a barren, wild district; no ploughshare had left a furrow here – waste land and wilderness were all about us.

At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived at San Bernardino. This is the principal place of the county of the same name. It has about five hundred inhabitants. Among the public buildings only the schools are worth mentioning. In spite of the small number of inhabitants a newspaper is not lacking.

The city was occupied in 1852 by a band of Mormons and grew

steadily until the war between the Mormons and the United States broke out. Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church, who by that time was living in Salt Lake City, recalled the Mormons of this territory to defend the Saints against the American authorities. Since then, the growth of the town has been rather slow. The reason for this lies in the constant dissension between the few Mormons who were left behind and their opponents who would gladly bar the spread of Mormonism.

The town lies in a very beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains, and is plentifully supplied with water. The valley is all the more striking because it is situated between two deserts – the Cucamonga and the Colorado – as if it were crowded between them.

The mountains along the edge of the Colorado Desert are inhabited by several small Indian tribes. Among them are the Serianos, the Coahuillas and other remnants of nations that were once very powerful. They live partly on the seeds of the various kinds of cactus which grow in great abundance in the deserts, partly on what they hunt with bow and arrow. Several cultivate small patches of corn, wheat and melons, and engage in breeding horses. Although these tribes do not belong to the "Gold-diggers," their customs and ways are similar. On the other hand, their appearance is very different: they are better built and have a much friendlier expression. They insult nobody and are, above all, a peace-loving people; but, like other tribes of the aborigines, will soon be numbered among the tribes that have died out: they must make room for the advancing march of the Anglo-Saxon race – they, too, for that is their fate!

In 1859, gold was discovered in the valleys known as Holcombe Valley and Bear Valley, forty miles from San Bernardino. It was supposed that there was great riches there and it was expected that the influx of miners during the following year into the neighborhood would be very great. San Bernardino is the last point in the state of California where a civilized community may be met with: here civilization ends and the traveler must either return to Los Angeles along bad roads, or he must decide to go on through the sandy deserts to Arizona and New Mexico before he will reach white inhabitants again.

On January 1, 1861, the Jews of San Bernardino met – in all only thirty persons – and felt themselves impelled to form a benevolent society, so as not to be behind fellow Jews in other communities of California. They took counsel together and such a society was soon organized. It was also decided to buy a cemetery. I was very happy to have originated so worthy an enterprise in that wilderness and to have met with Jewish hearts everywhere among the Jewish residents.

The Jews here, as elsewhere, are engaged in agriculture, have ranches, a large number of cattle, and live as happily as men can live.

On January 2, 1861, at eight o'clock in the morning, I left this place and reached Los Angeles again the same day at half-past seven in the evening. I had to wait there several days for the steamer that was to take me back to San Francisco, and I could not spend my time in any better way than to study the manners and customs of the native-born Californians. They live, as a rule, in narrow, dirty huts; a single room must often serve as a living-room and a bedroom and at the same time as a kitchen. The men are lazy and the women no better – if virtue and morality are considered. A mother does not mind in the least making improper remarks in the presence of her daughter, and the senoritas, therefore, have not the least reserve, because they have been suckled on such poison very early by their teachers. Young girls are, therefore, as experienced as those who have long been mature and can in every way compete with ladies well on in years.

The chief food of the Californians is dried beef or lamb, because they are too lazy to cook. They kill a steer or a lamb, dry it and cut off a piece whenever they are hungry. They also take a lamb, place it in a narrow fire-pit where stones have been made red-hot, cover it all with earth and leave it there until next morning. Then the roasted lamb is taken out, the skin pulled off, the lamb eaten and the dainty dish praised.

On the sixth of January it was sixty degrees in the shade. That day I climbed a mountain from which my eye could roam over the romantic scenery of the place. When I reached the summit, I saw the gardens in full bloom and herds peacefully at pasture in green valleys; the birds, singing gaily, proclaimed the praise of Him Who gives them all their food. As I was feasting my eyes on the panorama spread out below me at my feet, the snow-covered, eternally white peaks of the Sierras stared down at me. What a contrast! At my feet lay a paradise and above me the never-melting snows; up there were the dens of ravening beasts and in the quiet valley below me contentment and abundance. Nowhere and never had I looked upon a scene that gave so much food for thought.

I left Los Angeles on January eleventh to go to San Pedro directly, without going by way of Newton. I met with wild geese, ducks and other birds in such numbers as never elsewhere. Several gay passengers, who were going to San Francisco, made the trip as pleasant as possible. I arrived at San Francisco on January fifteenth, after a voyage of four days from San Pedro in the old steamer, *Brother Jonathan.*

On the eighteenth of March, on a beautiful Sunday morning, my

friend, Isidor N. Coynski, and I were comfortably seated on board a little steamer that carried us across the bay to Oakland, twelve miles from San Francisco. Oakland is a beautiful town of about three thousand inhabitants. It has broad streets along which shade-trees have been planted. The place is not as bustling as other Californian towns in size. The inhabitants consist of a quiet people content with the products of the soil and satisfied with the fresh milk and fresh water at hand in abundance.

Oakland may well be compared to Brooklyn. Just as Brooklyn is near New York, Oakland lies on the east side of the bay and San Francisco is directly opposite. At almost every hour, there is a great traffic of steam-ferries between the two places. As is the case also in Brooklyn and New York, many people who during the day have their business in San Francisco live in Oakland. This town, as has been said, is one of the loveliest and most beautiful places along the entire bay. On Sundays, many hundreds go to Oakland or its immediate neighborhood looking for diversion and recreation. The crowded city with its struggle for wealth and its unrest is forgotten and for the time being people live only for themselves and the beauties of nature.

Oakland, as its name indicates, is famous for its many beautiful oaks which at all times give it a charming and refreshing appearance. Only a little while ago, it was but a small village. Now it has assumed the title, if not all the rights, of a city, although the inhabitants do not number more than two or three thousand. The sidewalks, as in all the other cities of the State, except for the principal streets, are of wood. There is, to be sure, no lack of sand and dust; and this is one of the few inconveniences.

The center of the city is made beautiful by a public park with lovely walks and with benches. There is a school for young men near the city, called Oakland College. It consists of three handsome buildings. The college is attended by almost three hundred students who come from all parts of the State to study theology.

After a pleasant day, usefully employed, I went on board the boat to return to the greatest Babylon of our century – San Francisco.

Chapter XVI

San José

At nine o'clock in the morning of March nineteenth, I took my place on the steamer, *Sophie Mi Leim*, to go to San José, forty-five miles away. Towards the afternoon we reached Alviso, the last stop on the bay. There I took the stage-coach that went to San José. I rode through Santa Clara, the oldest town on the Coast. It was built in 1764 by the Jesuits. Santa Clara has a Catholic college where the teachers, for the most part, are distinguished European scholars. The sides of the highway from Santa Clara to San José are ornamented by tall and old poplars. The first missionaries in this vicinity planted them, and they remind one very much of the linden-trees in Berlin, except that they are more numerous.

At half-past two, all of San José lay before my eyes. I was invited to the house of Mr. Levy and his brothers and accepted the invitation gladly. For the length of my stay in this comparatively old city, I enjoyed their hospitality.

It is hardly necessary to describe the beautiful gardens and the green meadows which stretch for miles about San José. What I have said of the countryside about Los Angeles is also true here. If I had to decide where Paradise was, I might very well point to San José or Los Angeles in complete conviction and without exaggeration.

The valley of San José extends for twenty miles and every bit of ground is under cultivation. The farmers, richly repaid for their labors by the soil, have stout inclosures about their farms and live in beautiful, well-built houses.

The cultivation of the grape-vine began in San José four years ago and it promises a good revenue. Three years ago silk-worms were also brought from China and France, and those from the latter country seem to be proving the experiment quite successful. There are a great number of bees here and many hives in every garden. The honey, to be sure, is not as sweet as in other places in the United States, but those who know about it assure me that it is improving every year so that it will soon be as sweet as any other honey.

San José has 1200 inhabitants, most of them Americans. When California was incorporated into the United States, the city was inhabited by Mexicans and Indians; but these have gradually withdrawn to Lower California. There they can indulge in their favorite occupation – idling – quite undisturbed and without being bothered by anybody.

The Guadalupe, a little river, supplies the gardens of the city with water. Drinking-water is taken from cisterns and these are sunk almost everywhere throughout the city.

San José has five churches. One of these is Roman Catholic. There are two public schools here, three fire-companies, a Freemason lodge and an Odd Fellows' lodge, and a county hospital.

Ten of the fifty Jews in San José are married. They have neither a benevolent society nor a *hazzan* but on New Year's and the Day of Atonement they send for a cantor. In March 1857, they received as a gift from the city five acres for a cemetery. This is now surrounded by a wall and a *metaher* house (mortuary chapel in which the dead are prepared for burial) has been built on it.

On March twenty-first, at eight in the morning, I left in the stage-coach for the quicksilver-mines of Almaden, twelve miles from San José. There is a little settlement near the mines called Almaden. It consists of no more than thirty houses, and here the overseers of the mines live. There is a single store and its owner must pay the company for the privilege of selling their workers goods. As I approached the mines, I was shown a little house to the left in which there was a well of soda-water. The water is distilled and sold throughout California for drinking. I tried it and found that it tasted like the mineral water in Barkut, in Moldavia and Hungary. To the right were the buildings where the stones, rich in metal, were brought to be crushed and melted. Towards noon I visited the mines to see that famous hill of wealth and examine the methods of the miners at their various kinds of work. The road to the mines was along a beautiful broad street cut in the rock. The superintendent, who was informed of my intentions, gave me a guide to the lower tunnels. Accordingly, I had a most favorable opportunity for inspecting all that was taking place and to be accurately informed about everything.

The cavern is a thousand feet deep and six feet high. It is crossed by a railway. In the center a chapel has been built where the miners say their prayers. A hundred feet from the entrance is a steam-engine that pumps out the water constantly making its way into the cavern. Two-hundred-and-sixty feet below the cavern, referred to above, is another cavern that is no less rich in treasure. It is claimed, and I have no reason to doubt it, that these mines are the richest in the world.

In 1845, Castillero discovered the mine of New Almaden, and the alcalde of San José, by virtue of the authority vested in him by the laws of Mexico, granted him possession of it. The Mexican government confirmed the grant and, upon Castillero's petition, gave him in addition two leagues of land immediately surrounding the mine. When California was transferred, the government of the United States obligated itself to respect all the grants of land made by the Mexican government. A commission was named to examine these grants and Castillero's claims were confirmed by it. The attorney-general of the United States, however, appealed to the highest court and this court assigned the proceeding to the District Court of the United States in San Francisco.

Here those who disputed the rights of the owners at the time did all they could to attack their ownership and cause them to be suspected of fraud and forgery. A former manager of the mine, by the name of Forbes, who had lost all he had, requested a considerable loan from the owners which they refused, since he had not fulfilled his earlier obligations towards them. Out of revenge and at the same time greed, he concocted a letter, dated after California was ceded to the United States, in which he, Alexander Forbes, asserted that he had bought Castillero's claims and admitted that all the documents relating to the ownership of the mine were forged. The swindler went to Laurencel with this letter. Laurencel, under a land-grant from Fossat, was disputing the ownership of the New Almaden Company and Forbes sold him the letter for ten thousand dollars, upon the condition that the letter was to be used only to effect a settlement between Laurencel and the New Almaden Company but was not to be made public. Laurencel, however, gave the letter to the officials of the government who were conducting the suit against the New Almaden Company and on this evidence they demanded that the mine be closed. The government's motion was granted in spite of the protests of the owners who were ready to post any security required, and all work had to be suspended. At that the three hundred men working in the mine and their families were left without bread. New Almaden with its pleasant row of pretty houses and gardens was soon completely abandoned. Whoever visited New Almaden during the last two years was painfully struck by the sad aspect of the little town, without a human being, that still showed evidence of the happiness and prosperity of its former residents. The closing of the mines was all the greater misfortune for the miners because these had counted upon steady work and, regarding the future without a care, had not thought of saving a penny for a time of need.

The effect of this coercive measure of the court was, moreover, in the greatest possible degree injurious to the entire population of the gold and silver regions of the state. The price of quicksilver – which had become essential in the treatment of the precious metals – rose from one to two dollars a pound and the earnings of the miners were considerably lessened. How much the trade of California was injured by the shutting-down of this rich source may be shown by the export of quicksilver. Before the closing of the mines of New Almaden 45,000 bottles of this metal were exported; in 1859 the amount exported sank to 3000; in 1860, because of the discovery of new mines of quicksilver, the amount exported rose to 9000. The difference in the value of the amount exported before and after the closing of the New Almaden mines was about a million dollars annually. Under such circumstances, it was only natural that the inhabitants generally took a warm interest in a dispute that had caused so marked a decrease in trade. In the districts hardest-hit, mass-meetings were held to take counsel about relieving the ill effects, and the legislature saw itself under the necessity of asking the representatives of the State in Congress to use all their influence to have the suit reopened. The position of the government in this suit was unheard of in the history of the United States and so contrary to the principles of a republic that it almost seemed as if the rulers of the country wished to give it the benefit of a new kind of government. Closing the mines was, in fact, confiscation of private property, for the court had not decided against the legal possession of the owners. Inasmuch as, for the first time, the government had entered the legal arena with respect to the ownership of a mine, no miner of gold in the land, and particularly those who had gone to great expense to operate a quartz-mine, felt secure, for by the same right under which the government had demanded that the Almaden mine be closed, the government might likewise order similar valuable mines in the State to suspend operations.

The owners of the New Almaden were very anxious to remove the cloud of suspicion that rested on the deeds to their property. They requested the government through its embassy in Mexico to examine in the state archives of Mexico the originals of the existing documents. The representatives of the government refused and the American minister in Mexico was even instructed to furnish no evidence with respect to the validity of these documents. The government did everything to prevent the truth from coming to light. But the truth was mightier than all the crookedness. The company, although hounded with such bitterness, was not intimidated: it sent one of its lawyers with a steamer it had charted to Mexico and this lawyer succeeded

in persuading all the officials, who at the time of the original grants had the duty of issuing the documents involved, to undertake the lengthy and dangerous journey to San Francisco in order to testify there. These witnesses all belonged to the state department of Mexico. Several were officials of the highest rank; among them were two ministers of foreign affairs, one of whom had himself countersigned the grant of the mine and land, a Mexican ambassador to the French court, professors and directors of the College of Mines, notaries and others. The expense of this expedition, the like of which is not to be found in the history of legal affairs, was several hundred thousand dollars. In addition, copies were made of all writings to be found in the Mexican archives, having any reference to the questions involved, and laid before the court.

All the witnesses, although many held posts of importance in their own country and had come from afar in the cause of truth, were branded by the government's lawyers as perjurers and all the documents as fraudulent. Now all the copies were sent to the American minister in Mexico that he might compare them with the originals in the archives. The minister, Mr. Forsyth, undertook this task and certified to the exact agreement of the documents. Even after this evidence, the government refused to permit the order closing the mines to be annulled. The company now crowned all its efforts by persuading the two foremost lawyers in the United States, J. P. Benjamin, an Israelite, and Reverdy Johnson, both of them among the most distinguished members of the United States Senate, to come to California and bring the proceeding to a close. These lawyers had earlier delivered their opinion in favor of the company in addresses to the president. They had shown him that the position of the government was illegal and untenable. Their eloquence and the unanswerable logic with which they pleaded in the District Court of the United States contributed at last to the victory of truth.

During my stay in San Francisco, in September 1860, the suit was heard for six days. Finally, the validity of all the documents on which title of the company depended was confirmed and the owners cleared from the least shadow of suspicion. Those who had misused the arm of the law and the might of the government by perjury were branded forever by the court. For reasons of humanity, Congress will be unable to avoid indemnifying, so far as possible, the enormous damage that the government has caused the company. We are unable to say what the outcome might have been, if those who were so hounded did not have at their command the means to prove their case in spite of all difficulties and the government's might.

The judgment was announced in January 1861. The mines were re-opened and hundreds of workmen who, for a long time, had been out of work took heart again. May justice everywhere triumph as it did here! It is said that Mr. Benjamin received the small sum of half a million dollars for his efforts.

Chapter XVII

Agricultural Products and Other Resources of the State

From the report of the assessors of thirty-five counties among the forty-five in the State we present the following survey. We must remark, however, that there was no completely accurate report of all their products in the case of many counties. The report is from the year 1859 and, in comparison with the year before, it shows a general increase of 20 per cent.

The area under cultivation in 1859 amounted to 753,735 acres which produced the following: 5,410,391 bushels of wheat (we have no report from twelve counties) or, on the average, somewhat more than twenty bushels an acre; 4,280,991 bushels of barley; 48,240 bushels of peas; 1,364,688 bushels of oats; 38,456 bushels of rye; 776,678 bushels of corn; 31,904 bushels of buckwheat; 69,839 bushels of beans; 928,220 bushels of potatoes; 160,514 bushels of sweet potatoes; 141,630 bushels of onions; a total of 13,251,751 bushels of cereals and vegetables. At seventy-five cents a bushel, these products were worth $9,938,813.25. 127,465 tons of hay were harvested which, at $10 a ton, were worth $1,274,650. 2,273,487 pounds of butter and 850,260 pounds of cheese, at twenty-five cents a pound, amounted to $780,-936.75. 1,265,044 dozens of eggs, estimated at twenty-five cents a dozen, amounted to $316,261. 1,212,150 pounds of wool were produced which, at ten cents a pound, amounted to $121,215. The value of the fruit was $835,130. 326,270 gallons of wine were pressed from grapes and the wine was worth $163,135. The number of live-stock

slaughtered in twenty-two counties – exactly half of the State – amounted to 54,827 cattle, 38,187 pigs, and 38,641 sheep; in all, 131,655 units of live-stock, worth $2,221,836. 686 acres of broom corn were planted, worth a hundred dollars an acre; the harvest amounted to $68,600. Twelve acres of tobacco were planted and three acres produced 3,000 pounds. There is no report of what the other nine acres yielded. Twelve acres of flax were also planted; three acres of hemp; and six acres of sugar-cane. But we do not know how much they produced.

The totals of the agricultural products of the State in 1859 are as follows (live-stock, unslaughtered, and trees not included):

Cereals, legumes, and other vegetables	$9,938,813.25
hay	1,274,550.00
butter and cheese	780,936.00
eggs	316,261.75
wool	121,215.00
broom corn	68,600.00
fruit	835,130.00
wine	163,135.00
slaughtered live-stock	2,221,836.00
Total	$15,720,477.00

In addition, at least 4 per cent must be allowed for products not reported and for the products of those counties for which we have no account at all. As a result, we have an additional sum of $624,819 and the total value of the products of 753,735 acres as $16,245,296. To this sum, we should add at least a million dollars for vegetables, not included above. The live-stock of the state has been estimated as follows: horses, 130,346; mules, 22,920; asses, 1375; sheep, 536,425; cattle, 827,772 (a quarter of these are cows); goats, 12,959; pigs, 222,325; chickens, 375,705; turkeys, 25,256; ducks, 14,477; geese, 3982; bee-hives, 1702. The bees are worth at least $50,000.

The following number of fruit-trees, grape-vines, etc., were in the State at the time of the report for 1859:

apple trees	775,476	apricot plum trees	47,245
peach trees	1,285,290	quince trees	45,821
pear trees	212,649	apricot trees	80,723
plum trees	105,631	fig trees	19,406
cherry trees	104,968	aloes	79

citron trees	152	almond trees	12,772
lemon trees	1,039	walnut trees	7,542
orange trees	4,591	hazelnut trees	50
olive trees	5,447	gooseberry shrubs	129,276
pomegranate trees	3,149	raspberry plants	176,432
plum trees	6,050	grape vines	5,883,845
persimmon trees	31		

Three hundred acres have been planted with strawberry vines.

The value of the above is as follows: strawberries, five hundred dollars an acre, $150,000; other vines and trees, each estimated at a dollar, $8,907,133, or a total of $9,057,133.

The total acreage of the land in the State, not counting that which is absolutely barren, is estimated at seventy-six million acres; of this, forty-one million can be cultivated; five million are muddy, and thirty million pasture. If half of the land that is not cultivated is as fertile as that which has been cultivated, the State can produce annually at least $740,000,000 worth of agricultural products. In this calculation, the five million acres of swamp land are not included. If cultivated, they should bring in at least $75,000,000.

We see, therefore, that this State even at present produces enough food to sustain a population of a million. If it were cultivated as much as possible, California would easily feed a population of fifteen million! That would be half the population of all the United States according to the census of 1850. If the population increases in the next ten years in the same proportion as in the last three, the agricultural products of California will be worth at least $130,000,000 and even then this will be the result of cultivating only a seventh of the land. To reach this sum requires no more than a population of a million. What a glorious future is destined for a State that has such enormous resources!

Fisheries of the Pacific Coast

During the last three years, the fisheries of this coast have proved to be exceedingly valuable and have furnished many with bread and nourishment. At present, the salmon fisheries of the Sacramento, Eel and Klamath Rivers, as well as of other rivers to the north, are the most important, although it is doubtful if they are more valuable than other fisheries that could still be introduced.

During the actual fishing-season, the salmon fisheries employ several hundred men. Of the fish caught in the Sacramento River, a ton

of fresh fish is sold daily on the markets of San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville and Stockton. In addition, great quantities are smoked and dried as well as many barrels salted and pickled for markets abroad. At several of these, the salmon of California is greatly prized. Almost all the salmon caught by the fisheries of the coast are salted and pickled to enable it to be shipped. During the last year, no less than a hundred thousand dollars worth of salmon was exported and its demand is steadily increasing, abroad as well as in the State itself.

In addition to the salmon fisheries, there are the mackerel fisheries. Mackerel promises to become an article of trade steadily increasing in importance. The finest mackerel are packed in barrels at Monterey, to be transported to markets where there is a great demand for them, and in a short time the mackerel of the East will be driven from the markets of California.

The herring of the Coast, upwards toward Washington Territory or Victoria, is of excellent quality; a particularly fine sort is to be caught and obtained at the latter place; when it reaches the San Francisco market, it is known as "Victoria bloaters." There are fishing-banks off the coast of Washington Territory where codfish are caught: there they are as good and as plentiful as those of the famous banks of Newfoundland.

Fishing for abalone is an important source of income for many. Only the Chinese eat this; but, inasmuch as there is a great demand for abalone in China, there is always a good market for it. This "fish" is to be found along the southern coast of California and the coast of Mexico.

Useful Plants of California*

Photinia arbutifolia Lindl., a kind of rose *(Rosaceae)*, which may be picked in California on the mountains between Folsom and Oberen, where it is called "laurel." The fruit, when dried, tastes somewhat like currants and is eaten by the Indians.

Adenostoma fasciculuta Hook. et Arn., a woody *Rosaceae*, likewise growing in California between Folsom and Oberen, on the road to the alabaster quarry, and there called "chappanel" or "chappnel." If I am not mistaken, this is also the name of another plant in California and its meaning is rather like that of the Australian word "scrub."*

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* We list these plants according to Dr. Berthold Seemann, who designated them as above in his esteemed journal "Bonplandia," No. 17 of Volume X (September 1862).

* Benjamin had "chaparral" in mind. Tr.

Arbutas Menziesii. Pursh., a tree belonging to the *Ericaceae*, growing near Oregon City in Oregon, where it is called "knicknick." The leaves are mixed with tobacco and smoked by white men as well as Indians. The Indians call this tobacco *kainum* or *kainus*. Mr. Berthold Seemann found this tree fairly plentiful in northwestern Mexico, where together with a similar tree it is called *madrono*.

Arctostaphylos glauca Lindl., likewise an *Ericaceae*, was found by me in California growing between Folsom and Oberen. It is called *manzonito*. An extract of the leaves is also used by the white inhabitants as a remedy for stomach-ache. The leaves have a bitter taste and are astringent. They are also put into alcoholic liquors which are retailed under the name "manzonito bitters."

Conclusion

On March twenty-second, I returned to San Francisco. On my return from the mines, I was shown a warm spring near which a Frenchman has built a hotel for the convenience of travelers. During the summer the spring is much visited, and many travelers come from every neighborhood to feast their eyes on the beauties of nature here.

My task is now ended. As I found conditions, so I described them, according to my convictions and as well as I could.

How splendid everything about me seemed when I first walked along this shore; how proud I was of the declaration I filed that I intended to become an American citizen; how my heart beat with joy at seeing the fair fruits of equality, at seeing my poor fellow Jews, everywhere oppressed, breathing here the pure air of freedom, untroubled by the regulations of the taskmaster or the persecutions of the ghetto!

How sad the spectacle that now unfolds itself before our eyes!

A change, indicative of insecurity and threatening ruin, has entered the political, moral and financial condition of the American nation; and who can foresee when quiet and peace will again enter its cottages and the goddess of liberty again be enthroned over America with rights uninfringed and blessings for all?

With the warmest wishes for the welfare of the young state where he found a friendly reception, the author leaves the land and its people. Both furnished him with many an hour rich in pleasure. The memory of this beautiful land will never fade from his mind, even when these pages containing his experiences have long been forgotten and later travelers, with their description of future greatness, have pushed them aside and have left them only the credit of having been the first to have presented a full account in such detail.

Here are the official reports of the population of California in 1860 and in 1852 and the number of representatives of the various counties:

Supplement

county	senators	members of Assembly	census of 1860	census of 1852
San Francisco	6	12	57,033	36,151
San Mateo		6	3,221	
Santa Clara	1	3	11,918	6,664
Alameda	1	2	8,913	
Tuolumne	2	3	16,245	17,657
San Joaquin	1	2	9,394	5,029
El Dorado	2	4	20,564	
Sacramento	2	5	24,020	12,589
Sonoma	1	3	11,869	2,337
Nevada	3	4	16,454	21,365
Placer		3	13,258	10,784
Yuba	2	2	9,116	22,005
Sutter		1	3,424	1,207
Calaveras	2	3	16,354	20,192
Butte	2	2	11,914	8,572
Colusa		1	2,283	620
Tehama		1	4,063	
San Diego	1	1	4,339	2,932
San Bernardino	1	1	5,555	
Los Angeles	1	2	11,543	7,831
Santa Barbara	1	1	3,545	2,131
San Louis Obispo		1	1,782	984
Buena Vista		1	4,641	8,575
Tulare	1	1		
Fresno		1	4,605	
Mariposa	1		6,250	8,969
Merced			1,144	

county	senators	members of Assembly	census of 1860	census of 1852
Monterey	1	1	4,746	2,728
Santa Cruz		1	4,949	1,219
Contra Costa	1	1	5,329	2,745
Marin		1	3,360	
Solano	1	1	7,175	2,835
Yolo		1	4,747	1,307
Napa	1	1	5,529	2,116
Mendocino		1	3,968	416
Sierra	2	2	11,377	4,855
Plumas		1	4,369	
Shasta	1	1	4,360	4,050
Trinity		1	5,127	1,764
Siskiyou	1	1	7,636	2,240
Humboldt	1	1	2,703	
Klamath			1,804	530
del Norte		1	1,996	
Amador			10,978	
Stanislaus			2,347	

Recapitulation

Population of the northern districts	330,242
Population of the southern districts	45,705
Total population of the State	375,947
Total population in 1852	224,435
Increase in the last eight years	151,512

This census, however, is not quite correct, for it does not include at all 40,000 Chinese and several tens of thousands of Indians. In addition, the number of inhabitants was not reported correctly in all respects because heavier taxation was feared. So that, all in all, the figures are certainly too low by about 100,000.

California has two senators in Washington and five representatives.

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* "I"s may be "J"s. Trs. note.

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Three Years in America
III

Foreword

Every scholar who is anxious truly to serve the cause of knowledge, but does not wish to exert himself and to drudge only to see at the end that his drudgery was in vain and his exertions fruitless, must choose out of the rich store of what is worth knowing and worthy of research a definite field to which to devote himself particularly. If anywhere, the saying of Horace is appropriate to the subject of knowledge: *Certum voto pete finem* (set a definite goal to your desire). Men who can grasp all branches of knowledge with the glance of genius are born once in a century – if then.

When I, therefore, devoted my strength, such as it is, to the service of knowledge and found that it was my mission and my task in life to join in the great contest for knowledge and truth – a contest that our times have exalted so highly in contrast to the dark days of old with only bloody trophies to display – I realized very well I must devote myself to one definite field of knowledge only, yes, and that even in that field I must choose a still smaller circle for my own research. Innate inclination led me to choose geography as the branch of knowledge to which I preferred to devote myself most; religious feeling indicated in the field of geography the fate of my fellow believers, the sons of Israel scattered over all the earth, as the subject of my particular research.

It was this resolution that drove me away from home and family seventeen years ago, to inform myself about the situation of my people in the East, knowledge of whom has reached my fellow Jews in Europe only seldom. During this quest there hovered before me, above all, the hope of solving the problem that has busied so many thinkers and men of science from the days of old: what became of the ten tribes of Israel that were led away into captivity? Were they assimilated among the nations into the midst of whom the might of the Assyrians brought them? Do they still live as a distinct people, but with the memory of their past perished, their religious tradition gone? Or are they hidden, perhaps, in a remote corner of the world, true to their faith and the memory of the high and lofty past of Israel?

For eight years I wandered through Asia and Africa to gather information everywhere that might throw a clear light upon the history and situation of the Jews of the Orient; and at the same time I tried to examine more closely the various peoples who have been indicated as descendants of the ten tribes, in order to test the truth of such a statement. I put down the results of my research and observation in my first book and the acknowledgment of its merits that it found among such coryphaei of German science as an Alexander von Humboldt and a Carl Ritter led me to hope that my efforts were not all in vain. But much as the applause of those great men strengthened and encouraged me, I, on the other hand, saw ever more clearly the flaws that I could not avoid in my first book (most of the notes I had taken on my travels were lost). And the kind hints that so many eminent scholars in and out of Germany were good enough to give me about what was to be investigated in the Orient, while making me conscious of how much my first book lacked, also made me hopeful that I should have the opportunity to remedy its deficiencies as much as possible. In the meantime, before directing my wanderer's staff for a second time towards the Orient, I wished to direct my steps towards America, that part of the earth to which so many of my brothers have recently emigrated and the original inhabitants of which, indeed, are supposed to be descendants of Israel according to a tradition still wide-spread in America and actively exploited by the cunning Mormons. Accordingly, I journeyed to America with the intention of investigating, in particular, the situation of my fellow Jews in that land and the truth of that tradition.

But, just as the botanist who roams a mountainous region looking for a particular plant may not turn his eyes away from the multitude of other flowers that he sees, but must also pick and collect the most important of these, especially if they have hitherto escaped the eye of another collector, so I have also considered it my duty, in addition to what I saw among the Jews of North America, to illuminate above all the many varieties of life in that country that have developed with such marvelous rapidity and to reveal those sides of it which as yet have not been fully illuminated in Europe. To this belongs all that great region which I have taken the liberty of exhibiting to my readers in the present volume. The British possessions along the west coast of the American continent, with the immeasurable treasures of gold and precious ore hidden in their soil (which have recently greatly attracted the attention of the civilized world), the northwestern territories of the United States, Oregon, Washington Territory and so on — territories that are advancing towards a great and splendid future,

particularly when the iron horse will shorten the distance between the east coast of America and its western shore to a few days: these territories have not as yet found that treatment at the hands of a traveler that seems so urgently necessary, especially in view of the great importance of America for Europe – indeed, for all mankind.

The deserts which separate California from the regions of the East have as yet been only partially described and no notice has been taken – or could be taken – of the new mail-route which has already made possible a relatively short and safe journey from California to Missouri. The Indians of the island of Vancouver have not as yet, so far as I know, been described by a traveler thoroughly and as the result of his own observations; and, if the question of the origin of the Indians can be answered only by a thorough examination of their customs and mode of life and a comparison with those of the peoples of the Old World, I believe that my residence of many years among the peoples of Asia and Africa has helped me, at least to some extent, to obtain an answer to this question. Finally, with regard to the Mormons, I believe that in spite of the many treatments of the history of this sect – which deserve much credit – a clarification of some up-to-now obscure sides of their history would not be completely useless, all the more because this sect rightly belongs to the most remarkable phenomena of our modern world.

And so, with hope and confidence, I offer also this book to the public. The friendly reception that my first book found permits me to cherish the most cheerful expectations for this one as well. Little as I would hide even from myself, how far my work is from perfection, I am strengthened by the knowledge that I sought the truth everywhere and did my best to obtain it.*

Hanover, July 29, 1862.

I. J. Benjamin II

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* I wish to express my deepest gratitude to Mr. Heinemann of Wildeshausen, a student, for correcting the proofs of this volume.

Book III

A. Journey in the Northwest of North America

Chapter I

Victoria and Vancouver Island

On January 28, 1861, I began the trip from San Francisco to the city of Victoria (on the British island of Vancouver) and went on board the steamer, *Panama.* Before we sailed, the timely discovery was made that our ship was leaking and that several feet of water had gotten into its hold. The sailors were quickly placed at the pumps and, after a few hours of hard work, the ship was again declared seaworthy – after it had been patched up rather superficially in Yankee fashion. Our departure, to be sure, was delayed a few hours; but still, towards ten o'clock in the evening, sail and steam were set to work, and so our journey to the north began.

It may not be out of place, perhaps, to take this opportunity to insert a few remarks about the carelessness and lack of conscience with which owners and managers of ships undertake the transport of precious lives and valuable cargo. Most of the steamers sailing between San Francisco and Victoria and several of those that go from San Francisco to Panama are not seaworthy; I would not trust the life of a faithful dog, let alone a human being, to a ship that goes to Victoria. The government puts too little weight on the examination of ships before they leave the harbor. There are, to be sure, well-paid officials whose duty it is to see that no unseaworthy ship leaves the harbor and that no ship has more passengers and more freight on board than it has a right to carry according to its register. But even if one of these officials really inspects a ship, the inspection is, and remains, without any result. For the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has a great and mighty monopoly on that coast. Only a friendly hint and promise are needed to let a ship put out to sea without regard for the fate of the passengers.

I will not leave unmentioned the fact that the steamship company gave me free passage along the northern and southern coasts, so that, personally, I have every reason to speak of it in the most grateful manner. The duty of being impartial, however, demands that I deliver a true report of doings and dealings in California, and to this duty I consider myself obligated to subordinate every other consideration.

The steamship *Panama*, therefore, continues its trips in spite of its thoroughly bad condition, although it suffers some accident or other on almost every voyage. Since the company has insured its bad ships heavily, it is quite indifferent whether or not, sooner or later, one of them falls a prey to the waves and few or many human lives are lost – if only it receives the insurance.

As we left the harbor, nothing further occurred to distract us from the quiet contemplation of the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas, and a sharp eye could watch these mountains from the ship. On the evening of February first, however, we again suffered one of those accidents to be met with so often in America. It was all the more terrifying for those on board the ship: they thought that after the first accident they had nothing further to fear and were basking in the hope that the rest of the trip would be pleasant. Their terror, then, was all the greater when it appeared that the steamship had been damaged and that in its dangerous location – on a sand-bank – it could not use its full power. Most fortunately, a calm had just begun so that, as if by magic, we went gliding over the sand-bank, one of the most dangerous places of the Pacific – the bank of the Columbia River.

On the third of February, we arrived at the city of Portland in Oregon. Here our ship had to undergo repairs once more. On the fifth, it directed its course towards Victoria. It was a wonderful day. The sun shone in all its splendor and, although we were at the 46th degree, north latitude, the air was as pleasant as on an early autumn day in southern Europe. We stopped at Astoria, a little place of about eight hundred inhabitants. It is named after a German, John Jacob Astor, a lucky dealer in raw furs and the richest man in America. The purpose of our stop was to leave at the custom-house, established here by the American government, an inventory of our dutiable goods.

As we left Astoria, we found the sea very stormy so that at times it threatened to scatter the planks of our ship – fragile enough without this. Still, we reached the Straights of Fuka at last and here the storm abated. Inasmuch as large ships cannot enter the harbor of Victoria because it is shallow, we anchored at Esquimault, about four miles from the city. From Esquimault I went by stagecoach to Victoria. The way there provides the traveler with a singular experience. It runs from the landing-place through a rugged, wild district. The stage must find its way between ravines and swamps, woodland and great rocks. The city itself winds along in the midst of this wilderness, between trees of great height. Right and left, one encounters the camps of Indians who go about half-naked or entirely so. In the city, I put up at a hotel run by a Jew and, full of joy that the dangers and hard-

ships of my journey had been happily overcome, I sauntered out to look about at the farthest of English possessions.

The city, like the gourd of Jonah, grew up in a night as a result of the excitement caused two years before by the discovery of new gold-mines along the Fraser River. I gathered the following history of Victoria from several newspapers and other more reliable sources.

It is hardly more than two years since Victoria had only several hundred inhabitants. In addition to those stationed there by the Hudson Bay Company, there were only twenty or thirty settlers. A lucky accident – the discover of a quantity of gold-dust – or rather the fact that here and in the neighborhood gold had been discovered, first directed the attention of the world to the island of Vancouver – previously unregarded and its name hardly known.

An extraordinary importance was attached to this discovery. It was soon rumored about that the dazzling discoveries of California and Australia had been repeated, indeed, that the glitter of both those lands would be outshone by this new, and much richer, El Dorado. Further, it was said, from the circumstance that the yield of gold in the upper and northern parts of California was increasingly greater and richer than in the south, it followed readily that British soil contained boundless and inexhaustible sources of the precious metal.

In the mother country, England, men began to inquire quite seriously about the shortest ways to this new world of wealth and searched maps and geographies busily and anxiously until they learnt about the actual existence of an island called Vancouver: a discovery that all sellers of maps and the geographers of the Queen likewise confirmed. Most of the inhabitants of Great Britain now learnt for the first time of two colonies that England possessed – the island of Vancouver and British Columbia. They discovered, further, that the charter of the Hudson Bay Company, soon to expire, would not be renewed. That was also the case in British Columbia; a constitution for the colony was instead proclaimed by the Queen and was then also proclaimed on November 3, 1859, by the newly appointed governor, James Douglas.

More than 35,000 immigrants had already arrived, especially from California, and gave rise to a very brisk traffic between the two neighboring lands. The strangers found on their arrival a city, not wholly unimportant and insignificant: for houses that previously had merely been planned were now completed, streets were laid out and warehouses erected, goods were on sale, and ports to make the landing of passengers and merchandise easier constructed. Often as many as 1800 to 2000 newcomers landed at a time.

The so-called fort of the Hudson Bay Company was by this time so surrounded by houses that the stranger had to ask his way to it. In a word, Victoria soon became a place of respectable size, however small its beginning had been. The residents were all the more convinced of the importance of the place because of the enemies that its quick flourishing had brought into being. Patriotic newsmongers in the old lands of gold tried very hard to check its growth and, because they believed they should not wish for its existence, they either denied this completely or at least denied that its activity would last long.

It would take me too far from my subject if I were to dwell any longer upon the bold enterprise of the adventurers whom the *auri saeva fames* (savage hunger for gold) drove to this wilderness. They feared neither distance nor loneliness, their ignorance of the land nor the dangerous voyage in unknown waters, nor the cunning and often cruel foe whom they met in the Indians, all this they disregarded in the search for the wonderful, unknown, terrifying, but enriching gold. But success did not crown their efforts because it was soon clear to the dullest that at least for the present an output of gold corresponding to expectations was not to be thought of.

The complete ignorance of the land, the darkness in which it was still shrouded, immediately began to show its dangerous effects. Who knew how dangerous it was to cross the Sound? Who knew how many thousands of islands it contained and how many thousands of currents played about these – currents to be met and mastered? Who could know that, although this sound in proportion to its area had troublesome and treacherous places aplenty, it had a greater and more dreadful danger than any of these, namely, the treacherous Fraser River that emptied into it, ready to ensnare the inexperienced boatman with its arms of death? Who knew that this river concealed its mouth with low, reed-covered shores, just as if it were ashamed of its misdeeds, and did everything possible not to frighten away the uninitiated until it had enticed him into its net to destroy him?

Many an incredible story is told of those who overcame hardship and danger, of hairbreadth escapes from destruction by the uncertain elements and pitiless robbery of sympathetic Chinooks (an Indian tribe that plays an important part in stories about gold). The fortunate adventurer who miraculously escaped all these dangers and who succeeded in passing through the gate to the land of fortune – a gate that had been closed from the beginning of time – had still to learn that he might be overtaken and surprised by a severe winter that, perhaps in a few hours, would cover all the countryside with icy snow

and what a bitter experience it is to have to spend the night out in the snow.

Rain, frost, snow, and swift currents which race at their greatest strength in the Fraser untold miles per hour, all united in fraternal fellowship to greet the stout-hearted pioneer with a frightful welcome to a fearful death; and how many, indeed, fell a prey to their united rage! Will the number ever be known of those who met death in that dangerous river or on its inhospitable shores, lined with steep, inaccessible cliffs? We know well enough that there were many who left with loathing the land that shortly before they had stepped upon with the greatest of hopes. Most of the distress was caused by the lack of sufficient means of communication by land and sea. In all new countries the first step towards colonization consists in establishing means of communication: bridging deep waters, levelling hills, cutting roads through woods and constructing roads that are passable and as good as possible.

But, in fact, is there any land there that the settler can so transform that he may find it useful in some respects? Or are not barren rocks, useless trees, and wild animals what the land has principally to offer him? Therefore, above all, build roads. Would not poor settlers who are arriving daily wish to take to this work for the time being? Then make use of them for this useful, although hard, work! Let the government provide them with tools, housing, wood and water, and pay them enough for their livelihood. When they have completed the work which they are doing for the public – and their own – good, let others follow them and let the inexhaustible stream of immigrants take care of the work that must be continued without intermission.

If everyone does his part to make the land accessible, only then should we invite people to settle on the land; only then let the government care for the convenience of the settler (and that this is the duty of the government there can be no doubt). In the beginning, let land be given away generously, but be careful that such grants do not become the subject of greedy speculation. Besides, land that is inhabited only by bears, wolves and other wild animals is valueless. On the other hand, land that industrious settlers have changed from a wilderness to a fruitful domain is valuable, for it has been transformed to the function that nature has destined for it. Therefore, the government might reserve at all suitable places a proper portion for sale, and when the population has increased – because only then would the land have value – the government might ask moderate prices for it.

If the government enters upon the only proper course of granting land to settlers, we may hope to see the laying out of roads throughout

British Columbia to its fullest extent. Let the sources of gain that this land possesses be made known throughout the civilized world. Let attention be directed to the fruitful plains, lovely with trees; to the many waters that cross the plains (not the least thought need be given to aridity); to the many navigable rivers and lakes, which are of great advantage to the settlements along the Red River and in Saskatchewan; further, to the rich catch of the cod and the salmon fisheries which carry off the palm from those of the Tweed and Columbia; to the enormous abundance of game of every kind. Moreover, let the attention of the world be called to the presence of deposits of coal, of copper ore and iron ore and many other metals; to the extraordinary plenty of the finest timber which neighbors who lack it would gladly buy (to say nothing of gold that, in any event, will later be found in quantity). Let the news of the wealth of this land spread far and wide until it makes its way to the ears of the workman struggling for his bread in the motherland – the news that Great Britain has in the island of Vancouver, if not the gem of the Antilles, the jewel of the Pacific, that this island in its commercial relations with east and west is independent, and that, when the railway across the English-American continent comes into existence, it will be easily accessible from Canada. The climate is better than in England: no east winds blow and there is little fog; besides, it is well known that the western side of the American continent, together with western Europe, enjoys a far more favorable climate than the eastern side along the Atlantic. When all this is made known, the colonies might well grant, without niggardliness, a free passage to all who wish to come over, strictly upon condition that this be repaid as soon as possible – but at no set date for such repayment – to enable others, who wish to follow, to have their passage paid in turn.

Chapter II

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND, *Continued*

WE RETURN AGAIN TO THE LAYING OUT OF VICTORIA. A NUMBER OF wharfs were constructed and a new wooden bridge built across James Bay to provide an avenue to the government buildings, shortly afterwards built of brick, and particularly to a building designated as the seat of the government. All these buildings are distinguished by their architectural beauty. The streets that lead to the bridge were levelled, various principal streets paved and these are in good condition throughout the year. As yet there are only few wooden houses and so the constant anxiety about a conflagration has been much diminished.

An agency of an insurance company was also soon established. Thus far, the *Victoria Newspaper* remarked, we have been fortunate enough to have suffered from only a single disaster by fire and this single event had a very beneficial effect. Several public-spirited citizens have joined together in a fire-brigade. They collected pledges of cash to cover the necessary outlay for axes, ladders and fire-engines and gathered quite a sum to build an engine-house.

The Hudson Bay Company built large warehouses of stone. A new building for the Bank of British North America was also built. The stone for it was brought here a distance of forty miles. To erect an unusual monument for itself, the same company built for the active members of its company living-quarters of stone with a well-built front of rectangular blocks of granite. Many important buildings were erected in the course of last year; at the same time an exceptionally large quantity of timber was prepared; and the streets are always busy. Roads and highways, however, are in a very sad state and, as a result, goods can be brought from one part of the country to another only with great difficulty.

British Columbia rejoices in several places with a promising future; places like New Westminster, Fort Langley, Hope, Yale, Douglas and Lytton City. The last is at the farthest end of a fresh-water lake. This lake has a very irregular shape with an average width of four miles and a length of about forty. Soundings have touched bottom, here

and there, at a depth of ten fathoms. All duties are imposed *ad valorem* and must be paid at Westminster.

A lieutenant-governor resides in British Columbia; likewise, a chief justice, a public prosecutor, district-judges and so on.

The Fraser River which, for nineteen miles upstream, is at the same level as the city, is navigable for sea-going steamers. Once the channel through the Sound is more accurately and safely indicated, the number of such steamers and the frequency of their trips will grow. The river-steamers generally run to Fort Hoge, seven miles from the mouth. Successful attempts have been made to go fifteen miles beyond to Fort Yale, but the attempts have not been continued.

The regular price for land in British Columbia is ten shillings an acre. However, if I am correctly informed, several thousand acres near New Westminster may be bought for half that price.

Although many thousands have been enticed to the country – and betrayed – by the rumors of its wealth of gold, I must say that it appears that the time is not far-off when the deposits of gold in the streams and along their banks will be exploitable.

Like all great rivers that are at times swollen by melting snow and the water-supply of which depends upon it, the Fraser is subject to periods when it is greatly swollen by the snow melting on the mountains in the heat of the sun. At the time when the river reaches its highest point, no work can be undertaken, naturally, along its banks. The gold-hunters or gold-washers, who find the reward for their labors chiefly on the banks of the river, are then forced to leave it. From September, however, until the cold weather sets in, a period that lasts two months usually, and often during the winter also, their so-called claims (a place of such size and span as a person may claim for working) are suitable for work. At that time the river is low and steadily falls lower, for all that the snow has added to it is gone and the supply of water has decreased.

Victoria has an Episcopal and a Catholic church, in addition to a Wesleyan and a Congregationalist mission and a cloister called "The Sisters of St. Ann." It also has a school and another under the supervision of the Roman Catholic bishop, besides a private school and a college for young ladies. A hospital has just been established; but, unfortunately, it is heavily in debt.

There is also a lodge of the Freemasons here and another of the Oddfellows. A women's charitable society and a musical society conclude the number of Victoria's organizations. The city has, at present, 2500 white inhabitants and more than 5000 Indians. The latter live partly close to the city and partly in the environs.

About a hundred Jews live here. Only a few are married. The beginnings of the city of Victoria are really due to the Jews. For, no matter how many persons streamed to the island at the outbreak of the gold-fever, they scattered again, for the most part, to all corners of the world when their disillusion followed only too quickly. The Jews, however, held their ground, set up tents for residence and booths for shops; for they soon realized that this place had a great commercial future. This was to be deduced, easily enough, from the situation of the island, which lies between the Sandwich Islands, California and China. More and more Jews settled here, and the German element was increasingly represented by them. With all that, their experience was like that of our father Abraham, who had to buy for himself a burial-place in the very land God had promised him (Genesis 23. 2-18). The English Church had assigned to it by the government, without any payment, important locations to build a church and to lay out a cemetery, but the Jews had to buy an acre and a half for their own cemetery.

Our fellow Jews in Victoria, in their compassion and their charitable disposition towards the poor, have remained true to the fundamental character of the Jew. The Jewish charitable society that was founded two years ago has been dissolved. The unusual and incessant expenditures that they had to make for the many needy, in those sad days when the soap-bubble on the Fraser River burst, completely drained their funds.

Their religious practices have diminished until they merely assemble for prayer on New Year's and the Day of Atonement, but they have provided themselves with a *Sefer Torah* (Scroll of the Law) and they will soon unite in a congregation and build a synagogue. They are very much respected by their Christian fellow citizens. When, at the foundation of the colony the governor proclaimed a constitution in which a Christian form of oath was made obligatory, the editor of the most important newspaper there protested at once against this requirement and characterized it as exceeding the governor's authority and an invasion of the rights of that "great nation," as he called the Jews. This had the practical result of compelling the governor to abstain from putting the law into effect, and Mr. S. Fraenkel, whom the confidence of his fellow citizens soon thereafter elected to Parliament, could take the oath as a Jew according to the dictates of his conscience.

The harbors of Victoria and Esquimault are visited by ten river and sea-going steamers besides many sailing-vessels, both smaller and larger, in order to take care of the constantly growing trade. Six of the steamers belong to the colony, three to the Hudson Bay Company, and two were built by ship companies of Victoria. In addition there

are two steamships that cross the ocean; one of these belongs to Great Britain.

A profitable business in timber, flour and fruit is conducted with the various ports along the Sound; and Victoria enjoys the reputation of having an honest body of merchants. The strict enforcement of English law under an English government may very well prevent them from swindling and cheating their creditors, in contrast to their neighbors in California who – some at least – seem to enjoy the much-praised freedom of America by swindling freely and unhindered those who trust them and then, to boot, calling upon the courts to free them from their obligations under the bankruptcy law in force there.

It is also an important advantage to Victoria that it has been declared a free port. By this means it is building up the best port on the Pacific coast for trade with Asia, Australia and California.

It was my intention, from here, to visit the Russian-American possession of Sitka, in order to become acquainted with the Indians there. From there, I intended to cross the Bering Straits to Kamchatka and then to go to China across the Amur River. But since I was too early – the Indians of the Russian possessions do not arrive until the end of May or in June – I could not wait that long for caravans and therefore decided to become better acquainted with the Indians on Vancouver Island and then to go to Oregon. I proceed now to the description of several Indian tribes.

Chapter III

The Indians of the Pacific Coast

During my brief stay in Victoria, I visited several Indian tribes – those in the immediate vicinity of the city as well as in the territory of Washington on the American side.

The northernmost tribe that I visited from Victoria is a branch of the Hyelas and inhabits a little island north of Queen Charlotte Island.

It is divided into the Kilgamey and Kilkyguse Indians. The Hyela Indians that belong to Queen Charlotte Island are divided into the Queen Charlotte, Gold Harbor, Kide-gate, Skotsky, and Cha-Ching Indians. They have three chieftains who live in Victoria and are called Wyhaw, Kaneho and Stiltah.

The Stickun and Tomgas Indians speak the same language.

The Chimseans are divided into various tribes, namely: Kilcheese, Kilwalgeorge, Keddam, Naas, and other small tribes who live on little islands, north of Vancouver.

The next tribe to the south is the Tilpallahs. They inhabit a small island north of Vancouver.

The Cogwal are the most northern tribe on the island of Vancouver. They again are divided into various tribes. Their headquarters are at Fort Rupert, two miles south of Victoria. There one hears an uninterrupted sound like that of stormy waters, and the Indians say that no one who has undertaken to find the cause of it has ever come back.

The Uquillah, along with two smaller tribes between Uquillah Land and the Seashell tribe, are the next tribes to the south. These are neighbors of the Naniam Indians. Two tribes, the Cowitchen and Samish, live between Naniamo and Victoria. The Indians between Victoria and Naniamo have flat heads, but from Naniamo to Fort Rupert the heads of the Indians are stretched to make them long. North of Fort Rupert they are satisfied to leave their heads in their natural shape. All the Indians on the American side have flat heads.

The total number of Indian tribes in Vancouver and in the neighborhood is twenty-three.

Hyela language:		Kilgamey	Chimsean language:		Kilcheese
"	"	Kilkyguse	"	"	Kilwalgeorge
"	"	Queen Charlotte	"	"	Keddam
"	"	Gold Harbor	"	"	Naas
"	"	Kide-gate	"	"	Pilpallah
"	"	Skotsky	"	"	Cogwal
"	"	Cha-Ching	"	"	Uquilla
Stickun language:		Stickun	"	"	Seashell
"	"	Tomgas	"	"	Naniamo
			Samish language:		Cowitchen

I visited every one of the above tribes and, although the wigwams did not have anything particularly praiseworthy to show, for all that there is something of great interest for the observer in the way of life of these original inhabitants of the land. I met with the friendliest and most courteous reception. They spread the most beautiful and best

of their mats, woven of seaweed, upon the ground to receive me in a fitting manner. Their delicacies, to be sure, with which they wished to regale me, dried fish and dried bear's meat, tempted my palate little. With much trouble I succeeded in making them understand how grateful I should be to have some of their ornaments and articles of clothing. These had, naturally, no real value in themselves, but all the greater value for a collector of curiosities. I succeeded, partly by purchase and partly by gifts made to me, in forming a not unimportant collection of Indian objects.

The Hudson Bay Company introduced among the Indians of the north a general speech (called "Chinook") by means of which the Indians and white men understood each other. This arrangement merits the highest praise and is particularly important for American relationships, because often the greatest variety of languages exist side-by-side and the Indians used to engage in wars with one another for no other reason than that they could not understand each other.

Customs and Usages of the Indians

Although much has been written about the customs and usages of the Indians, many mistaken views of this interesting people still prevail in Europe generally. I, therefore, since I had the opportunity of seeing their way of life for myself, shall not abstain from bringing before the reader some aspects of that life.

The entire tribe of flat-headed Indians has a strange, cruel way of shaping the heads of the growing generation. The head of a new-born child is placed between two boards and so pressed between them that it becomes flat. For what respectable Indian would want a head shaped like a white man's? After the poor child has gone through this cruel process, it is tied to a tree and daily exposed to the rays of the sun for one or two hours to accustom it early to endure the heat of the sun easily on hunting-trips in years to come.

Wedding Ceremonies

A young Indian woman must be bought by the father of the bridegroom. The price is always agreed upon beforehand and consists of cash, woolen blankets, horses or other valuable objects. After the bargain is made, bride and bridegroom go to the spot where the marriage is to take place. The bride goes ahead of her husband-to-be and must lie down on one of the mats spread out on the ground. The bridegroom, led by his friends near the place where his wife-to-be lies stretched out in her holiday clothes, disengages himself from his friends and

rushes towards his beloved. For the time being, however, he is separated from her by force; but from then on she is his wife.

The Watsor tribe in the neighborhood of Carson, in the territory of Utah, has a different wedding-custom. The bridal pair, in the company of almost fifty friends, go to the place fixed for the scene of the ceremony. The bride is handsomely dressed in a red shirt and a silk dress and wears a headband of matting ornamented with three stones of granite: compared to our European head-dress this at least has the advantage of being inexpensive. She sings a melody of the tribe, while her bridegroom executes a frenzied dance. With that the whole ceremony is over.

Other tribes have, in many incidental matters, different ceremonies but, in the main, the wedding ceremonies are like the above.

Healing the Sick

The Indians try to cure the variety of ailments that the human body is subject to by means of roots and herbs. Rheumatism is cured in the following fashion: The sick person is bathed in cold water and is then wrapped in woolen blankets and left to himself until he has cooled off. If, immediately afterwards, he does not stand up well and healthy, his sickness is considered incurable.

Burying the Dead

An idea of the Indian rite may best be obtained from the following description of a ceremony that took place last March in California. Sixty Indians were present, mostly women and children. Twelve women were seated on a place of about twenty square feet. They took turns in holding the corpse, a girl of thirteen who had died in childbirth, on their laps. She was dressed in the best and most beautiful clothing she had and a wreath of beads was about her head so that it covered her eyes. The women present rubbed her with sweet-smelling flowers, shrieked, wept and showed their grief for their departed companion chiefly by a dreadful wailing.

Great heaps of ashes at the same place showed that many similar ceremonies had taken place there and the human bones lying about, together with scattered beads, were treated with the reverence that every people, even the wildest and most savage, show to its dead and all that is connected with them. A heap of wood was gathered and the corpse laid on it. Every woman added a bundle of dried brushwood, while the mother of the dead girl placed a bundle on the head of the corpse. The women continued dancing and wailing; a naked old woman, wailing, leaped at times upon the heaps of ashes of those

who had died before, then climbed the heap of wood and lifted her hands to the sky as if in prayer. The clothes and other possessions of the dead girl were placed next to her on the funeral pyre. Then the corpse was turned face down, head hidden under a covering of plaited rushes. More wood was then placed on the body and the heap set on fire. At this a fearful wailing and screaming was heard again and many women tried to leap into the flaming fire and had to be held back by force. The sight of the burning of the body and the evil smell that the fire gave off were dreadful. When as much as possible of the body had been burnt to ashes, the women smeared themselves with some of the ashes, mixed with tar, and the rest was covered with earth.

Other tribes have another way of burying the dead. A funeral pyre of wood is erected in a triangular shape. Then the corpse is handsomely dressed in its best clothes; the hands and feet are covered with chips of wood; all is set on fire and the ashes are buried. However, there are Indians who bury their dead without cremating them first. These are accustomed to carve a likeness of the dead person in stone or wood and set it up at the head of the grave. Other Indians, again, place their dead in a chest. They bend the corpse backwards and carry it to some island or other without burying it. This tribe does not bury its dead children, either. After one is convinced that a child is dead, it is wrapped in a woolen blanket and hung from a tree. There they remain hanging until the skeletons fall down.

At the death of a chief, his wives, especially those whom he loved most, are buried with him together with his horse and weapons. At this who does not think of the custom prevailing to this day in India of the burning of widows – with their own consent – which the English government has been able to check only partially? But if in India, at least, the attachment to the dead husband and the longing to follow him into eternity may be regarded as a reason for this evil custom, always dependent, as it is, upon the free will of the widow, it may be seen from the following description how among the American Indians this custom, although apparently likewise an act of devotion, has become simply and solely an act of naked barbarism.

An Israelite of Vancouver told me the following, of which he was an eye-witness two years before:

"I heard a loud wailing and a most peculiar noise. Out of curiosity, I went to the place from which the noise seemed to come. Here I learnt that the daughter of an Indian had died and that six of her maid-servants were to be strangled to accompany their mistress in the next world. To my astonishment I found that there was a white girl among these victims of a barbarous custom. I hurried home to bring a woolen

blanket or clothes in which I wished to wrap her and rescue her from the dreadful fate that was waiting for her. However, when I returned, the poor girl had already been strangled and placed beside the chieftain's dead daughter for cremation."

Some of the Indians are very skilful at wood-carving – I bought a few specimens of their skill – and they also make beautiful beadwork. Since travelers and strangers, particularly, are anxious to possess such objects of Indian art, the Indians get good prices for these trifles.

The women are most dissolute and get drunk whenever a white scoundrel gives them the opportunity.* They then become completely wild so that there is no controlling them. Usually they carry loads, bring home game that has been killed, walk beside their husbands with little children tied to their backs, and generally are subjected to a life full of wretchedness and hard labor. They are seldom regarded by their lords and masters as of equal rank and with equal rights.

When the Indian returns from the field of battle, he values no spoil more than the scalp of his enemy. He brings it triumphantly to his village; and only laurels gathered in this fashion can bring him fame and respect.

The Religion of the Indians

A few Indians have become converted to Christianity through the incessant efforts of the missionaries. In general, they still cling to heathendom with great obstinacy. The crudeness of their religious ideas will be made clear by the following tale. A tribe once selected an old man to revere him as a substitute for God. He was given a crown and dressed in precious garments, fed with the best of food, and the tribe bowed before him: in a word, they showed him divine honors. This went on for a while, until a missionary came into the neighborhood. He showed them how ridiculous and foolish their conduct was. However, they did not let themselves be dissuaded from their folly, but insisted that the old man was their god and he could do just what the missionary had boasted of his savior. They were willing to experiment and see if their god, too, could rise from the dead on the third day. For this purpose, they scourged him until he died and then dressed the corpse splendidly and let it lie for three days. However, when

* As a result of their relations with white men, venereal disease has taken root among the Indians. It seems to have been unknown among them before. This dreadful disease is reducing their number frightfully and will result, in my opinion, in the complete dying-out of the race in five or six decades.

their hope for his resurrection was not fulfilled, they buried the body in their fashion, to be sure somewhat disillusioned and put out.

Since we are on the subject of the religion of the Indians, we should not like to omit imparting a fact – from another district, on the opposite side of the American continent – which may provide an example of how the religion of a people is part and parcel of its being and how, upon conversion to another belief, a people is not able to reject former religious ideas and practices. Just as the old Saxons, after the sword of the great king of the Franks compelled them to accept Christianity, practiced their heathen rites for a long time on the Brocken, so the Katarogis, a tribe of Indians living twenty-eight miles southeast of Buffalo, for several years after they had professed Methodist Christianity, were still accustomed to offer twice a year, between Christmas and New Year's and on July fourteenth, according to an ancient heathen rite, a sacrifice of dogs. This took place in the following manner: two white dogs were selected (they had to be without any spots); they were washed, covered with all sorts of spice and hung with gay ribbons. When all the tribe, men, women, and children, had gathered to celebrate the festival, the dogs were hung from a sort of gallows and the entire assembly, first the men and then the women, danced about them. Then the chief approached the dogs, placed his hands on the heads of these animals to be offered as a sacrifice, and uttered a blessing over them. After this procedure, a great fire was set blazing and the sacrifice was consumed in it. Naturally, a large number of spectators from neighboring places were present at this ceremony, attracted by a rite certainly seldom seen in a civilized land.

After the funeral ceremonies of the Indians are over, we noted that they continue to mourn their dead long and deeply. I myself heard them intoning dirges above corpses that had been lying many months on the field – the women, especially, used to do this – and saw how they often left the place where one of them had died years before, because they considered it unlucky. They also tear their hair out in grief for their dead and scratch their faces.

I must also mention the skill which they show in making, as well as in managing, their boats. These are hollowed out very skilfully, partly with no more than a stone and partly by other tools which civilized people also use. (I procured samples of both, the stone they use as well as of their boats.) As for their skill at sea, they know how to evade the dangers of a storm very cleverly. At this women are as skilful as men, and I myself once saw a canoe paddled towards a steamer and reaching it safely during a violent storm.

Chapter IV

The Origin of the Indians

I AM CONVINCED THAT THE INDIANS ARE DESCENDED FROM AN ASIATIC tribe that migrated to America. Many scholars have supposed as much. The difficulties of a passage across the Bering Straits cannot refute this conjecture. The straights were probably much narrower than they are now; but, granting that they were then as wide as at present, the supposition that the ancestors of the present Indians even then had some knowledge of building rafts and of using oars is by no means especially daring or bold.

Since, during my travels in Asia, I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with various Bedouin tribes and several tribes of the East Indies, I will permit myself to call special attention here to several resemblances between the customs of the Indians of America and those of Asiatic peoples.

(1) It is well known that the Indians are divided into many tribes. Some who have looked into the matter have estimated that there are almost four hundred. It is also well-known that each tribe has a chief. This is equally true of the Bedouins of Asia.

(2) Every tribe has its own characteristic speech, so that tribes living immediately next to one another are unable to understand each other. It was only in later times that a few Indians learnt a little English or Spanish. The same applies to the East Indies, where a marked difference of idioms prevails.

(3) In both lands the natives marry only within their own tribes.

(4) Furthermore, in both lands the shape of the body, the heavy features, the thick black hair, and often the clothing also (they are naked or wrapped in blankets) are the same.

(5) In both parts of the world, the original inhabitants do not live in villages, or in towns consisting of houses next to one another, but are scattered and live only in tents and huts. Their life is a migratory one and in the course of a year they change their residence often.

(6) The Indians of America have this in common with the aborigines of the East Indies: they do not raise cattle.

(7) In the East Indies, as well as in America, the aborigines not only know nothing of trading, but do not understand the first thing about agriculture and live only by hunting, fishing, and many also by robbery; raising live-stock and robbery are the only sources of subsistence of the Bedouins, who know nothing of hunting and fishing.

(8) There is no trace of the knowledge of writing, and therefore none of books, either among the American Indians or the aborigines of the East Indies. (It is understood, of course, that in speaking of the East Indians I have in mind not the Hindus, whose upper classes, at least, are highly cultured and have a very important literature, but the original inhabitants of the East Indies who were subsequently degraded socially.) Days, months and years are counted on the fingers. If, for example, one is asked how old he is, he counts his age on his fingers and says he has lived so many winters. The like is true of the Bedouins except that these count according to the summers.

(9) The tribes fight among themselves and have bitter conflicts, so that the bloodiest wars often occur among them. The captives are forced to become servants and maid-servants. The like takes place among the Bedouins.

(10) The dead are not buried in the bosom of the earth but some are burnt and others are left lying on the field. The like is true in the East Indies and among the Bedouins of Kabul northwards.

(11) The women are considered merely slaves (squaws); and this is equally true of both parts of the world.

(12) Polygamy is practiced everywhere. The woman who has fallen into disfavor is sent away without a divorce and is free to marry again at once. We find the like among several of the Bedouin tribes.

(13) The daughters are married off when young – often when they are not even twelve. They are sold or exchanged for horses, blankets and so on. This is also true of the Bedouins.

(14) An Indian man, as well as a Bedouin, rides on a horse while the women run alongside and must often carry his loads and also the youngest child.

(15) Indians, like the Bedouins, tear out their hair in mourning for the dead and lacerate themselves.

(16) Indians, like the Bedouins, do not eat pork.

(17) Both are unclean in all respects: dwelling, clothing and food.

(18) Both press the heads of their children flat – the Bedouins mostly lengthwise so that the turban will stay on better.

(19) The women in both lands are just alike in their clothing, in their ignorance of every kind of handicraft and in every other respect.

A further proof that the Indians of America came from Asia is that

at the discovery of America they knew no other weapon than the bow – just like the peoples of Asia. How important a part this weapon played in Asia even in the earliest times appears in the Holy Scriptures. Accordingly, the migration of the Indians took place in very early times, when as yet no other weapon was known.

With respect to the supposed descent of the Indians from the ten tribes of Israel, I must declare the supposition wholly unfounded. To confirm this, I present a few customs and usages of the ten tribes as found in the Bible in contrast with those of the Indians.

(1) The ten tribes had one king to rule over them and lived at peace with each other (I Kings 12. 20).

(2) All spoke only one language and the Holy Scriptures tell us only of the different pronunciation of a single letter by one tribe (Judges 12. 6). Furthermore, it is a fact to be considered that, although very many of the Hebrews today have no accurate knowledge of their mother tongue, still, in speaking to each other, they use many Hebrew words.

(3) A member of one tribe would marry a member of another – even the kings (I Kings 7. 14; II Chronicles 2. 14; 21. 6).

(4) They lived in properly built houses, villages and towns, engaged in agriculture and did not lead a migratory life (Numbers 32. 1.). They also built a capital for their kingdom (I Kings 16. 24).

(5) They engaged in raising live-stock (Numbers 32. 1).

(6) They were engaged in trading and industrial pursuits (Genesis 49. 13-15; Deuteronomy 23. 18).

(7) They knew how to write (II Kings 10. 1-2).

(8) They kept a chronicle of their history (I Kings 16. 27; II Kings 13, 12; 14. 28, and other places).

(9) They were generous to fellow Israelites in battle, for example, to the tribe of Benjamin. See Judges 21. 3, where it is regretted that the tribe of Benjamin had lost half its numbers in battle and where a way was found for preserving it. Furthermore, see II Chronicles 28. 8-15, where the last verse reads: "And the men that have been named arose and took the captives and with the spoil clothed all that were naked among them, and arrayed them and shod them, and gave them food and drink, and anointed them, and set all that were feeble upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm trees, to their brethren there, and then they returned to Samaria."

(10) They buried their dead. This fact is so well-known that no particular citations are necessary here.

(11) Their great cleanliness according to the Mosaic precepts is sufficiently known (Deuteronomy 23. 12; Leviticus 15. 28).

(12) There could be no divorce without a bill of divorcement (Deuteronomy 24. 1; Isaiah 50. 1; Jeremiah 3. 8).

(13) The women of Israel were each the mistress in her own home: so, Jacob took counsel with his wives. They also rode when they went on a journey while he, most likely, went on foot (Genesis 31. 4-17; II Kings 4. 22-25).

(14) The women were skilled in spinning and needlework from the earliest times. This appears, for example, from the work for the Tabernacle in the wilderness (Exodus 35. 25-26). With respect to later times, compare A. Th. Hartmann's *Die Hebräerin am Putztische und als Braut* (Amsterdam, 1809-10).

(15) With respect to the morality of the Israelites, the Ten Commandments offer striking proof. Compare also Leviticus 19. 29, and Deuteronomy 23. 18.

(16) Their decency with respect to clothing is to be found mentioned in II Samuel 1. 24. Indeed, the Holy Scriptures show us the greatest luxury and display among the Israelite in the matter of clothing.

(17) We find the religious knowledge of Jewish women mentioned in Deuteronomy 31. 12.

(18) Finally, a well-known and important difference between the Indians and Hebrews consists in that the former have hardly any beard and if any sign of it appears no matter how slight, they pluck the hairs out at once; but the Jews, on the contrary, protect the beard by a religious prescript.

It is sufficiently clear, from these eighteen points, that there can be no question that the Indians are not descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. So many and such striking differences can never be made to harmonize with the idea of a common descent. After my observations and the laborious research that I devoted to this subject, I believe that I can say with certainty that the Indian tribes are rather to be compared to the Mongolians, whom they greatly resemble. It is to be supposed that the ancestors of the Indians came from Asia across the Bering Straits. Others who have looked into this subject have also accepted this supposition with more or less certainty. To this day, in the territory of Russia near the straits, there are many Indian tribes.

Chapter V

Journey to Oregon

On February 12, 1861, I went on board the steamer *Santa Cruz* to go to Portland. As we left the straits of Fuca, we were caught in a violent storm and had to run into Navy Bay. While we were moored, a number of Indians visited us. They belonged to the various tribes living there and offered for sale the manifold products of Indian artistic industry. I bought several miniature boats and learnt that these pretty things are made by cutting down trees of a suitable size, small or large, and then hollowing them out by fire and a sharp stone. It was clear that all the work was done in so uncomplicated a fashion that a European artificer would find it hard to complete anything in his field by such simple means.

The next day there appeared among us an Indian with his daughter. The girl was very good-looking. For an Indian she might even be called beautiful. The affectionate father offered to sell her to any one of the passengers. I reproached him for it; but he answered quietly that the dusky girls preferred white men and he saw no harm in what he was doing, especially since he knew that his daughter would become a wife or domestic servant and was created especially for such a purpose. When he saw that there were no buyers for his child, he offered to rent her and asked three dollars for this.

At noon on the fourteenth we left Navy Bay and arrived at Astoria at ten o'clock the morning of the following day.

As stated, this town was named for John Jacob Astor in 1805. It has now no more than two hundred inhabitants. In comparison with earlier days when important business was transacted here, the number of inhabitants shows a marked decline. There is a custom-house, a Masonic lodge, a temperance society, two churches and a public school.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we left Astoria and reached Portland on the sixteenth at two in the morning.*

On this trip I had all of the theatrical company of Stark for companions.

Portland, Multnomah County, State of Oregon

This city lies on the Willamette River. It has a population of three thousand, a public school, a seminary and a private school run by the Sisters of Charity. Almost every sect of Christianity has a church here. The harbor is regularly visited by ships from San Francisco, Victoria and Astoria.

Communication with San Francisco is also maintained by a daily stage-coach. The place has a prison but the management of it is not in the hands of the State: it is turned over to a private person for a lump sum. Only the building itself is the property of the State.

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* *Oregon.* The following geographical description of this land is taken from the *Illustrierte Geographie von Nord und Süd America,* by William Rapp (Second Edition, Philadelphia, 1857).

Oregon is the most western section of the territory of the United States. It is bounded on the north by Washington Territory, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, to the south by Utah and California, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean. It lies between 42 degrees, north latitude, and 46 degrees, 20 minutes; and between 109 degrees, 30 minutes, west longitude, and 124 degrees, 30 minutes. Its area measures 188,000 square miles.

The territory is a veritable mountain-land. In the east the Rocky Mountains rise to a height of 13,570 feet. Between these and the Pacific, the Blue Mountains stretch to the south, extending their spurs in all directions. In general, these mountains are not over three to four thousand feet, although here and there they reach the snow-line. Farther to the west, from 60 degrees north latitude towards the southern part of upper California, stretch the Cascade Mountains with peaks thirteen to fourteen thousand feet high – Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Pilt. Near the Pacific are the mountains of the coast; the range, however, is not parallel to it but extends at a right angle.

The Columbia is the most important river of Oregon and, to some extent, forms the northern boundary. Its neighboring river, the Snake or Lewis, and its tributaries, the Salmon, Henry, and so on, flow through the great valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Blue Mountains. Other tributaries of the Columbia are: the Wallawalla, the Umatilla, and the Willamette. The Umpqua and Rogue rivers flow through the southwestern part of Oregon directly to the Pacific. The Columbia is navigable for 130 miles by larger vessels; the Willamette, Umpqua and Klamath rivers are also navigable. There are several small lakes between the Cascade and Blue Mountains. Oregon has no important bay along its coast and most of the ports are difficult to enter.

The eastern or upper part of Oregon, because of the barren mountainous land, is almost completely unsuitable for agriculture. The central portion offers nothing better than good pasture-land and this only at certain localities. The western part, however, is all the more fertile, particularly the valleys of the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue rivers. Oregon is famous for its woods of

The city has also three saw-mills run by steam, a flour-mill and many other mechanical establishments. Gas and water are supplied.

A large number of merchants live here. Several buy their merchandise in the eastern states but the majority get their goods from near-by San Francisco.

The principal products of the land – and what is has for export – are wheat, timber, cattle and fruit.

There are three newspapers here that appear daily, namely, the *Advertiser*, the *Times* and the *Oregonian*. In addition, there are several weeklies.

In addition, there is a roomy theater here, a hospital, a federal court, an appellate court and the four district courts of the State of Oregon. The State has almost 60,000 white inhabitants. Portland was founded in 1844 – settled on free, government-owned land. Later it was recognized as a city by an act of Congress and granted the rights of a city. With respect to its size, Portland has established the best fire-

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huge pine-trees; the Lambert's pine, particularly, reaches a gigantic height (close to three hundred feet and a circumference of thirty to forty feet). It makes excellent timber and great quantities of it are sent to California and the Sandwich Islands. Other types of wood include cedar, oak, willow and alder. Of wild beasts, there is the deer, the black and the grizzly bear, the elk, the fox, the wolf, the antelope, the beaver and so on. In the spring and autumn there are great flocks of wild geese, other water-fowl and pigeons. Little is known as yet about the minerals of the land but rich deposits of gold are said to exist in the valley of the Rogue River and at Port Oxford.

Like all the lands of the west coast, Oregon has a milder climate than the states along the east coast. In the districts of Oregon along the coast the winter is short and the summer dry and pleasant; in the central part, the summer is likewise dry but the winter much more severe. In the upper part, the weather is quite uncertain and often changes several times in a day.

In 1850 Oregon had a population of more than 13,000, including two hundred colored persons but not including several Indian tribes. Only a small number of the white inhabitants were born in the land. Most of them were from other parts of the Union and not a few from Germany, England, France and Ireland. Since then, the number of immigrants has tripled at least. Their chief occupation is farming. Wheat, oats, barley, turnips and almost all vegetables and fruits of the central states flourish excellently. Manufacturing is still in its infancy. Trade is more important. Oregon is connected with San Francisco by a steamship-line with regular sailings and ships timber, flour, beef and pork, eggs, poultry and butter to California. Great herds of cattle are driven towards the gold-mines of California. Commercial relations have also been established with Rio de Janeiro, Europe and the Sandwich Islands.

The condition of the schools has recently been much improved. There are also several academies.

The government is like that of the other organized territories.

Inhabited places: Oregon City, on the right bank of the Willamette, about a thousand inhabitants; Portland, on the Willamette, fifteen miles from its mouth, an active center of trade and business, about six thousand inhabitants; Milton with seven hundred inhabitants, and so on.

fighting arrangements of all the cities on the Pacific coast. There are three fire-engine companies and a hook-and-ladder company. The engines are of the very best, brought from the East, and everything is kept in perfect order. The companies consist of citizens who have volunteered their services. The city pays the expenses necessary to maintain the machines.

Portland has also two lodges of the Freemasons, an Oddfellows' lodge, a temperance society, a Royal Arch chapter and an "encampment." Both Masonic orders and an Irish society are engaged chiefly in philanthropic activities.

The city is in a flourishing condition. The climate is mild and agreeable and the health of the inhabitants excellent. There is no doubt that Portland will always remain – as it is – the chief city of Oregon.

There are almost a hundred Israelites in Portland and in all of the State about 250. In spite of the fact that all the Jews living in the State are well-to-do, there is only a cemetery to give visible proof of their religious feeling and needs. For some time they have been planning to build a synagogue. (Later, as I learnt in California, they actually set about doing so.) They assemble for congregational services on the holidays; but, previously, they maintained neither a *hazzan* (cantor) nor a *shohet* (slaughterer of animals and poultry according to religious requirements). Recently, however, they engaged a *hazzan* and a teacher to instruct their children in Hebrew. The latter receives a thousand dollars a year. I cannot say much in praise of their benevolence, but, for the sake of historical accuracy, must report just the contrary. They are most stingy. Perhaps the cold and damp climate has affected their hearts and killed every warm feeling.

During my stay in Portland I learnt that the Indian-agent, Kane, was in the city. I asked him to tell me some particulars about the Snake Indians. He regretted his inability to do so, but promised that he would answer all my questions – of which he made a copy – as well as he could, as soon as he was familiar with their history and customs.

These questions were as follows:

FIRST QUESTION: Do the Indians – those who have never had any religious instruction – believe in one God? If so, by what name do they refer to Him? Do they believe Him to be a merciful God, or one who punishes the guilty?

SECOND QUESTION: Do they believe in the existence of angels or demons? How do they refer to them and what powers do they ascribe to them?

THIRD QUESTION: What is their belief about the creation of the world? Do they believe that the world has always been in existence or that it

is due to an act of creation? In the latter case, how many years is it, according to their estimate, since such creation?

FOURTH QUESTION: How many years, according to their estimate, is it since the creation of the first man? By what name is the first man known among them?

FIFTH QUESTION: How many months in their year? What do they call the months? How many days in a month? Are all their years alike or do they know of the device of the leap-year? Is their year based on the course of the sun or the moon?

SIXTH QUESTION: Do they keep the first day of every month as a holiday? Have they a day of rest and, if so, on what day of the week? What holidays and festivals do they celebrate and how many? In what months and on what days of the month? How long do their festivals last? Who or what originated their festivals and what do they signify? How long has their religion existed?

SEVENTH QUESTION: From whom are the Indians descended and by what names were their forefathers known? How many years back does their historical tradition go? Have their ancestors come from a foreign land and, if so, what land?

EIGHTH QUESTION: Do they believe that good deeds are rewarded and evil ones punished? Do they believe that such reward or punishment is in this world or the next?

NINTH QUESTION: Do they believe in dreams, prophecy and those who foretell the future? What sort of belief is it and how extensive? Have they any prophets or soothsayers among them at present?

TENTH QUESTION: Do they believe in the resurrection of the dead or in the transmigration of the soul?

ELEVENTH QUESTION: Does their religion rest on sacred writings or merely on oral tradition?

TWELFTH QUESTION: Have they any knowledge of the courses of the stars? By whom and for what purpose were these – according to their belief – created?

THIRTEENTH QUESTION: What ceremonies do they observe at the birth of a child, at a wedding, and at death? What is the origin of these customs?

FOURTEENTH QUESTION: Do they believe that the world will be destroyed some day and at a fixed date?

FIFTEENTH QUESTION: Is the rank of chief hereditary or is the chief elected from among the people? How many chiefs have they had? What were their names? How long did each of them rule? What are the names of the families from which these chiefs descended?

SIXTEENTH QUESTION: Do they, or do they not, pray from books or

a sort of Bible? If not, what is the customary manner of praying? Is there a copy of their prayers to be had?

SEVENTEENTH QUESTION: Is there present among them any belief of the final union of all mankind and their religions?

Unfortunately, I could not extend my stay among the Indians long enough to enable me to become acquainted with their *ti* (spirits). The answers to all these questions, with respect to the tribes I visited, would only then have been possible. Nevertheless, I have managed to learn the following about them: and I add it to supplement what I had to say about the religion of the Indians.

They believe in an invisible and all-mighty being that is the lord of all that exists; they call it "Sah-ha-ly-ti" – the spirit of spirits. Sah-hah-ly-ti rewards the good and punishes the evil. But they believe, in addition, in demons and evil spirits that do harm to people. Therefore, such must not be vexed. Those who bury their dead believe in a life after death; but those who burn their dead are of the opinion that the soul also dies. Several tribes believe that they perform a humane duty to their old and infirm when they put them to death in order to free them from the burdens of age and lingering sickness. Sons, accordingly, will often kill their own fathers out of filial affection!

They believe that Sah-ha-ly-ti reveals himself to certain persons in a dream, gives them commands and discloses the future. For example, at the end of 1860, a seer appeared among the Indians in the neighborhood of Walla-Walla (Washington Territory) who declared that Sah-ha-ly-ti had appeared to him in a dream and commanded that the Indians should arise and destroy all the white people. This announcement caused great excitement among the "red-skins" but they hesitated to act in accordance with it out of fear of the white men's might. At that, the seer repeated the account of his vision twice and incited them to the swift destruction of the white men – whom Sah-ha-ly-ti wished to deliver into the hands of the "red-skins." But the chieftains of several tribes were afraid that the Federal government would anticipate them and attack them. Therefore, of their own accord, they turned the seer over to the commander of the nearest fort and he had the seer hanged.

Chapter VI

Oregon City, Clackemas County

On February twenty-first, I went on board the steamer *Express* to go to Oregon City on the Willamette River. Oregon City is about twelve miles from Portland.

A short distance upstream there are two small islands, called the Rush Islands. Half-way between Oregon City and the mouth of the river is a small place on the left bank called Milwaukee. This town was formerly in a flourishing condition, but is now in a state of gradual decline. A great orchard, two square miles in area, adjoins the town and belongs to a Mr. Adair. He ships a hundred-thousand-dollars-worth of fruit annually to California.

Two miles farther is a place called Osnego. The only thing of note about it is that it has a high-school and a saw-mill. Three miles farther upstream is a settlement called Rapids, after the rapids which in the months of July and August are very strong there and dangerous to boatmen. Somewhat farther on is a little river that empties into the Willamette. It is named after an Indian chief, Clackemas, who used to live in that part of the country.

The trip was really very pleasant. Both sides of the river had a romantic and arresting aspect. Gardens, fields under cultivation, herds of cattle at pasture, with here and there the sight of deer or other wild animals, charmed the eye in a most beautiful variety of scenes until, at half-past eleven, we reached Oregon City.

This place was founded in 1842 by Dr. John Laughlin and lies at the Willamette falls. It has five hundred inhabitants. There is a Methodist seminary here and a Baptist college. In addition to the public schools, there is a private academy conducted by Mr. Lev. D. Post.

A weekly newspaper is published here, the *Oregon Argus*. As for industrial plants and the like, these consist of three important flour-mills, two iron-foundries and a machine-shop.

There is also a fire-fighting society in Oregon City and a lodge of the Freemasons. This was the first to be founded on the Pacific coast.

In addition, the place has a Royal Arch chapter, a lodge of the Oddfellows, a temperance society, and so on.

The population of the town, at present, is not increasing particularly, but, just as soon as the number of factories of the State increase to a greater extent, the place will become of unusual importance because of its excellent water-power.

All goods and freight of the country, going upstream as well as down, must be unloaded here to be transhipped: this gives rise to an extensive warehousing and cartage business. Below the town, the river is navigable all year but, above, it is navigable only during the three summer months.

The place is certainly one of the most healthful in Oregon.

A tribe of Indians lives in the neighboring hills. Here a peculiar tobacco is grown: the plant reaches a height of ten feet and is about a foot in diameter. From it comes the smoking-tobacco people are so fond of under the name "Kinnikinick." The leaf of this plant is called "cynus."

From Oregon City I went to Salem. This town is about forty miles from Oregon City. It is the capital of the State and has almost 1200 inhabitants. It has an advanced school for young ladies, two public schools, a lodge of the Freemasons, the "blue lodge" of the Oddfellows and other benevolent societies.

From Salem one goes by steamer to Albany, twenty-five miles away, then Cravallis, nine miles farther, and then Eugene City, thirty-five miles farther on. Beyond this point, the river is no longer navigable. All in all, the Willamette is navigable for 133 miles.

At Eugene City the Calapodia Mountains begin, and then, across Rush Mountain, one arrives at Jacksonville. Because of the discovery of a valuable deposit of quartz that became known as the "Ish" claim or ore, this town had a great attraction for travelers and in earlier times was very well known. Jacksonville is a settlement consisting half of miners and half of farmers; it lies in one of the world's most beautiful valleys.

This valley is about thirty-five miles long and from one to twenty miles broad. From whatever spot one looks at it, it affords a most charming and picturesque view. Its slopes always green; the hills covered with the most splendid trees; the well-cultivated farms showing the dark soil, newly ploughed; the fresh pale-green of wheat, just beginning to grow above ground — in short, everything creates the impression of a landscape for which the beauty of nature and the industry of man have cared in like measure. Little streams, babbling and murmuring, ripple down the tall mountains (that rise almost immediately

in front of the spectator) and then flow on through forests of oak or fields of grain so that almost all the southwest part of the valley can be watered by them.

In the midst of this amphitheater full of charm and splendor lies the flourishing little town of Jacksonville, a place of the greatest importance for the entire neighborhood. Here the inhabitants of the valley and the surrounding settlements get all their necessaries. Crescent City is the busiest of all places along the sea-coast. The Indians have caused the residents of the whole valley —from the very first settlement and continuously since — much trouble. About 120 families live in a circumference of twelve miles from Jacksonville. About eight miles to the southwest of it is a district, very desirable for the purposes of mining, called Sterlingville and there is every reason to believe that it will become one of the leading places of the State. Here is everything aplenty: all that is lacking is water.

The mines were discovered in February by two men, Cluggage and Port. They were prospecting for gold. In that year there were only three log-cabins in the valley.

After this most interesting and rewarding trip, I returned to Portland.

The soil of Oregon is most suitable for agriculture, and there is also an important trade with California. Exports consist chiefly of butter, eggs, flour and fruit. Apples and cider play a leading part among the products of the State; the apples grown there are of so large a size that they often weigh eight pounds.

Lately, according to newspaper reports of November 2, 1861, important gold-mines have been discovered at Nes Profes and other places. Indeed, the reports about these discoveries are truly wonderful: for example, during my stay, $40,000 in gold-dust arrived at Victoria from the above-mentioned places. Very important deposits of coal were also discovered when I was in the State.

Israelites are to be found scattered everywhere. They are doing very well. Thrifty and saving, they are, on the whole, very well-off.

During the last year, Oregon with a white population of 60,000 and a colored population of 20,000 to 30,000, became a new state in the republic of the United States of North America.

Vancouver, Capital of the Territory of Washington

On the twenty-second of February, I boarded the steamer *Vancouver* to go to the city of the same name, eighteen miles from Portland. Twelve miles of this distance were traversed on the Willamette

River and six miles along the Columbia into which the Willamette empties.

This town was laid out in 1820 by the Hudson Bay Company and was considered one of the most beautiful and salubrious towns along the Pacific. From this place one enjoys a splendid view of the snow-covered summits of Mt. Hood, Mt. Helen and Mt. Jefferson.

The city has several churches, one high-school for boys, one for girls and a public school.*

The city is the seat of the government and of the federal court. The higher court of the territory also sits here.

The city has 1200 inhabitants and a superb and roomy harbor, deep enough to receive the largest steamers.

* *Washington Territory*. We take the geographical description of this land from the above-mentioned geography.

"Washington was organized in 1853 as a separate territory out of the northern part of Oregon. It is the most northwestern part of the territory of the United States and is bounded on the north by the straits of Juan de Fuca (that separate it from the island of Vancouver) and by British America; in the east by the Rocky Mountains; to the south by Oregon; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. The territory extends from the 46th degree to the 49th degree, north latitude, and from the 110th degree to the 125th degree, west longitude, and has an area of about 120,000 square miles. Its formation is like that of Oregon. The highest peaks of the Cascade Mountains are those of St. Helen and Rainier; the former is 13,000, and the latter 12,000 feet high. The highest peak of the coastal range is Mt. Olympus, 8197 feet high.

Of the rivers, the following should be mentioned: the Columbia and both its branch rivers, also coming from British America – the Okanagan and the Yakima. Other important tributaries of the Columbia flow from the Rocky Mountains, among these the Clark and Lewis rivers. Except for the Columbia, the Chekalis is the only important river that empties directly into the Pacific. Most of the rivers of Washington are navigable only by boats and canoes. In addition, navigation is made more difficult by the many falls and rapids.

The territory is rich in bays. By means of the Straits of Juan de Fuca the Pacific is connected with Admiralty Inlet, Puget's Sound and Hood's Canal, three arms of a great bay stretching in a southerly direction from Georgia Gulf; but landing in these bays, although they are navigable by the largest ships, is difficult because of the steep shores. The mouth of the Columbia River is also difficult of passage, because of the sand-banks and shallows. In the eastern part of the land are several lakes. The climate is almost like that of Oregon, likewise the soil; but Washington has more plains. It has also the same abundance of forest and timber. The animals are also alike.

As for the population, no statistics are as yet available. The few white men live on friendly terms with the various Indian tribes because these are very friendly and in part, especially along Puget's Sound, civilized. The occupation of the white men and of the civilized Indians is chiefly farming; at the same time, timber is an important product and saw-mills have been built at suitable places.

Populated places: Olympia, the capital, on the southern end of Puget's Sound in a fertile district, a good harbor, population unknown but growing rapidly; other settlements are: Nesqually, New York, Port Townsend and so on, on Puget's Sound and Admiralty Inlet; Pacific City, Monticello, Fort Vancouver and so on, on the Columbia."

There is a court-house here and a prison, an asylum of the Sisters of Charity, a lodge of the Freemasons, a temperance society and an Irish charitable society.

The soil in the vicinity is very fertile and produces wheat, oats, barley, Indian corn, potatoes and all sorts of vegetables and fruit of the best quality.

The city is growing rapidly and promises to overshadow Portland in Oregon soon. Its situation makes it so exceptionally suitable for a forwarding-place for the interior that it will soon outstrip its rivals.

The old fort of the Hudson Bay Company, abandoned in 1860, is now being torn down and the ground will be used for the United States Army. It is said that an artillery-school will be built here. The garrison is already here, very close to the town.

Fifty miles above are the waterfalls. All goods, going beyond, must be unloaded and transported five miles overland. For this purpose a good road has been built. The goods are then placed on steamships again, brought to The Dalles, again transported by land and then once more shipped by steamer to Walla-Walla. From there they are carried by mules and wagons to the mines.

The land west of the Cascade Mountains is very wooded. To the east, on the other hand, it has very little wood but is excellent for growing grain and for raising cattle.

In this territory extensive deposits of coal have been discovered. They are beginning at present to be exploited on a large scale. In addition, good limestone has been discovered and many other useful minerals.

In the spring the Columbia swarms with large and fat salmon, sturgeon and cod.

For the most part, the merchants obtain their goods from San Francisco. Five steamers go up and down the Columbia from this place.

There are six Jewish families here and they are all well-to-do.

Three steamers leave Portland daily for the Cascade Mountains and return.

The distance from Portland to Vancouver is eighteen miles by water but only six by land, and from Vancouver to the Cascade Mountains forty-five miles. The trip by land, that is necessary in order to go around the falls, is five miles. From The Dalles to a place known as Deschutes is fifteen miles. Two boats are being built, one to go still farther upstream to Priest Rapids.

In all Washington Territory (which has 13,000 white inhabitants and 30,000 Indians), I have been assured that just as in Oregon, no thunder is heard throughout the year.

Chapter VII

Prospecting for Gold in the Cascade Mountains

The publisher of the *Vancouver Chronicle* was kind enough, at my request, to let me have the following characteristic description of prospecting for gold in the Cascade Mountains.

> A detailed and complete account of the discoveries of gold in the Cascade Mountains, together with notes on a journey and its incidents in those wild and uninhabited regions, as well as a story of the Indian who lives in that lonely corner of the world, together with his customs, habits, traditions, religion and so on, by Loo-wit-lat-kla:

What is gold here?

What is yellow, glittering, precious gold? Powerful enough to change black into white and the ugly into the beautiful; to make the unjust just, the base noble, the old young, the timid brave. Why? It is able to entice your priests and your servants away from you and even to take the pillow from under the heads of powerful men. This yellow salve can give thieves rank and furnish them with titles and orders, yes, it wins for them the applause of the Senators seated on the judges' bench.

During the last eight or ten years the good people of this settlement and the immediate neighborhood were subject to periodic attacks of "gold-fever." This seduced little companies and single individuals to set out and spend days and weeks exploring the large and small sandbanks of the Lewis River, as well as the rugged shores of its tributaries, for the treasure they thought hidden there. Since these companies seldom failed to "find evidence" of gold, their return, naturally, caused great and mighty excitement and the result was sufficient, for several years, to encourage and spur on others to similar undertakings.

At about this time several persons, connected with the Hudson Bay Company, who had spent some time in the Cascade Mountains where the northern branch of the Lewis River originates, brought reports of "good prospects" for gold which, according to them, were to be seen along several tributaries flowing from the east. The "gold fever" returned at once, stronger, indeed, than ever. Several companies, driven

by a foolish zeal to be the first to profit by the newly-discovered El Dorado, left the settlement with very little stores of food and tools to hurry to the mines. Naturally, they could not remain away from the valley very long without a store of food and, as was only to be expected, they had to return very soon. These prospectors, on their return, were assailed on all sides by the questions of the curious. When the prospector, by way of answer, showed the small portion of gold-dust that was his as the only fruit of countless washings and unspeakable hardships, the eyes of his listeners sparkled and shone with excitement.

Nowadays, to be sure, such tokens would serve to frighten away, sooner than encourage, others; but then they were regarded as irrefutable evidence of the presence of gold mines immeasurably rich. And when the miner declared that he wished to go back "next week," quite a crowd of anxious people usually came rushing up to ask if they might not take part in the expedition, perhaps, and join the company. I have been told by an eye-witness that persons who returned to the settlements with evidence of gold that could be seen only through a microscope were regarded by some of the settlers as people singularly favored by Providence, born "with a golden spoon in their mouth," and from then on they were "lucky dogs." But these illusions would have vanished soon if the good people of the settlements had reckoned the proportion that the time lost from work, the endless toil spent at prospecting, and the health which was often sacrificed bore to the infinitesimal fund obtained.

In 1855 or 1856, during the Indian war, when the volunteers were stationed on the Chalacha plain, several of them, on their expeditions between the mountain streams and the tributaries of the northern branch of the Lewis River, found particles of gold at various places. One of these discoverers assured me he found five dollars' worth of gold at one place; another had filled a match-box of the usual size with gold-dust; and a third described a place where he claimed he picked up grains of gold worth eight dollars. These, and similar reports made to various persons from time to time, had the result of attacking a large number of enterprising people, of otherwise sound judgment, with the old sickness once more. The results, however, were just as slight as before. Many were unlucky because they came too early or too late, because the weather was soon too wet or too dry, the river soon too high or too low, because there was too much or too little snow, and so on. These, and similar reasons, are still advanced to this very day and, because they are venerable and have become sacred out of habit, I am convinced that no one who wishes to reflect upon his summons

to go prospecting will permit himself for a moment to doubt its strength or value.

The hard times that prevailed throughout Oregon and Washington Territory were especially oppressive in this little valley during the past spring and summer. At the moment, nothing of their destructive power has as yet abated. The desire to be free of such a feeling of depression has goaded people to look about for ways and means to make it possible for them to pay their taxes and debts. Neither grain, nor hay, nor cattle can be sold, even at the lowest prices. Consequently, money has become so scarce in this neighborhood, people are compelled to accept horses, bee-hives and calves instead of cash.

From May 1860 to the time of this writing, the mountains and streams have never, or seldom, been without prospectors for gold. Their reports have been as different as their characters.

For the last report that we had the opportunity of hearing we are obliged to two gentlemen who set out on a prospecting trip about September 1860. Even as their predecessors did, so they found gold everywhere, but in such insignificant quantities that it was very difficult for them to gather it. However, according to their reports which appeared in several newspapers, their efforts were finally crowned with success.

They said that they had discovered mines yielding three dollars a day per man. Certainly, the publication of such a report is just the thing to awaken anew the eagerness for mining along the Lewis River. However, I have as yet been unable to see any gold-dust that reached this valley. I have also heard nothing of any enterprising spirit somewhere or other who, upon this report, wished to establish a bank here or an agency to buy up the gold to be found. I have also heard that one of the two gentlemen, mentioned above, has become convinced that "the new gold-mines" would not pay him enough.

During August 1860, six or eight gentlemen proposed organizing a little company to go along the new road to Kalima in order to enjoy the pleasures of the country for a while. Before they could carry out their intention, they heard the news of the rich gold-mines discovered at the northern branch of the Lewis River. The previous plan of the trip was at once extended to include *dulce cum utili* or, in plain American, that they might have in mind the finding of precious metal as well as pleasure. They were suddenly moved by the desire to become acquainted, fully and thoroughly, with that "unusually interesting" neighborhood. But to be able to satisfy fully this lofty thirst for knowledge, our company found it appropriate to buy a complete outfit of the mining-tools required for the purpose, to provide themselves with

an additional store of provisions and, with the unalterable resolution of seeing the elephant, with or without his trunk, they directed their steps to the gold-regions at the sources of the Lewis River. I will try to tell the story, which I myself had the honor of hearing, of the progress of this new company and of the result of their labors.

The new company set out on September nineteenth to visit the "new mines at the Lewis River." One of our horses was very unwilling to do so when she felt on her back, instead of her master, the dead weight of her load. It is possible that the noble steed rebelled against the materialistic degeneracy of our days. In any event, she suffered the fate that most idealists are accustomed to suffer and had to submit to her dishonorable fate. However, when relying on this we let her loose among the other pack-animals, the old defiance stirred in her suddenly and with a powerful jerk and the cleverest movements the noble animal tried to break the bonds so repugnant to her character and being. In vain! Just as many a young hero, after his dreams of unrestrained freedom, must submit with humility and resignation to a dry and unpoetical life, so our Rosinante had to accommodate herself to the calling that destiny had assigned to her and, though she let her contempt for it be known clearly enough, she endured it with philosophic calm and equanimity. This was, indeed, the worst of omens for our undertaking which, from an idealistic "pilgrimage to the sources of nature," had turned into a pursuit after that earthly idol – gold.

As we began our trip anew, we went forward about four miles until we came to the house of a gentleman who happened to be away just then. We took peaceful possession of the house at once and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Since there was only one among us who had ever left his home before, we appointed him to the post of "bell-boy" – a position he entered upon with proper dignity. Inasmuch as there was only a single path before us and we had no rivers to wade and there were no wolves to disturb us, it was very easy for our newly-elected "bell-boy" to do his duty to our complete satisfaction, and we journeyed on cheerfully to the music of the horse-bell. Suddenly – let the kind reader be prepared for the worst that his imagination can picture, his heart concoct! – suddenly the music was silent and the expedition came to a dead halt. Our leader was in a state of perplexity: a path diverged here from ours and his knowledge of geography was insufficient to suggest which of the two to follow. We took the path to the right. It led us into bushes growing close together, and our own lives no less than that of the animals were endangered. Our Rosinante fell over a tree-trunk. The "bell-boy" turned into the foot-path and we followed it without difficulty until we came to the

Camas prairie. This little plain is very well watered and will soon become very valuable for raising cattle and growing grain. We saw many bears in this neighborhood and turned to hunting them but, no matter how we tried, could not succeed in killing one and getting its skin to serve us as a trophy.

Half a day's journey brought us to Chalacha, a beautiful, undulating plain, that probably measures about three thousand acres. Formerly, there were a few improvements on it, but they were abandoned during the Indian war. Recently a few families have again settled at the old places. Unlike the Camas prairie, this is surrounded on all sides by tall mountains. They give it an appearance of complete isolation and loneliness.

The road from the place where the Lewis River is crossed to this plain goes through beautiful country. Not a small part of it is most suitable for cultivation; the timber is splendid and the loveliest streams ripple through the woods, so that all nature invites the pioneer to this neighborhood to take possession of a soil so highly favored.

Our arrival at Chalacha did not cause the sensation that an expedition of such extensive scientific significance merited. We comforted ourselves, however, with the reflection that perhaps even the arrival of his Royal Highness would not attract a great deal of attention here, since the population of Chalacha amounts at most, *summa summarum*, to twenty persons.

Shortly after we made our camp, we were visited by a miner who had just come from the gold mines across the canyon. His report was so favorable that we decided to establish our headquarters where we were and make our way next morning to the canyon. Before setting out, we agreed that this miner should be our leader. At the time of our departure he was not quite ready to travel. We followed the directions he gave and began one of the most tiresome and unpleasant trips that one can imagine. Our man did not follow us as he had promised. We learnt later that he went in another direction in order to make the necessary arrangements for settling, so that he could return "next week."

On the morning of the twenty-third, we arose before dawn. Our souls were full of hope and enthusiasm for we were only three miles from the place where a daily gain of from five to ten dollars awaited us for work that was not too difficult – according to the definite assurances of trustworthy people. After breakfast, our company set earnestly to work to find gold. The entire bank, east of the river, was soon thoroughly explored. In every pan of sand or earth there was the color of gold, but this gold was so minute that the naked eye could

hardly discover it. We made a bridge over the river and went to the other side. Here we explored every sandbank and every tiny stream. Finally we came to the hole from which one gentleman had assured me that he had taken five dollars' worth of gold in a few hours. However, we could not even succeed in "finding the color." We reached our camp again with somewhat diminished enthusiasm. We had brought back with us from our expedition, to be sure, no material wealth; on the other hand, we had become considerably wiser.

We spent two days more in wearisome exploration in the neighborhood of Big Canyon Creek and soon convinced ourselves that we were not in a gold-region. If we had not believed the assurances of men in whose integrity we had firm confidence that the places they described rewarded richly those who worked there, we should not have entertained the idea for a moment that gold could be found in this place in great quantity, since neither the geological formation of the land nor a comparison of its outward appearance with regions that were really gold-regions justified this supposition. Inasmuch as for the time being we had thus failed in the chief purpose of our trip, we set about returning to our headquarters at Chalacha. We explored the little streams along the way and reached our camp about mid-day on the twenty-fourth.

Since we still could not get rid of the hope of finding places that would yield ten to twelve dollars a day, we decided to resume our journey in the direction of Mt. Helen. The reason for this hope of ours was the thought that the fine particles of gold which we found in every sand-bank originally were part of larger pieces. These, we believed, were hurled by the waters, flowing together over the falls, into the usual basins, where the larger lumps were reduced to microscopic particles by the constant rolling of the rocks. Our task was now to find these "original deposits" or nuggets. Accordingly, we went on northward along the Simcoe road until we reached the valley of the stream, about six miles east of Chalacha. The southern end of the valley is very narrow, sandy, the soil poor and barren. To the north of the valley the quality of the soil is much better, but the limited expanse of ground will prevent the settlement of the place for many years. Two miles beyond the "upper crossing" of the Lewis River we waded across a swift stream that was not inferior to the purest crystal in clarity or to ice for cold.

At one place, very close to the road, this little stream forms one of the loveliest little waterfalls that one can imagine. The stream is divided by rocks and then leaps over a precipice, fifty feet deep, to form a single stream again below; together with the splendid forest of pines

and cedars through which it flows, it provides the most glorious of sights. Another mile brought us to the Spitye plain, where we made our camp for the night. This splendid plain measures five hundred acres of almost completely even ground and is thickly covered with grass. The woods all about it are splendid: cedars, pines, hemlocks and alders grow to an enormous height. Unlike almost all the other woods of this land, this forest is completely free of the thick underbrush which makes clearing the ground so tedious, difficult and costly. There are no traces of gold to be found here, yet I am certain, that proper cultivation of this land will yield an industrious man greater gain than any of the gold-mines recently discovered bring in for the same work and industry. Our road for the following miles ran close to the bank of the stream, until we came to a little valley that was completely covered with volcanic rock. South of us, on the opposite side of the stream, there rose a huge mountain of volcanic origin: it towered up to the clouds – almost perpendicular. Along the west side of this mountain, the stream rushed on at a furious speed for several miles.

We had so lost our way that we hardly knew in what direction to turn. Late in the afternoon, one of our company suddenly met an Indian – who was almost frightened out of his wits. And, no wonder, for our man was totally unacquainted with the Chinook speech. He appeared to the Indian like some evil spirit looking for his life: an idea that filled the poor man with such terror that he trembled in every limb. Meanwhile, our interpreter made him quickly understand that we were no demons but only innocent travelers who had lost their way. While we were still engaged in talking to him, another Siwash Indian, John Boston, came to pay his respects to us and advised us to return by way of the volcanic rocks. Since the way ahead was hard to find and it was also necessary to climb over a fairly difficult mountain, we made the first-mentioned Indian, whose name was John Staps, the proposal that he undertake the post of pilot. He consented on condition that we wait for him until the day after the next, and he enlarged upon the difficulties of the way in detail and assured us that it was impossible for white men to reach the summit of the mountain. We felt no desire to spend two days without anything to do in that wilderness and tried to persuade John to begin the journey the following morning. He had many objections to this and insisted that he had all kinds of other urgent matters to attend to. Even our principal and most reliable means, the "almighty dollar," was called into action and was just as unsuccessful as our eloquence. So we spent the time hunting and looking for gold and climbed a high mountain from which we could see Mt. St. Helen plainly.

Chapter VIII

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS, *Continued*

ON THE DAY SET, STAPS CAME AND WITH HIM HIS FRIEND AND AN OLD blind Indian. In less than half a mile, the ascent of Mt. St. Helen really began. A general idea of its height can be obtained from the fact that the distance from its base to the summit is twenty miles. Here – where the ascent began – we met John Staps' family, consisting of an Indian woman, a boy in a cage, and a young dog. The Indian woman was seated on the ground with a vessel between her knees and was eating. The cage with the little child was leaning against a tree and the child was having his breakfast of berries. The little dog, on the other hand, seemed to have more freedom: it climbed into the vessel and helped itself.

In spite of the disgust that we all felt at the sight of the family, one of our young companions, tempted by the agreeable appearance of the berries, had the courage to thrust his hand into the vessel and help himself. Madam Staps, at the continuation of this attack upon her berries, feared, it seemed, too great a loss and immediately covered the vessel. As a result, the little dog remained for some time imprisoned in it, although, perhaps, this was its principal residence.

At ten o'clock we climbed a steep height from which we had a full view of the summit of Mt. St. Helen. The rising ground between us and the summit seemed to be covered with the same volcanic rock and slag that we had come across in the valley below. At the same time, the unevenness of the ground seemed so slight that we began to think that our guide and his friend had deceived us and that we could reach the top of the mountain without any difficulty whatever. However, we were to be set free from that sweet illusion only too quickly. For, after we had gone two miles in the direction we first took, our guide showed us, directly in front of us, an almost bottomless abyss stretching from a lofty, perpendicular mountain in the east to a mountain no less mighty in the west. This abyss put a sudden end to our progress forward.

Our leaders now turned sharply to the southeast. We were now going away from the summit and seemed to be going straight back. The company began to complain. The volcanic surface of the ground was now rougher and more difficult to cross. Large crevices and deep holes hindered our passage. To the north of us a high mountain towered

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up and a chasm, two hundred feet deep, cut off any way to the valley. In addition, our guides often lost their way. But, after we had wandered about in this fashion in all directions of the compass until three o'clock, our guides again set off towards Mt. St. Helen and we soon came to even ground that extended for more than three miles. We now left the valley with its volcanic surface and went through the woods in a westerly direction. The rain that had been falling gently for several hours became constantly more violent and the blackberry bushes were drenched with it so that we became thoroughly wet — through and through. However, because of the improvement of the ground, our horses had it much easier and we went on more quickly. During our ride through this wood of huge trees, the beating of our horses' hoofs produced a ringing sound not unlike the noise that heavy wagons make crossing a bridge. How the weight of those enormous trees was sustained is a mystery. There were large and deep holes to be seen everywhere.

The species of trees changed. The red pine of the valley and the hill was replaced by the gigantic hemlock, the balsam-fir, or the pitch-pine. Moss and lichen became more plentiful. Soon the lowest forms of plant-life appeared. Thick clouds hung about the summit of St. Helen and hid it from our sight. Shortly after we passed the "narrow way," our guides crossed a gorge formed by the melting snows, and we followed it for three miles. Then we left it, crossed a little crevice to the east, and on the twenty-seventh of September made our camp at the brink of a deep abyss through which a great stream poured its flood. The rain now came down in bucketsful. The Indians said that the Americans were to blame for the bad weather because they chattered so much.

After supper, our interpreter tried to discover the views of the Indians about this mountain. John, however, was still busy eating and his only answer to all inquisitive questions was: "Americans are great people: they eat much and talk much at one and the same time. A Siwash can't." After he would rebuff his questioner in this manner, he gave himself up to the business of supper with all zeal. Frankly, we need not have been surprised that John, after a trip of twenty miles through very rough country without having had anything to eat all day except a breakfast of berries, developed an excellent appetite. After he had spent about an hour in satisfying his appetite, he declared himself ready "to chat all night."

He said that the only group that ever left the settlements to climb Mt. St. Helen was a party of the Hudson Bay Company under the leadership of old Mr. Levis. Of this group, several went by land and

others by water, under the leadership of an Indian guide, to the Spitye Prairie. Here it began to rain and at that the courage of several of the party vanished and they wanted to return, but others insisted on going ahead. The guide refused to proceed unless he was granted a bonus of woolen blankets. Those who wished to go ahead threatened to shoot him, but the others stood by him. A very angry scene followed and the upshot was that the whole party went back. This happened about twenty years before. Since the return of the above party, only one or two persons, now and then, ventured to climb the mountain; but they never reached the top. Indeed, no white man had even gone as far as the place where we were then.

We camped near the timber-line and let our horses loose on a beautiful undulating plain that was at an elevation to the south of us. We then made the necessary preparations for the main purpose of our trip – the ascent of Loo-wit-lat-kla or Mt. St. Helen. After we had made everything ready that could be useful for the great task of the following day, we went back to our woolen blankets to spend the night. Camping under a wretched roof that we had made out of miserable pine-branches, we gave ourselves up in turn to fear and hope. Little by little everything in camp became quiet. Undisturbed, we might have been able to imagine the possibility of a beautiful and, perhaps, successful effort, had not a veritable flood poured down upon us to remind us, all too rudely, of prosaic reality.

The roof that we had built to shelter us kept the rain away only until we had finished our packing. Soon the downpour of rain that streamed down worse and worse made an opening through which a deluge, as it were, came through upon us and soaked our beds, clothes, weapons, ammunition and ourselves – through and through. For a time sleep was not to be thought of. As we were thinking how we could protect ourselves against the constantly growing force of the rain, one of our young people, upon whom the water had played too mean a trick, lost his patience and, standing at the fire, with a glance at his boots overflowing with water and the miniature cascades falling from his head, shoulders and arms, cried out suddenly with all the vehemence that a series of continuous annoyances can cause: "Jumping Jehosaphat! I would sell all my claims to Washington Territory for half a dollar." When, even at this low price, there were no buyers, he added, "or for a drink of whiskey."

Hardly had this magic word left his lips when, all together and quite involuntarily, we suddenly jumped up from our wet woolen blankets and asked as if from one mouth: "Where?" After we realized that we had merely deceived ourselves, we all expressed our feeling through

a frightful yawn. The mountains echoed it; it woke the Indians from their sleep; and in the breast of the wolves around our camp it woke similar feelings to which they gave voice through mighty howling.

Chapter IX

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS, *Continued*

WHEN WE AROSE NEXT MORNING, THE RAIN HAD STOPPED. HOWEVER, a thick fog hung like a shroud over the mountain and the air was very cold and uncomfortable. Our undertaking seemed to be a failure for, if the fog stayed on, it would be impossible to find our way to the top.

Nevertheless, we prepared for the climb, hoping for the best. Our Indian guides remained with us until we crossed the timber-line and went along only a little way through the girdle of splendid grass that encircled the mountain from the timber-line to the snow-line. Nothing, however, could persuade them to cross this line and go any farther with us. At the very thought they shuddered, all together, and stubbornly insisted that it was impossible to climb to the top. They said we should be certain to attract the displeasure and the vengeance of Sah-ha-ly-ti by our rash enterprise; and they left us.

An impassable layer of volcanic rock to the west prevented us from going the way that seemed to us easiest and best, and we were compelled to take a more easterly direction. The fog now quickly dissolved. Loose rocks were set rolling by our steps and the earth seemed to tremble at their wild course; they broke and crushed trees in the valley. As we climbed we came to more of the holes formed by the melting snow. They may have been from a hundred to 250 feet in depth. The grass became constantly scantier until at last there was no trace of it to be seen.

Climbing now became constantly more difficult and it was only after hard work that we succeeded in reaching the first snow-line. We went across the expanse here until it became so steep that we could not stay erect any longer. After we had made various detours and had circled various chasms, we climbed another steep ridge and found ourselves on a comparatively level place of about half an acre. I do not doubt that it was formed by the descending slack. Worn out and dis-

spirited – the fog had formed again – we stopped here to rest and refresh ourselves.

For the first time, our company now complained of tightness of the chest and sharp pains in the lungs, as well as of a sense of heaviness that weighed them down. It constantly became more difficult and painful to breathe. As the west wind drove the clouds to the east, the sun appeared in its full splendor and revealed the summit of St. Helen. It did not appear more than a quarter of a mile away and rose straight above us. To the south spread the valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette Rivers, and these majestic streams looked like silver streaks on a background of velvet. To the west, not far below us it seemed, lay the broad Pacific, calm as a sleeping child, receiving and reflecting the golden rays of the midday sun. An involuntary cry of delight sounded from all our lips as the truly charming view first appeared before us. Weariness and privation were completely forgotten and with renewed energy and firm resolution we continued on our way to the summit.

After we had crossed the narrow shelf, we came to a perpendicular bank of pulverized lava and ashes. At first it seemed to afford a firm footing; however, after we had clambered up sixty or eighty feet, a false step brought us down again with such irresistible rapidity that we soon arrived at the ground below. At this point the very strongest and hardiest man of our company lost heart. After he had struggled several times to reach the top in vain, he sat down completely exhausted to await the return of his more fortunate friends. A steep ridge of loose rock, on every side, formed the boundary of this layer, and we decided to find a way along the side. To accomplish this feat, we had to crawl more than a quarter of a mile on our hands and knees. The danger of climbing this ridge was sufficient to frighten away the stoutest heart. However, the hope of reaching the summit filled us so that we hardly thought of the dangers that surrounded us at every moment.

Soon our limbs and lungs began to ache and we almost lost hope of reaching the top. But a short rest renewed our strength so that we could cross the layer of snow. Only a narrow rim, extending upward for somewhat more than four hundred feet from the ridge below, was left to be climbed. From the top we looked upwards: only a short distance away stood the little pinnacle – at an angle of about sixty degrees – that formed the summit of Loo-wit-lat-kla.

Now there began a regular race to be the first to reach the summit. This honor belongs to Mr. Failing. It was half-past one in the afternoon when the summit of Mt. St. Helen was no longer *terra incognita.*

The cold air about us caused us the greatest discomfort. We next went about setting up a flag-pole: one of our company had cut it in the woods for a walking-stick and brought it along. This work was completed in a few minutes and we could say with a feeling of joyful satisfaction that our names would now shine at this airy height and be forever a memorial of our courage and endurance. Since we had prepared the flag before we left camp, the names of all our company were recorded on it, even that of our best climber who, as we have mentioned, had been overcome by weariness, as well as that of the Indian who could not be persuaded to accompany us.

Still hoping – and indeed against all likelihood – that the clouds would roll away again, we occupied ourselves in the meantime with a closer examination of the summit.

The very top of the mountain has the shape of a triangle of which the right-angle forms the highest point. The hypotenuse forms a line to the southwest at an incline of 39 degrees. In area the very top covers about an eighth of an acre and the tip of it is no larger than a dining-table. North and east, the ground sinks sharply twenty-five to thirty-five feet. These inclined planes terminate at a large plain that measures about ten or fifteen acres and incloses the triangle above it on two sides.

Unlike every other mountain of equal height that I ever saw, the highest point of this mountain was without any snow, although to the northeast and west – only a few feet below – the snow of many ages, many feet deep, covers the stones and lava. Moreover, the geological formation of this summit is unusual. Its highest point is composed of pumice-stone, sand and ashes. This peculiarity offers the strongest evidence in support of the statement of the Indians that the mountain is no longer as high as it was once. The tall crags that surround the summit were once, without doubt, covered with volcanic deposits. However, the melting snow carried down with it part of the surface, so that now extensive tracts at the foot of the mountain are covered with these deposits.

As a favorable wind drove the clouds away and disclosed the sublime view that was now revealed spread out before our admiring eyes, we felt marvelously elated and moved by the grandeur of the spectacle. Words cannot express the beauties of that glorious panorama. First, Mt. Hood lifted its mighty form out of the clouds; then came Mt. Panier with its ridges and the valleys between them; gentle lakes and winding rivers; dense woods and lovely plains; beautiful waterfalls and gently flowing streams: all united to create so splendid and charming a picture that it was almost beyond the imagination of a painter to conceive. All the more to be wondered at was that no human hand

had meddled with it and it was fully the work of nature, artless and without embellishment, that was spread before our eyes. What man claiming to have sound common-sense can doubt, facing such a sight, the existence of an Almighty Creator? An impressive sermon rings from all of nature here on the text: "O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty" (Psalm 104.1).

The heavy clouds which had covered the west for more than an hour began to move towards the east and soon the delightful landscape was again hidden by a thick wave-like layer of clouds.

Now and then gusts of wind scattered the fog and disclosed many of the wonders of the mountain. Farther, downwards on the northern slope, the yawning crater, out of which, in 1842, clouds of smoke, ashes and lava had risen, was clearly to be seen, now as cold as the snow surrounding it. Eastward from the summit lay a marvelous little lake that, like a splendid jewel in an enameled setting, mirrored the beautiful, deep shadows of the forest about it. From this charming basin, the water poured over a precipice of forty or fifty feet and formed a splendid waterfall. This water forms the western branch of the northern fork of the Cahlapoodle River. Plunging downward with the speed of the wind, foaming along between huge rocks, it suddenly meets the eastern branch coming down from Mt. Klickatat. Both streams together then form the stream called by the white men the Lewis River.

A branch of the Cowitz River has its source on a high ridge of volcanic rock: the stream is called Colik-a-parma by the Indians. Farther west the Kowena rises; and on the southwest side of Mt. St. Helen the Kalima is to be seen winding through a narrow passage among the rocks to find an outlet. Between the Kalima and the Kowena, to one side, and the northern side of the mountain where there is a little meadow, is a small stream called the Nobius. It waters the meadow, then flows on for a while as an independent stream, and finally empties into the waters of the Kowena. Five streams, accordingly, among them several of considerable size, are formed by the melting snows of Mt. St. Helen.

The thicker the fog the colder it became until it seemed unsafe to stay any longer. Every hair of our beards and mustaches, as well as our eyelashes, was encrusted with hoarfrost and ice. Our limbs and lungs hurt us badly; and we began the descent.

We followed a more easterly course than we had taken in ascending and soon came to a great glacier which we decided to make use of although it was very steep. Crouching and sliding like boys we went down with remarkable speed. However, we soon found the edge of a frightful precipice before us. Throwing ourselves flat on the snow

and digging our pickaxes and hands into it, we succeeded at last in halting our all-too-impetuous progress. We crept carefully to the west and reached a layer of rock up which we clambered. We left it, climbing down the western side of it to the snow, and then slid down once more, crouching again, and went gliding over the snow for almost a mile and a half with the speed of a locomotive. The fissures that we came to were easily crossed because they were all narrow and, as soon as we came near to the end, we resumed our erect posture. A single step was enough to send us along for several feet. Woe, however, to the unfortunate man who would have tried to carry out this feat without being able to keep his balance: he would have stopped representing "squatter sovereignty" and would have been a vigorous reminder of that other political principle of "log rolling."*

In this ingenious fashion, we quickly arrived at a small deposit of slag, divided into layers of basalt, under which the icy snow of many ages lay. Here were great rocks only slightly embedded in the pumice-stone and the snow. The rocks served to amuse us, for we set them rolling down the mountain-side and watched their leaps and bounds until the heavy fog hid them from our sight.

But this amusement was too much like hard work for us to find pleasure in it very long. So we set out again and descended the sandy slope as if walking on a featherbed. The weight of our bodies was sufficient to carry us downward with great speed, without requiring any effort on our part. As we descended, now running, now leaping, now sliding, now rolling – according to circumstances – we soon reached the place where we had left our companion. Since we called to him several times without any answer, we concluded that he had begun to feel cold and, tired of waiting, had returned to the camp. The great, shapeless rocks that lay here looked as if they had left the deep hollows of the earth only a few hours before. As we went on we soon heard a voice calling us near at hand but we could not recognize it and, indeed, at the beginning we could not even tell where it came from. However, we were not to remain in ignorance long. The deep-toned cry, "to your left," full of expression, greeting us in various modulations, soon left us in no doubt whose voice we heard. High up on a rock squatted the form of our "bell boy" – a vivid picture of anxiety and fear. The rocks that came down had frightened him and

* Both expressions are hard to translate, for they are Americanisms and made up to refer to subjects purely American. The former refers to a person who settles on land that does not belong to him and takes possession of it; the latter means literally "a rolling log," but is also a political epithet for a person who tries to influence legislation for selfish reasons. [Author's note to German original.]

sent him over an abyss to the top of the rock — a feat that a mountain-goat in distress might have imitated.

After we had crossed a little hollow, partly filled with snow, we found on its western edge clusters of strawberries. We gathered them and found that they had all the qualities of a delicious fruit. Here, within the circumference of sixty feet, all four seasons were represented: spring by the deep-green leaves and the white blossom of the strawberries, summer by its ripe fruit, autumn by the dying yellow leaves, and the sadness of winter by the deep snow that covered the ravine.

Another spurt through the zone of grass and then a short distance brought us back to our camp towards nightfall. As one can easily imagine, our trip had exhausted us completely and none of us felt inclined to prepare any supper although we were all tormented by the pangs of most violent hunger. However, a few minutes later, one of our Indians returned, staggering under the weight of a very large, black-tailed roebuck. The sight of this delicious food increased our appetites that without this had reached a pretty high degree and awoke our slumbering animal spirits to such an extent that, when the noble savage offered us a share of the profits of his hunt, every one was ready to lend a helping hand, and it was not long before we had prepared for ourselves a splendid meal.

The night was unusually dark. We had given up all hope of seeing our guide that night; but, just as we were pitying his sad situation, we suddenly heard the dry twigs cracking and breaking and, behold, likewise bowed under the weight of a huge roebuck, John Staps entered the camp. He, too, generously offered us a share of his game and, after he had eaten his supper, he began to dry the rest at the fire in this way to be better able to carry the meat to his family.

We all had developed an unusual appetite so that one piece after another disappeared with lightning rapidity. In the account of the travels of Dr. Livingston in Africa, I read a story of a gastronomical feat that bordered on the incredible and only the well-known rectitude of the doctor kept me from thinking it quite impossible. However, after I saw some of our companions and the Indians eating venison, I consider the story highly credible and no longer think it impossible for two natives of Zambosa to be able to eat an African ox in two days. It is an Indian custom, so John informed us, after they have killed an elk, to cook and eat it all night long, and then to fast for four days. The observations that we had the opportunity of making that evening convinced us that this custom was not limited to the rare occasion when an elk was killed.

As John sat before the fire and his game turned on a spit, he seemed uneasy and anxious and at last he inquired how high we had climbed. When we told him, he pretended, to be sure, to believe us, but a certain twinkle of doubt would not disappear from his deep, dark eyes. Then he answered our questions freely and his answers agreed with the facts that I have stated. The legend of the mountain, that seemed most interesting to me, I have kept for the following lines. It was told in the following manner and is translated almost literally.

"A long, long time ago, when the world of the Indian was a little flower that had just begun to bloom in the spring, and when the Indians themselves were like the little insects that play on the leaves of the wild rose, small and weak, there came from the land where there is no snow and where flowers bloom all the year long a voice to the ears of Tamanawas, Tamanawas of the Indian people, a voice whispering gently that tall warriors in that land were preparing to pluck the little flower and to destroy its small inhabitants. Then Tamanawas told his people to prepare for war, for the men who wished to war against them were strong and powerful. And as great fear overcame them, Tamanawas said that all they had to do was to go against the giants and Sah-ha-ly-ti would shield the weak.

"They took heart at this and set out and journeyed many suns until they met their foes. When the Indians caught sight of them, they seemed to the Indians like great pine-trees for height and their own arms seemed to them tough and hard like the little wooden shaft of an arrow. Then both hosts met and the little wooden shaft of an arrow put out its twigs and seized the branches of the pine. Then the pine struck out in all directions in a blind rage until the last spark of hope was almost extinguished in the arrow-shaft.

"But then Tamanawas inspired it again and the pine began to wobble. Finally it fell and its branches were scattered by the wings of the wind. In the meantime, the wives and children of the Indians had suffered greatly for want of food, so that the returning warriors found them almost dead of hunger. They begged Tamanawas for help and he promised to ask the advice of Sa-ha-ly-ti and for this purpose withdrew into the hills.

"After he had fasted for seven suns, he told them that the Ti was so pleased with their bravery that he invited the warriors to his hunting-grounds. When they came to the edge of the woods, they saw the side of the mountain covered with all sorts of game. They showed their delight by a long, continuous howl and began to hunt and kill at once. At this the Ti became furiously angry. He summoned clouds and these hid the game. The sun hid its face in darkness. And

whoever and whatever was to be found under the clouds began to hurry down the mountain to find shelter. They crept into the cracks of the rocks and soon saw the lightning-flashes and heard the crash of thunder. Streams of ashes and glowing-hot suns fell around them.

"Finally, the clouds withdrew again. But, to the astonishment of the hunters, they discovered, in place of the game, great stones. However, since Tamanawas fasted for them, berries grew upon the plains in a single night."

Chapter X

Continuation

Next morning we felt much refreshed. All nature seemed to look forward with awe to some unusual natural phenomenon. A deep silence – as of the grave – was everywhere, and our guide foretold a frightful storm and warned us to hurry away from the mountain, because the Ti intended to punish us for trespassing upon his domain.

About 9 o'clock we left our camp and entered the woods to go to the Lewis River. In addition to the woolen blankets and guns of our guide and his companion, they were each encumbered with more than a hundred pounds of meat. Naturally, this was not of particular assistance in their progress and we were afraid that we should have to spend the night on a lava-bed. However, the signs that we had affixed on our journey forward gave us the courage to risk going ahead by ourselves. We followed them during a raging and most terrible rainstorm and so came to the valley at twilight. The rain not only kept on, but the wind gradually increased until it was blowing a violent gale. Making a camp-fire was, naturally, not to be thought of. All in all, the prospect was for one of the most unpleasant evenings that had ever befallen a pleasure-party. The cold, the wet, hunger, vexation and discomfort brought several of our company to the point of cursing the day that they were lured away from home. Finally, the choice

became: a fire or freeze. We had kept our matches under our arms: they were dry and easy to light. With the help of rags and gunpowder, we succeeded at last in having a cheerful, flaring fire; it lit up the thick woods about us and gave the surrounding scene new life.

When we woke in the morning, we found the river greatly swollen and any prospect of crossing it seemed cut off. But we were on our way home and neither swollen streams nor swiftly running waters can keep men from returning, after an absence of three weeks, to the dearest possessions upon the face of the earth – wife and child. Since we had at least two of this class among us, we had to find a way home through all obstacles.

Three of us went upwards against the stream and landed below on the other side of the river.

As we continued on our way for a while, with the greatest of effort, a great pack of spotted hyenas came upon our path. Since we had convinced ourselves of the utter impossibility of loading our guns with anything that would explode, our company was filled with dismay and terror, and it was proposed to leave our horses to the hyenas and save ourselves by climbing trees. However before this proposal, wiser than it was brave, could be carried out, the hyenas left our path. And so this danger, too, the last of the journey, was fortunately averted.

After we had spent four days more in a fruitless search for gold, we came home at last.

For several weeks we were besieged by people who asked us anxiously about the "gold mines." Since our answers were not especially encouraging, the excitement among the white men soon vanished. But when the Klickatat Indians heard that we had been on the summit of Loo-wit-lat-kla, they sent emissaries to ascertain the truth of the report and, when they could no longer doubt it, they expressed the gravest apprehension for their people. That one of their number was our guide was enough to cause the deepest uneasiness in their superstitious minds. The Sah-ha-ly-ti, they supposed, would become vexed and punish them or even annihilate their people.

John Staps, afraid of the storm gathering about his head, denied any part in the undertaking and probably saved his carcass only by his stout and resolute lies. The Indians, however, continued to regard our company with mistrust.

Before I end, I should like to call the attention of those who are cultivating the soil in the neighborhood of the Lewis River to the fact that, although we did not succeed in finding actual gold mines in their neighborhood, I did discover a gold mine in their own settlements, a gold mine that will yield the richest profit if one will only spend the

same amount of toil on it that actual gold mines require. It is your agriculture that contains these gold mines! Pursue this with diligence, expert knowledge and skill, and you will gain the gold that you hunt after – along other paths – in vain.

From Vancouver I went back to Portland and, on the eighth of March, boarded the steamer, *Pacific*, to go to San Francisco. I arrived there on the twelfth of that month at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Book III

B. Desert and Deseret

or

Wilderness and the Mormons

Chapter I

Journey from San Francisco: Celebration of the Fourth of July in Sacramento

After completing my journey in California and the neighboring territory, I decided to return to the east of America and to do so by land – across the plains. Many of my fellow Jews advised me strongly against it and tried to have me agree to change my plans, partly because the journey was very dangerous and partly, also, because the first two days of the journey along the newly-opened route were still too little known and too little tried. But I could not, and would not, renounce my plans to journey across all of the North American continent, and so I prepared myself for all dangers and reconciled myself beforehand to the many privations and hardships that were said to be connected with this journey. On the one hand, I believed that I owed it to the goals that I pursued and to my fellow Jews to shrink from no sacrifice and, on the other hand, I wanted to take this opportunity to further my research among the Indians and, perhaps, to complete it by visiting the tribes along the route. Furthermore, I wished to have a more exact acquaintance of the new and interesting sect – the Mormons – by a visit to Salt Lake City. Thanks to Divine aid, I succeeded in attaining all my aims.

I intended at first to join a wagon-train, although such a trip generally took from four to five months, because I should travel more slowly and so have more time and leisure. But a wagon-train left California for the eastern states only seldom and I saw myself compelled to make use of the overland mail.

The distance from Sacramento to St. Joseph (in the State of Missouri) is about two thousand miles, and the stagefare amounts to $200. The director of the stageline, Mr. Louis McLane, was just then away on official business so that I did not have the pleasure of making his acquaintance in person. Several gentlemen, however, who were well acquainted with Mr. McLane and very friendly to me, Mr. H. Seeligmann, for example, and Mr. M. Sachs, applied themselves without

delay to securing free transportation for me by letter, adding my recommendations from European scholars. This was granted at once by telegraph with the remark that I travel at my own convenience and stop where and as long as I liked. The pass is dated at Sacramento, July 5, 1861, and reads:

> To all agents of the Overland Mail Company.
> Gentlemen: I hereby grant the Rev. I. J. Benjamin II a free passage from Sacramento to St. Joseph, Missouri. The same may stop at any place, or any road, that he wishes to and then continue his journey as he likes, provided all the places in the stage are not taken.
> Louis McLane.

On the second of July, I began to pay my friends farewell visits. First of all, I went to the Rev. Dr. A. Cohen, who received me very kindly and warmly. Among other matters, he expressed his regret that he could not let me have the $250 which had been granted me at first by his congregation. He supposed, now that I had in mind so far, so dangerous and so strenuous a journey, one that no Israelite had as yet made for such a purpose as mine, and perhaps none would make again after me, that this little sum would have been very handy. Then I said good-bye to my friend Daniel Levy. This farewell was very earnest, very touching, and cost both of us some tears. Our friendship was of so old a date, we had become acquainted in a land so far away, he had been of so great a service to me by translating my book of travels, we had spent so many hours together in intimate talk, that the thought we now saw each other probably for the last time was bound to touch us and move us exceedingly. Truly such a parting from people we are fond of and who have become dear to us is not the least of the unpleasant experiences to which the traveler exposes himself and must expose himself. Daniel Levy also took this opportunity to touch upon the question of money with respect to the congregation Emanu-El and asked me, in the name of the French Jews, to accept $100 by way of some slight assistance for my journey. It was very welcome. Next morning I said good-bye to Dr. Julius Eckmann, editor of *The Gleaner*, and expressed my heartiest thanks to him for always defending me in his periodical and warding off most resolutely and powerfully the attacks aimed at me. He accompanied me for some distance along the street, wept for emotion and grief, and finally tore himself away from me with his blessing and the warmest wishes for my well-being. This parting affected me so much that I needed several hours to collect myself to some extent and restore my composure as much as possible. In addition, I said my farewells to two close friends, Koinsky and L.

Tychner, and then made my final preparations for leaving California – perhaps forever. The evening before my departure a great, shining comet appeared. Rising later each night, it accompanied me into the deserts until the ninth of the month. The newspapers dubbed it a "heavenly vagabond" because the astronomers had not expected its arrival. At half-past three, I boarded the steamer that left for Sacramento regularly, and at four o'clock left the harbor of San Francisco.

I reached the harbor of Sacramento at midnight and put up at one of the hotels near by. In the morning, when I awoke, I found the city all joy and jubilation because it was the Fourth of July, a day commemorating the American Declaration of Independence – truly a joyful national holiday of freedom. The sun had risen in all its splendor and with its rays was smiling at the earth; the streets were lively with people of every age and class, dressed in their holiday clothes. The men were wearing little cockades or rosettes of the three colors of the American flag and these had various inscriptions, such as, for example, "The Union Forever," and so on; the women had colored scarfs. Others, again, wore newly-stamped medals, about as large as an American half-dollar. On the front of these medals the goddess of liberty was pictured, surrounded by thirteen stars representing the first states; in her right hand she held a shield with the inscription "Union," and in her left, on the right side of the medal, she clasped with much grace an American flag. At her left foot rested the American eagle and at the bottom was the word "California." On the reverse side, surrounded by a branch of laurel, were the words, "The Union now and forever, one and inseparable! 1861."

Although I wished to continue my journey as soon as possible, I decided to stop for a few hours and share in the festivities of the day. At nine o'clock, the crowds gathered along Second Street, and at ten o'clock the parade began with all its various divisions. First came a band of music; then a horseman with an American flag; the first division consisted of hussars on horseback; the second division of infantry; the third of firemen, Companies Three, Four, Five and Six, with their engines; the fourth of boys in red, white and blue shirts with blue jackets – on their breast thirty-four stars. The most distinguished citizens of the city and the officials formed the fifth division. They were followed by the picture of Washington, the fringes of it held by four citizens. The sixth division consisted of citizens of less importance than in the fifth or seventh divisions: the latter consisted of a large number of carriages in which rode leading men and women. This was followed by an empty wagon, very handsomely decorated with American flags and the American colors, sent by the Overland Mail Company. In the

eighth division were drays to be hired for transporting merchandise or luggage. This was led by a handsomely ornamented wagon, decorated by twelve flags, and all the hackney-coach drivers followed the wagon on horseback. The ninth division consisted of a wagon the outside of which, to be sure, glittered handsomely but its most beautiful ornament was the thirty-four charming young ladies who, dressed in white and wearing tri-colored scarfs diagonally from their shoulders, represented the thirty-four states. This charming sight reminded me vividly of a story I heard in the Orient. According to this a pious Moslem, after his death, was led to Mohammed who showed him his place in Paradise and, at the same time, gave him seventy houris – beautiful nymphs who would remain young forever – to serve him. The tenth division consisted of the Union Society; the eleventh of horsemen and various groups, the names of which I cannot state exactly. After every three or four divisions there was a band of music. At the very end there was a great throng of people of various kinds and classes.

The happiness of this day was reflected from every face and all eyes, and whoever has not yet seen this festivity has an opportunity on this holiday of becoming acquainted with a genuine American festival. This sight stirred me profoundly and, moved almost to tears. I said to myself: How strong is the power of unity and freedom! It is able to elevate great and small, rich and poor, in short – all the contrasting stations of life. From the bottom of my heart I beseech the Lord that He protect the United States in this hour of crisis and that He maintain the covenant of unity and peace without the protection of which no land can enjoy true happiness and prosperity. It is not without purpose that peace and happiness are used as identical in the Holy Tongue; and, likewise, the greatest blessing that the priests can pronounce over the people of Israel does not use the word "peace" idly when they say: And may He give you peace!

The present conditions in America may be, more or less, described by the following parable. A man amassed great treasures of gold and silver and acquired houses, vineyards and the like. At the same time God blessed him with many sons and daughters. It happened that he once bought a very precious jewel. The possession of it gave him great joy because he hoped that, should his children after his death lose perchance all their other possessions, this jewel would be sufficient to keep them free from want. After his death, his children lived together in great harmony. But, after several years, one of the brothers became proud of his wealth. He took the jewel and wished to shatter it into little pieces. When the other brothers saw this, they were terrified and

stood by each other like one man to keep the jewel whole as they had received it from their father. The comparison is easy to understand. Washington is the father; the wealth and treasures are America; the sons and daughters are the United States; the precious jewel is unity and freedom. The Father of his Country hoped that, even if his children should lose their wealth after his death, they would have the means of recovering their prosperity by means of unity and freedom. Many years after his death, several of his children arose to break into pieces this jewel of unity and freedom: in other words, they wished to sever their union; but the majority of the brothers offered violent opposition to this because they wished to keep the jewel of their father whole and without blemish. God grant that their wish be fulfilled and that the land will soon succeed in having again its former peace, its former prosperity and its old happiness.

We return from this digression to the festivities of the day. The parade lasted until the afternoon. Then a meeting was held, a committee elected and resolutions in favor of maintaining the Union passed. A famous speaker, the well-known Mr. Starr King, who had been invited from San Francisco, delivered a speech on the occasion of the holiday. I managed to secure a copy and I take the liberty of quoting it as follows.*

* Benjamin adds: "in translation."

Chapter II

Speech of Mr. Starr King on Secession and the Secessionists

The Rev. Mr. Starr King was introduced by the chairman and received with applause. He spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow citizens of California and citizens of America: I congratulate all of you who have assembled here today in the capital of the most western state of our great republic. I congratulate you that we have assembled here, not as Californians but as Americans, under the protection of the constitution of the United States, the *United* States, to the literal meaning of which we intend to remain true (applause). I congratulate you that the American Congress has been assembled at this hour and that California is represented in it by two senators who adhere to the Constitution (applause). Let us thank Heaven that this Constitution is also represented in the Lower House. I congratulate you that the Sacramento is still an American river, that the San Joaquin is not in the possession of traitors, that San Diego is an American post, that the chain of the Nevadas is an American rampart, that Alcatraz gleams with cannon and is armed to proclaim the words – not of Mr. Jefferson Davis, but of Lieutenant General Winfield Scott (applause), and that Mt. Shasta is an American mountain upon whose lofty summit, more than 14,000 feet high, floats the Red-White-and-Blue of our land.

Furthermore, I congratulate you upon this: that within our boundaries there is no height to be found that at present furnishes a station for the black flag of rebellion and that California from the white Sierras to the far-extending shore of the sea by an overwhelming majority remains true to keeping the Republic whole and would never permit the honor of the old Stars and Stripes to be sullied; and, furthermore, that California obeys the summons which the great fathers issued to this people and walks in the path of the eternal glory of him who was the leader of the Democratic Party in this land and who exhaled his last breath with a whisper, a whisper that resounded from Fastport to Oregon and which for all times will assure the name of "Douglas"

immortality: "Be true to the laws and the constitution of the United States" (applause).

Let us pause for a moment to consider somewhat more closely the great significance of this day. Every nation may be compared to a clock the inner wheels of which accomplish some plan or purpose of Providence, and this, indeed, with patient persistence and endurance. But, when the sixtieth minute has arrived, the clock must strike a new hour, a new hour, perhaps, not only for the nation but for the world. Then, behold, the clock strikes with a power and resonance that startles and inspires mankind.

The American Revolution was such a time – and herein lies its glory. The English government oppressed our fathers and tried to break their spirit. It was a time of oppression that lasted many years; but at last the sixtieth minute came, when the hour began to strike. The world heard it. The battle of Lexington – one; the Declaration of Independence – two; the surrender of Burgoyne – three; the siege of Yorktown – four; the treaty of Paris – five; the inauguration of Washington – six. And at that moment the sun of a new day rose of which as yet we have seen only the glorious morning. Months ago, conspirators would have had the world believe that this old clock was no longer of the least use to the world. Yes, they have almost lied England into believing that the old machinery is rusted and quite useless. To tell the truth, there is no doubt that it was running down in the last administration. But the thunder of cannon about Fort Sumter was, to the astonishment of the British, the manner – that was clear – how God Himself was winding up the old clock.

It is indeed a very important question that is presented to us today for our decision: namely, which party has the greater sympathy for the achievements and the men of 1776 – those who wish to wreck the unity of America, or those who wish to preserve it. The Declaration of Independence which you have heard read aloud today with such power and such emphasis has been said to be a justification for secession. At the first glance, it seems so: as if those men and states are trying to establish a new government that is in greater harmony with its views, convictions and wishes than the present – it seems, I say, at first glance, as if these may represent with greater understanding those Fathers in Philadelphia and as if they are the more worthy followers of the spirit of those spirits and their work. The Secessionists have also advanced this to justify themselves. They claim that for them, too, the time has come when it appears necessary to sever the political bonds that tie them to another people and to assume a separate and equal place among the nations of the earth. It is even said that

the North, in refusing to recognize the separation, is merely playing in the 19th century the part of George III. But, on the Fourth of July and also on any other day, we shall listen to such claims, and the fancied analogy that has been contrived in favor of secession and treason, without the slightest feeling of fear and dismay.

Let us, rather, take up this discussion thoroughly so that the audacity of their arrogance may be revealed and the old Declaration of Independence be kept free of the slur that any identification with, or alleged similarity to, the new casts on it. First, let us glance at the difference in the method of both rebellions and attempted revolutions. The men of the first kept themselves patiently at peace for a long time and did not draw the sword before they had exhausted every lawful means. Their charters had been torn up; the British ministers had robbed them of their original liberties; alien troops stood on their soil and alien ships were in all their harbors; the blood of their citizens had been shed before they had drawn a sword in self-defence. And when they drew the sword for the first time, it was not for the purpose of secession but only to show that they were neither slaves nor cowards. The arraignment of the central government, in which the colonists were not represented, took eighteen paragraphs. It was only after every attempt to secure justice in a peaceful manner had been made and had failed that muskets were fired against their oppressors. And it was only after a full year had elapsed, after the events of Lexington and Bunker Hill had taken place, after foreign troops by the thousands had been shipped over, after the Indians had been goaded on against the colonists by the English, after Norfolk had been bombarded by British cannon, after the English ministry had robbed and murdered in every colony, that the Continental Congress decided to proclaim a declaration of independence.

How can the seceding states, or rather their leaders, dare to compare themselves or their beginnings to such dignified restraint, to such long suffering, to such majestic self-control? Have they endured for one whole year open warfare with the central government before they took refuge in the wicked step of a revolution? Did a cannon threaten Savannah with danger or was one fired against New Orleans even when the rebellion had been declared in writing? And about what act of oppression on the part of the Federal government could they complain? What wrongs did it inflict on them? They themselves have often declared without any reservation that it is the slavery question that causes them to secede. Against what bill or against what decision can they maintain that they have sought relief legally – and in vain? Yes, of what enactment of Congress with respect to this point have

they to complain? Not a single one. For the Congress of the United States has passed no act whatever on the question of slavery without the consent of the states that have now seceded. To this very hour, the confederacy of the South has demanded no measure that has ever been rejected. In their favor and to further their supposed interests, compromises have been entered upon and, according to circumstances, terminated. At the time when they tried to put the nation in danger of bankruptcy and to saddle the next generation with a debt of $500,000,000, they had the power of the president, the senate, the controlling majority and finally the Supreme Court on their side. This is what their legal parallels with the men of the great revolution of 1776 consist of! The tyranny about which they complain consists simply and solely in that once, for the first time in the history of this nation, the ballot-box decided against them and that the man who shares the views of Washington and Jefferson about slavery has been elected for four years, after an honorable campaign, to serve the nation in the White House, while they still control the senate and the Supreme Court.

But here the frivolous objection may be made: "You overlook, in all this, the bills providing for the freedom of the individual in the Northern states which are flatly contrary to the Constitution and which cause the states that have now seceded hardships entirely too great." Who, then, has declared them to be unconstitutional? If the Supreme Court declares the personal liberty bills of Massachusetts and New York unconstitutional, the South may base on this a right to revolution and to secession from the central power and the authority of the United States. But, even admitting this, they are not fully justified. For first they must take every lawful means to secure justice.

Thomas Paine said: "Everything that is just or natural requires our separation. In any case, there is something absurd in an entire continent being constantly ruled from a remote island." In this way, the heroes of the Continental Congress were strengthened by the feeling that God, because of the location of their continent and their homes located upon it, was on their side. But what is the situation today? The American secessionists are clearly fighting against geography just as geography is fighting against them. For the Creator summons us to be one people under one government just as clearly as He told our forefathers to shake off the English yoke. On the day on which the Declaration was adopted, and before the setting of the sun that shone upon that Fourth of July, Franklin, Adams and Jefferson were appointed a committee to prepare a seal, a device and a motto for the United States. The delegates who had signed the Declaration of Independence felt

themselves, before they left that holy hall, to be representatives of an entire, united and independent people. They felt that they had not broken away in order to break up into individual sovereign states, but they wished to form henceforth a single and united nation (applause). And Jefferson proposed from among many mottoes: *E pluribus unum.* It is as if the one word "America" and the fitting "*E pluribus unum,*" which was chosen in preference to all others, was spelled out in letters like a symbol which could be seen from the farthest points on the mainland – from the Rocky Mountains to the Hudson.

Whoever directs his activities to the dissolution of the Union must do somewhat more than hold a convention in Montgomery. He must be able to summon an earthquake that will drive half the Mississippi back to the North Pole, split the Alleghenies in the center, drive the Ohio from its bed, and cover every pass of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras with ruins. The only part of our land that, according to its geological and geographical nature, seems to be a land apart from the United States is New England; and it is just that land that is tied so closely by moral and social bonds to the history, the character and the glory of our nation that it would take more than an earthquake or even the splitting of our planet to separate that land from the great whole. The evidence in favor of the Secessionist movement to be derived from nature and geography is thus in no respect sound or fortunate. On the contrary, all geographical circumstances speak against it, forbid it and condemn it.

The question is then what must we do when mad rage raves and rages and thinks of destroying the living, powerful unity which tradition, speech, nature and art have built strong and mighty for all generations to come. What then must we do? We must rise up against such conduct: we must make that our holiest duty! We must take up arms against it! For our own security we must be willing to fight against the threatened rending of our land. This entire land has been dedicated to a republican form of government and to the independence of our fortune and our power from European influences. But let the rebellion triumph and see how long we shall escape the pressures of European arrogance and the insinuations of European intrigue. We have already heard a report emanating from the capital of treason that the rebels would prefer dependency upon England to the old republican constitution, that a monarchy is the best form of government, that they would rather have a prince of the English royal family than return to the American constitution. Yes, these assurances have reached England in open letters to the *Times.* While the nation from Maine to Oregon is fighting secession, it is fighting at the same time for its own

survival. We can have politics without schism or split, a land from St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from Ontario to the Columbia, and we can defend it against any European might and compete with any power. But allow a cleavage along the Ohio down to the Mississippi, and, in the east, let it divide the southern Alleghenies, and foreign diplomacy will soon begin to burrow in our midst.

In the great secession movement of 1776, the leaders of it claimed an equal and independent place among the nations to which not only the laws of nature entitled them but also those of nature's God. They felt that their cause was the cause of human nature itself; and they thereby sought to make their cause thoroughly popular. They set up in their Declaration of Independence principles generally acknowledged and held to be valid. They maintained that every man should be equal under the law. They denied the claim that one race of mankind, because of any lesser mental capacity, was created to be forever the slaves of another race. In the first draft of the Declaration of Independence Jefferson attacked George III because he wished to establish a market-place where men might be bought and sold. This is how he expressed himself: "He has engaged in a cruel war against the nature of man in that he has wronged and violated the sacred rights to life and freedom of a distant people who had never offended him, and in that he has taken into captivity members of that people and carried them to perpetual slavery in quite another part of the world, whereby many of them during their transportation suffered a miserable death." This is what the author of the great Declaration in 1776 wished to write about slavery. This was also the voice of Virginia. This was also the conviction of Congress, although this passage was omitted from the sublime official document partly because, as Jefferson said, a few gentlemen from the South were not sufficiently prepared to bear the weight of this declaration. But the current of opinion in Congress was in favor of this declaration and it was generally desired that it should remain. Indeed, many gentlemen from the South were very much in favor of its remaining in the Declaration of Independence in spite of the violent opposition against it on the part of opponents.

But what is the situation today? The new secessionist movement not only has the slavery question for its chief motive and mainspring of action, but it attacks, at the same time, the principles of the founders of our republic and the views of the author of the immortal Declaration of Independence – who likewise came from the South. The clever man of this new movement is the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, who is supposed to be the vice-president of the rebel conspiracy. He tells us in a well-composed speech that he and his confed-

erates stand upon an entirely different ground than that which had been taken by Jefferson and the authors of the Constitution. They believed, as Mr. Stephens acknowledges, that Negro slavery was a violation of a natural right, that it was unjust in principle and at the same time an offence against morality, good policy and social wisdom. They believed that it would soon vanish and that soon there would be no trace of it to be found. These ideas were, however, as he further tells us, wrong to begin with and could only prove to be a foundation of sand for a constitution that claimed to be everlasting. "Our new government is founded upon ideas that are directly contrary to these. Its corner-stone rests upon the great principle that the black man is not the equal of the white man and that his natural and normal condition is slavery." He tells us further: "This our new government is the first in the history of the world that has this great physical, philosophical and moral basis for its foundation."

Those who caused the separation from Great Britain spoke with reverence for humanity. They agreed with those feelings that Christianity has inculcated in the heart of man. They held every sort of oppression as contrary to nature, as continuing only for a limited time and in any case extremely unjust. They maintained further that all the races of mankind had a natural and inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The new lawgivers want to tear America to bits and to insult our land in order to establish their political views on the lofty principle that the white men of the South have an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of the Negro (applause and laughter). This was, by means of a brilliant address by one of their mildest and most temperate thinkers, made part of literature and given wider currency so that the hearts of the world might be filled with sympathy for their injustice and their personal interests. I say, today, that by this they have, thank God, explained clearly enough and forever their complete difference from the heroes of our revolution, so that the gulf between the two is greater than that between Lazarus and the rich man and, indeed, they are separated by the whole diameter of moral truth (applause).

Our great Continental Congress published an address to the people of Great Britain in October 1774, the first sentence of which reads as follows: "When a nation which has been led to greatness by the hand of freedom, and which is in possession of all the glory that heroism, munificence and humanity can provide, has sunk so low that it makes the thankless effort of forging chains for its own children and, instead of assisting freedom, protects slavery and oppression, one has every

reason to believe that it has already ceased to be virtuous, or has been most negligent and indifferent in the choice of its leaders."

Statesmen of Old Virginia subscribed to these words readily and willingly seventy or eighty years ago. How different the point of view of the Virginia of today! It agrees to desert a nation to the founding of which its noble sons contributed as much as they could; it agrees to trample upon their views of humanity and to stretch out its hand to a confederacy that has established for its principle: "This is right – this is the true foundation of national happiness and national greatness, this is a matter that man can answer to Heaven for, if only a man has a certain thickness of skull, a certain shape to his heel, or can show another shade of color in the blood boiling in his veins!"

What is the American government to say to the establishment of a state that despises the old democratic views, that attacks the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and places the slavish subjection of the Negro as the first principle of its new gospel? What shall we now begin to do with it? Some were of the opinion to let these new architects of ruin tear down in peace whatever they wished to and so, without drawing the sword or shedding a drop of blood, let them accomplish the mission that they have set for themselves. But how can we watch this quietly, let our hands lie in our laps in so cowardly a fashion? When men from our own midst fall away from us, men who in their public documents vilify the memory and the spirit of the sages of the Revolution and, instead of the old flag, hoist a black one on which they set the word "freedom" in great letters so that at a distance the word "slave" is not discovered; when, I say, they have the impudence to begin to act in this manner, then let us tell them frankly that they are undertaking this only to meet our cannon and to charge against our bayonets and that they will smooth the way for their progress only by a hundred victorious battles. We must fight to preserve the Union; we must fight to protect those in the seceding states who are true to the old Constitution; we must fight to dash the rebellion to the ground, to set the Constitution again upon its throne in its former majesty; we must fight that the old flag shall soon wave again above every rampart and every fort where it has suffered indignity and insult.

They have no right, in this last half of the 19th century, to scorn the principles that govern the entire civilized world. They have no right to challenge Christianity in a land that numbers its churches by the tens of thousands; and the more they brag and plume themselves and cry that they no longer belong to the Union and are no longer willing to return to it, the more resolutely the nation must step forward

to call out to them: "You shall never insult American traditions and democracy with the scheme for such a constitution as you propose to make a reality upon American soil!" For we trust in the hopes and the principles of our fathers, and the whole nation shall only be the more active in checking the entire undertaking with cannon and with bombs.

The enemy will never attack. But to keep the peace, from whatever point of view one regards the matter, is treason and failure to do our duty. We have a holy obligation to draw the sword of the Lord and of Gideon against such a realm. They will have no help from Europe: that is not at all to be feared. For Europe will never greet as brothers the representatives of a realm that wishes to establish itself who knock at the doors of foreign cabinets with only a pistol in their belts and a long clasp-knife at their sides, a mutilated American flag in one hand and a whips for slaves, wrapped in the speech of Mr. Stephens, in the other. Will France open its palaces to an embassy so accoutred? It would then have to forget what Lafayette said: namely, that he would never have drawn his sword for America had he known that half of this land was territory where slavery dominated. Nor will Germany help them. For five million Germans have already declared themselves against slavery. From Italy, also, they can expect no help, for to do this would be seemly neither for a Victor Emanuel, nor for a Garibaldi. Even Russia will not assist them. When America wished to be free, the Empress of Russia then refused assistance to a George III; still less will this empire now take the field for slavery. And England also will not help them: it has hesitated too long and is only mindful of its own interests in its trade in cotton and so on, and believes it will do best if it remains neutral.

Come what will, our victory is certain. The old Declaration of Independence will continue to live, and not the new constitution. For the old was proclaimed by patriots; the new by traitors. The old was written with emotion that flowed from the pure well of civilization; the new has been set down with the ink of the Devil and has sprung from the interests of the most shameless selfishness ever to be found in the literature of official documents. The old had for its purpose to unite America; the new to divide it.

So ended this patriotic speech and was received with prolonged applause and shouts of approval.

Chapter III

Journey to Carson City: Gold and Silver Mines of the Washoe Mountains

Towards evening I left Sacramento and took the train to Folsom in order to bid farewell to a society I had founded there* and to spend the night. I was informed that here, too, the Fourth of July was celebrated with the utmost festivity and at night there were fireworks and a great ball. At five in the morning I left this city again by mail-coach to go to Placerville and reached it in the afternoon. I remained there until seven to await the above-mentioned letter of the president of the stage-coach company and received it that day by mail. In the afternoon, I climbed upon the mail-coach to which six horses were hitched, and began my journey to Carson City.

We had not gone far from the city when we noticed how bad the road was, for we had to cross great hills and mountains and thick woods with mighty trees and various kinds of tall grass as well as ditches and ravines. In many places the road was so narrow that it was hardly possible to turn to the left or right. For a while the path ran along a steep slope at the foot of which was a deep gorge. If we had only swerved a hairbreadth from our path, we should certainly have plunged into the abyss. Since it was more than a thousand feet deep, we should have met a frightful end.

After we had gone about eighteen miles, we came to two buildings: one was called the Pacific Saw Mill and the other the Pacific House (an inn for travelers). Two miles farther, we crossed the American River. This river is very turbulent and stony. In another two miles we came to the Twenty-Two Mile House. Towards evening, we reached the coast range of the Sierra Nevadas. There we encountered a band that looked very much like a gang of robbers and we made ourselves ready for a fight. We had been prepared for this from the moment we set out. In all we were nine and well-armed. I myself had two six-shooters such as travelers who crossed those regions were accustomed

* I took the liberty of furnishing more details of this society in the second part.

to have. We drew our revolvers and fired several times to show those people we were not afraid of them. They answered our fire but withdrew into the woods and so we got away with our skins whole.

Towards midnight we arrived at Strawberry Valley, the last point of the coast range. From then on, we were to cross the lofty mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. We had now gone fifty miles, exactly half the distance from Placerville. The road was so bad that one who has only been in civilized countries cannot imagine what it was like. It made a singular impression upon us for the scenery that met our eyes was all in the highest degree romantic. The canyons were more than a thousand feet deep; the firs two to three hundred feet high; and the most varied impressions – the beautiful song of the nightingale and the howling of wild animals – unavoidably affected us greatly at one and the same time. We were very glad when we reached the above-mentioned place.

Here we stopped for a short time to gather ourselves together somewhat, breathe the fresh air and change horses. Now we began to climb the mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. It is hardly necessary to mention the fact that we were compelled to rely upon our own feet, for these mountains are very steep. We loaded our weapons, which did not leave our hands, in case we should encounter an unpleasant adventure with robbers. In that neighborhood, this is not a rare occurrence. At times we discharged our weapons to show any hidden band that we had no intention of slipping through quietly and were afraid of no one. The heavens were clear; the stars twinkled brightly in an unclouded sky; and the silver snow glittered across to us from the mountains. But the night was a cold as are the European nights in winter, and we had to resort to heavy clothing. The farther we went the more difficult the way became, and the voices of wild animals grew ever louder, the woods thicker and the trees higher, so that this romantic spectacle almost set us trembling. Whoever has not seen such a sight has not yet enjoyed a truly romantic view.

At eight o'clock in the morning we came to a valley known as the Yangstone. Here there is a hotel for travelers. We had our breakfast and changed horses. The cold abated somewhat. After five miles we reached a little valley that, in comparison with the neighborhood we had left behind us, seemed like a paradise. This is called Truckee Valley and is about a mile long and just as wide, thickly overgrown with grass, and two little streams flow through it, one called Big Truckee and the other Little Trick. At the end of the valley they flow together into a lake – Lake Bigler. Other mountain streams also empty into it, so that it is broad and deep. It is thirty-five miles in length, ten to fifteen miles

broad, and seventy-eight miles in circumference. Its bed is sandy, the water very clear and pleasant to the taste; its depth is noteworthy: it never freezes in winter and is rich in fish, particularly two kinds that are called "sakis" and "druid" and which are speckled red and black. I have been assured that many of the fish weigh twenty-five pounds. This lake has a wonderful location; it is enclosed on all sides by the great Sierra Nevada mountains and is surrounded by splendid woods and different kinds of grass and flowers. After one has spent all of a night in the difficult exertion we did, such a sight provides refreshment and renewed vigor the pen cannot describe.

For two miles we drove along the shore of the lake and, watching the happy play of the fish and their gay frolics, forgot completely the hardships of the night. Ten miles farther we reached Friday Place. Here we changed horses and from then on had only four, for the road was somewhat better. At eight o'clock in the morning, we reached the last peak of the Sierra Nevadas and stopped a little while. Before us lay the broad Carson Valley; behind us the Sierra Nevada mountains towered to the heavens. Greatly moved and with the most religious of feelings I gazed at the mountains of California. In this land I had spent an important period of my life, a period which I, as long as I breathe, will think back upon with a feeling of satisfaction. I had succeeded, at least it seemed so to me, in performing the task that I had set for myself; I had journeyed in all directions through the land that many would give part of their lives to see; with my own feet I had walked upon the land that many will never see in spite of all their longing because of poverty, family circumstances, or other reasons, and which, therefore, appears to them like a paradise that an angel with a flaming sword forbids them to enter. With my own eyes, I have seen the charms of this land, charms that Europeans try to imagine – in vain. I spent almost a full year in a land that is for many the subject of their dreams at night and that hovers before them like a fairyland or a land of fable. But, painful as my soul found the parting from it, I had to leave it – leave perhaps without ever seeing again that land to which so many dear and fond memories chain me.

At ten o'clock in the morning, we descended from the Sierra Nevada mountains and soon found ourselves in the wide hollow called Carson Valley. It is named after the first man to travel through it – the American, Kit Carson. The length of the valley is from seventy-five to eighty miles, the width ten to fifteen. Two rivers flow through it: one, East Branch, has its source near the Wake River; the other, which has its origin in the melting snows of the Sierra Nevada mountains, is called West Branch. They run from the south eastward. In places this valley

is a desert of sand, but in other places it has much grass and is very fertile. Several swampy places are due to water collecting and these are covered with wild grass or reeds. To one coming down from the mountains the neighborhood appears highly romantic. There are several mineral springs, containing sulphur, near both rivers. The road is straight and smooth but very sandy.

We rode through the town of Genoa, built in 1855. It has a hundred-odd houses. A few years ago, it suffered a surprise attack by the Indians of Humboldt County, and a battle began that lasted several days. Although the Indians were defeated and left many thousands dead upon the field of battle, many white men left the town and went elsewhere. At present it has only about a hundred wooden houses. Several are two stories high. Here the two streams, mentioned above, unite and become the Carson River. It is eleven miles from here to Carson City and they have to be traveled through deep sand. We arrived at Carson City in the afternoon. It is a hundred miles from Placerville.

Nevada Territory was formerly part of Utah Territory, but in 1861 Congress made it a separate territory. Four years ago the entire region, now known as Nevada Territory, did not have more than five thousand inhabitants, mostly Mormons. Since 1856, however, the region has gradually become more or less populated, partly by immigration from California but chiefly by immigrants from the eastern states who preferred to try their luck on the western slope. Nevada Territory offers the farmer or breeder of cattle many opportunities. Honey Lake, Pyramid Lake and other valleys have a fertile soil which richly rewards the efforts of the plowman, and countless green places are scattered throughout the whole territory which during the summer months can provide food for a large number of sheep and cattle. These places are the only stretches of land in the territory where much wood may be found. Carson City itself is a friendly little town. It has been in existence no more than fifteen months, is well built and has a population of about two thousand — an enterprising, progressive people.

There can be no doubt that before another decade has run its course, Nevada will be more important than Oregon — with respect to population as well as prosperity. It has all the requisites for a prosperous land and, lately, its population has increased with astonishing rapidity. At present it has about 25,000 inhabitants. The principal towns are Carson City, Virginia City, Gold Hill, Silver Hill and Genoa. The last is the oldest of these and, likewise, the smallest. Carson City will become the capital. The governor has his residence in Carson City and his arrival was expected the very week I was there.

There are twenty Jews in Carson City. Only one of them is married. They are occupied for the most part with trading and are well-off. There is a Catholic church, built of boards, in the town, a public school with sixty pupils, and a newspaper that is published weekly. The mail between California and the eastern states goes through Carson City daily and a "pony express" three times a week. In addition, daily communication by mail has been established with the surrounding towns.

The location of the town is most romantic. To the west and northwest it is bounded by the Sierra Nevadas; to the east and south it is on the edge of the above-mentioned Carson Valley. The valley in which the town itself lies extends almost five miles from east to west and is called Eagle Valley.

Summers here are very warm, but the air of the Sierra Nevada mountains often makes it cool. The climate is like that of California. The water is fresh and cool. Two miles from the town, among the mountain spurs of Carson Valley, a hot sulphur spring has been discovered. A private individual has built a bath-house over it and the residents of the towns visit it. The same man discovered a large sandstone quarry which he is having worked by several men and built a small, horse-drawn railway for the easier transportation of the stones to the town. The town will certainly become very important in a short time.

Virginia City is fifteen miles northeast of Carson City and a daily delivery of mail unites the two.

In the second half of the year 1858 a rumor spread like wild-fire that in the district east of the Sierra Nevadas, known as Carson Valley or the Washoe country, astonishingly rich gold and silver mines had been discovered. Since such rumors had more than once proved to be false and merely lies, little faith was put in it. Several men, however, who had lost all they had and felt more adventurous than the rest, undertook to push on into territory generally held to have little of value in the hope that some lucky find or other would help their financial situation. From these, in 1859, came the news that they had found great wealth there and that the treasure, so discovered, bordered on the fabulous. These stories sufficed to give plausibility to all the circulating rumors of strikes, so that the exodus to Washoe became just as large and general as the earlier race to Gold Bluffs or the Fraser River. Adventurers came flocking into the territory; a multitude of claims were bought; and a man's property was estimated according to the square feet that he had in the Washoe mines. Since only a few intended actually to work their claims, it was naturally impossible to

arrive at any definite idea of the value or the extent of these mines. Soon speculation made itself evident; many became wealthy without doing a stroke of work; and the Washoe mania grew to such a degree that merchants and all classes of business men were seized by it, so that many were even alarmed that California would be depopulated for a time by the "silver fever."

We cannot give a precise account of the sums that passed from hand to hand while the Washoe mania lasted. We have, however, secured adequate special information that would indicate an amount of at least $350,000, not counting the sums that visitors to the mines spent "to look around." As yet the mines have produced about $300,000 worth of silver, apart from much ore that is lying in the mines ready to be crushed and smelted. Digging for gold, which, indeed, had not been fully developed, and all undertakings connected with it, soon came to an end all at once. For the Indians, who found their land swarming with a multitude of white men, began to resort to their old tricks and provoke disputes. Thereupon, those who were engaged in the search for precious metals in this wilderness quickly preferred to begin an inglorious retreat from the mountains rich in treasure and to seek refuge, security, clothing and food in the homes of civilized men. The natural result of this was that the appeal of Washoe abated just as quickly and in the same proportion as most of those who hunted for silver had come down the western slopes of the Nevadas. Just as formerly the wealth of a man was estimated according to the number of square feet he possessed in the mines, now it was believed of him that he must be poor and in need according to the same measure.

But, just as there is a point above which a man cannot climb, so there is a point below which he cannot sink and from which he must begin to climb again. This, too, was the experience of Washoe when it had reached the lowest degree to which a land can sink. Even as the Indian war had its beginning, so it had an end; and at last peace spread its protecting hand over this district rich in silver. The amount of capital invested in mines at once rose to a significant total. Stick-whittling capitalists soon found that imaginary wealth would yield no bread and took to work in order to secure something real. And so, at last, most of the Washoe adventurers who had escaped the Winnemucca panic devoted themselves to the ditches and excavations to see what really could be made out of their new land. The results were such that now it may be said with reasonable certainty that in all parts of the territory extensive and rich gold and silver mines, as well as mines of copper and other valuable metals, are to be found.

At present there is no doubt that there are at least twenty valuable

mines, for that number have already been opened up. They are being worked, and the claims to mines are so located that it may be accepted as more or less certain that there must be about a hundred mines throughout the neighborhood. To the extent that there is any certainty about the number of claims, there are about four thousand within a radius of thirty miles of Virginia City, and more than a thousand men have shares in them. At present nine hundred men are busy digging on three hundred claims.

The *Territorial Enterprise* is full of reports about the wealth of the Washoe mines. If these reports are not exaggerated, the treasure that the mountains about the Washoe Valley contain must certainly be immeasurable. That newspaper says in its description of Mt. Davidson that the Mt. Davidson Company has advanced its tunnel four hundred feet and the rock it has encountered has unmistakable evidence that it is near a substantial vein of ore. Mt. Davidson is three thousand feet above Silver City and Gold Hill; it may be reasonably accepted, therefore, that in this mountain water will be found in sufficient quantity to provide the Company not only with enough for its own mining operations but for the mills in the above-mentioned places. The tunnel of the Company has already crossed several veins of rock that contain very profitable ore and the discovery of others containing ores as rich may be expected, for experience has long shown that the Comstock vein is in no respect the only one that the Washoe mines have to show. It is even supposed that Mt. Davidson with the surrounding mountains is like a gigantic warehouse in which precious ores have been stored.

The tunnel of the Mt. Davidson Company is to be driven for 3500 feet. It is six feet six inches in height and four feet six inches wide, and later the Company will begin another tunnel three hundred feet below the first.

The Humboldt District is about three miles south of Lindsay Station, along the Humboldt route, and here several veins containing gold and silver have been discovered. In all thirty men at present work in these mines. The ore of the Prince Royal vein has yielded on smelting 55 per cent lead, $252.12 worth of silver and $12.40 worth of gold to the ton.

The firm of Fordham and Jennings, of Front and Jackson Streets in San Francisco, received not long ago six bars of gold from Claim No. 1 of the Gold and Silver Mining Company of Washoe. The silver contained in that ore is, however, slight. The six bars are worth $8,518.99. The Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, after digging four tunnels in vain, has now found a vein of silver in its fifth tunnel.

The ore is very rich. It is reported of the Esmeralda mines that it has been impossible to work there because of the deep snow.

The price of food at these mines is very high. Oregon bacon is 50¢ a pound, flour $22 to $24 a hundred pounds.

A "pony express" is to run from Virginia City to Folsom. It will be connected with a weekly "treasure train."

Since much money, time and work would be required for a complete examination of all the mines and their value, their true value cannot be given accurately – at least not before the lapse of two years. Still we believe enough is known by this time to state with assurance that the mines of this neighborhood will yield a rich profit for the next five years, just as it is certain that thousands of workmen will be able to find employment here and that, in a short time, an extensive and profitable trade will flourish with California, particularly with its trading centers, San Francisco and Sacramento.

During my stay in California and at Carson City, I visited several mines and found that they all extended towards the north. The reason for it, I was told, was that all veins of ore run towards the north. I could not help thinking of the passage in Job: *Mi-tzafon zahav ye-e-theh*: Out of the north comes gold (37. 22).

According to all this, it is certain that the Washoe district, once a wilderness, will rapidly become of the utmost importance for the whole Pacific coast. It will increase the population of the entire region, add to its wealth, develop its strength and give its political power an additional "boost."

I could not find out just what the population of Virginia City is, but I am certain that it is at least twice that of Carson City. There are about thirty Israelites there. They are, for the most part, well-to-do and almost all are in trade. Only fifty Israelites are interested in mining.

Chapter IV

Journey Through American Deserts

On July tenth, in the afternoon, I left Carson City to travel to Salt Lake City by the overland stage. The road crossed spurs of the Wasatch Mountains, was very stony and went through barren land. After we had gone fifteen miles, we came to Chinese Town, a place still being built and consisting in part of tents and booths of boards. It has its name because of several Chinese who first settled there and in secret worked at gold mines. This was discovered at last and they had to make way for white men. A little stream runs near the town and here a saw-mill has been built.

My companion on the journey was an American, a native of Pittsburgh, who had been living in California now for several years. As I was loading my weapons, I took that opportunity of asking him where his were, but he assured me – not a little to my surprise – that, although he was an American, he had never held a weapon in his hand and could not handle any.

We unhitched the horses and from then on used four mules since these are better for the desert. The road had only been made a few days before and therefore was still without deep ruts. It may be imagined how much pleasure was to be had on such a journey when, at every moment, we expected our coach to overturn.

After we had gone ten miles we came to the Ten-Mile House. At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived at Fort Churchill, ten miles farther on. Soldiers are stationed there to protect travelers from the attacks of Indians, bent on robbery, from Utah Territory and Humboldt County. There are about fifty houses at Fort Churchill with various stores in which all necessary articles may be bought. Two miles farther on is Coatswell, or Brooklyn Station, where the mules were changed. From Chinese Town to this place the road runs, for the most part, along the Carson River. Many places are very fertile and, along the river, there are many large willows which are used for timber. The river, flowing along with many windings and turns, is so deep in many places that it cannot be crossed on foot and often tears

away stretches of land extending more than a hundred feet. Many small hares and deer are to be seen here.

We had our supper at this station before we continued our journey. The sky was very clear and the stars shone bright and friendly, but the night was very cold. The road was beneath criticism and almost incessantly we were jostled from one stone to another. We did not find this altogether agreeable. The river was constantly at our right and, after a while, formed a little lake but left it to flow along a narrow bed until, at last, it formed a larger lake, called the Carson Sink. This lake is about forty miles in circumference. Near it, and only a few miles away, is Humboldt Lake. In all the county, it alone bears the name of that hero of science, Alexander von Humboldt, who died a few years ago and who was the first to travel through this neighborhood.

We arrived here in the morning of July eleventh, had our breakfast, changed mules and journeyed on. The water had been at our right previously; now it was at the left. For two hours we drove beside the Carson Sink in a northerly direction; from there we went eastward through a desert – there was nothing here but stones, thorns and briers – until, after we had gone twelve miles, we came to Sand Hill, a station consisting only of a few tents. All around it, as far as the eye could see, was only sand on which there was not a blade of grass. Here we changed mules and continued our journey.

In order to climb the great hill of sand, it is necessary to take off the mail bags and to follow the lightened stage uphill. Although the stage had four mules hitched to it, we all had to go on foot because of the deep sand. It was only seven o'clock in the morning, but the sun was already so hot our shoes were almost burnt away. Up and down the hill is about three miles. From the top, when one looks about in various directions, one can easily believe that one is in the Sahara Desert. Hills of sand rise and sink according to the wind. In a strong wind it is all, looking down at it, like the waves and billows of the sea, a resemblance strengthened by a glitter like the color of salt on the surface. If one has never traveled across such a desert, one is not a little uneasy here.

The length of the valley is twenty-four miles and its width forty. Water or pasture for cattle is not to be thought of. Thirteen miles farther on is Sand Springs. It derives its name from a spring on a little hill – a veritable oasis. It is fifteen feet down to the water: this is very cold and smells strongly of sulphur. For this reason it is also called sulphur water. We drank it gladly and even eagerly and found it as refreshing as if we were weary travelers in the deserts of Asia or Africa. But this sweet was soon to change into bitterness. For we had provided

ourselves with hardly any provisions because we could not imagine that this desert was just like those of the Orient with respect to lack of food. Besides we believed that, since the mail went through it, refreshments were to be had at the stations. This was not at all the case and we were soon tormented by hunger.

The farther we went into the desert the worse the impression it made on us. There was no trace to be seen of a bird, insect, worm, or any living thing. The sand became constantly deeper and the road, for this reason, more difficult. Although at the last station six mules had been hitched to the stage, several times we had to go on foot. In the afternoon we arrived at a new station: it consisted only of a single tent so that the mules had to stand in the sun. This station as yet has no name. Water for drinking and to water cattle must be brought a distance of twelve miles. Near the station, I saw a place that looked like a well, but learnt that at a depth of 150 feet no water had been found. I gave this nameless place the name Desert Well. I challenged them to have a well dug, with the help of an engineer, to the depth of the Carson Sink, twenty-two miles away, since at that depth they must in any case find water, and also described for them the manner of digging artesian wells in the Sahara Desert. They then said they would dig until they found water. From the former station to this one the distance is twelve miles.

Our empty stomachs tormented by hunger, our tongues parched by thirst, our eyes blinded by sand and dust, our feet tired as a result of marching in deep sand, and oppressed by the heat of a truly Asiatic sun, we, like the prophet Jonah, looked in vain for the gourd that gave him shadow and shelter. In all that region there was not even a blade of grass to be seen. After another twelve miles, at five in the afternoon, we reached Middle Creek where there was a spring of salty water suitable for watering cattle. We found nothing to eat anywhere. After we had changed mules here, we continued our journey. Twelve miles farther, we came to Cold Springs: it owes its name to its spring of cold water. As a deer pants for fresh water, we had thirsted for it throughout the journey, for, in the heat of that season of the year in the desert, thirst torments one much more than hunger. Thanks to the power of our imagination, we perceived that we were near the water fully two or three miles before we reached it, and twisted our tongues in our mouths to see if our tongues were still moist. A mile away, we jumped from the stage and like wild animals hurried to our savior – the spring. When we reached it, we fell on it like soldiers during a war on booty, and would have drunk it dry. Still, we kept reminding ourselves of the danger of drinking quickly and therefore sipped in slow draughts

the refreshing drink – a drink that tasted better to us than the finest champagne.

Our thirst was stilled but not our hunger, for there was only salt pork to be had. My companions fell on it like hungry wolves. I myself did not eat it: on the one hand, for religious reasons; on the other, because I was accustomed to such privations from my journeys in the deserts of Asia and Africa. Here the mules were changed. The desert now changed its appearance, for there was no longer any sand but there were plenty of thorns and bushes. Before midnight, after thirteen miles more, we reached Edwards Creek. This station has its name from the little stream that flows past it. Here there was fresh bread, zwieback and brandy, but so dear that a bottle of brandy cost from three to four dollars. The mules were changed here.

After another twelve miles, we came to Smith Creek; another thirteen miles and we reached a station that had no particular name. In the morning of July twelfth, we reached the end of the desert and a group of mountains. Here we came across, now and then, wild grass and several stunted trees. The sight, unimportant as it was, nevertheless seemed to us like paradise, since we had gone without the sight of any living plant for such a length of time. The road led us among the mountains and was very narrow, so that there was no room to turn either to the right or left.

After another fifteen miles we arrived at Reese River. This station also takes its name from the stream that flows past it. We left the stage for a short time to rest ourselves somewhat, but this cost us dear because all our provisions were stolen.

After an hour we passed through a completely barren valley and from then on encountered much higher mountains. The road led to a mountain covered with grass and firs. In the middle of the road we came upon a spring at which we rested. But we had no vessel with which to drink from it, for all our bottles had been stolen. One of our companions drank from his hat, and I named the place Hat Spring. I took advantage of our short stop to examine the stones and do not doubt that gold can be found there, for the stones are very much like the quartz in the Californian mines. I put a small piece in my pocket.

After we came down the mountain, we found ourselves in a splendid valley, like a wonderful oasis. The station is in the middle of this valley and is called after an American who was the first to come through here: Simpson's Park. It takes about an hour to go through the valley. A little stream flowing through it is called Simpson's Canyon. This station is fifteen miles from the last. Here we changed mules and then rode through the valley until we were again among rocky moun-

tains through which the stream, mentioned above, flows and where the road is very narrow. At the foot of the mountains there is grass, firs and other trees. The road through the mountains is seven miles long. Then we were in a desert again. It extends for a great distance and is covered with thorns and bushes. Still, the thorns keep the sand down so that we did not have to suffer from the dust again. But the heat troubled us more than ever.

Soon afterwards, there came a cool wind from the snow-covered mountains near us and this refreshed us somewhat. This was for me new evidence of the wisdom of the All-Bountiful Who has placed the snow-covered mountains near the desert. By means of these the traveler finds his sole protection from the frightful heat.

The inhabitants of these mountains belong to the tribe of Sasson Indians. They are very numerous and known for their warlike nature and bravery. Their territory extends to Oregon, Washington Territory and farther up to the Snake River. The tribe is divided into several smaller tribes, each of which has its own chief, but the whole tribe has a head-chief. His residence is at the Snake River and, for this reason, the tribe is often called the Snake Indians. They are tall, slender and strong, and look down at the other Indians. Their very name is enough to frighten these. The Snake Indians are often engaged in war with the Apatchis, or Apache Indians and the Pajutis: all three tribes belong to the most dangerous Indians, for they are so numerous and brave that they cannot be kept subdued and, in addition, they break as they think best whatever alliance or treaty of peace they make with the Government.

We were not a little surprised when, after we had been denied the sight of a living being for a long time, we suddenly caught sight of a human form; it seemed to rise out of the earth by magic and came towards the stagecoach. I tried to lure it towards us by a handful of zwieback that I threw out and was not a little surprised to see a girl, about twelve years old, before me without a stitch of clothing. I suspected treachery for it was not hard to guess that several Indians were in the neighborhood who had sent out this alluring and charming spy. My guess quickly proved to be right for suddenly four large and powerful Indians showed themselves who ran towards the stage with every intention of attacking us. (In the same way, the Bedouin of the deserts of Asia hide themselves to attack the caravans.) We immediately prepared to defend ourselves and our driver put the mules to a gallop, but he warned us against firing at the Indians because we would then declare ourselves to be foes. Accordingly, because of his warning, we refrained from shooting. After they had followed us for

several miles without being able to reach us, in spite of the fact that they ran like deer over stones and thorns, they gave up at last the hope of overtaking us and withdrew into the wilderness.

Towards four in the afternoon we met a mail-coach coming from the east. It was carrying several men bound hand and foot. Our driver asked his colleague what that meant. We learnt that they were horse-thieves who were to be delivered at Carson City for trial. As we were still discussing this with one another, we caught sight of an Indian with his squaw leading a boy of five or six by the hand. They were very much burnt by the sun and their only clothing was some fringe about their loins. I handed the boy some zwieback which the squaw ate. At the same time I noticed that the Indian was about to take his bow to shoot with it. At this I fired my pistol without, however, trying to hit him. He made peace with us at once and declared that he had believed we were trying to insult his wife. I asked him what tribes lived in the region and he answered that the Sassons lived there. I then asked him what he was doing there alone in the desert, and he answered that he was digging for shells. I wanted to buy some from him, but he had none on hand just then. He asked me to wait an hour within which time he would look for some; but we could not stop that long. I also asked him if he was not afraid to be alone like that in the desert. To this he gave the proud answer: "Others are afraid of us, but we are afraid of nobody." I remarked that it must be very cold at night in the desert. To this he replied that they buried themselves in the sand to keep warm. When I asked if that was not harmful to the body, he answered: "We live as the animals do and neither heat nor cold harms us."

On this journey, I found many opportunities of observing the Indians in their wildest state. The result of my observations was, to be sure, not very flattering to the original inhabitants of America and may be summed up as follows: the only difference between an Indian and a wild beast is that the latter goes on four feet and is dumb, while the former walks on two legs and speaks an unintelligible language.

We reached Dry Creek, four miles from the last station. The road leading to it was good but we could not get any water there for our animals. Beyond Dry Creek, too, the road was good and after fifteen miles we came to Grub Station and, twelve miles farther on, reached Roberts Creek in the evening. The water of this little stream is good to drink and the district about it very fertile. This station is still part of Nevada Territory. From here to Humboldt Valley is sixty-five miles and to the Humboldt River a hundred miles.

We had our supper at Roberts Creek and at nine o'clock in the

evening continued our journey. After traveling fifteen miles, we arrived at Sulphur Spring. This place owes its name to the sulphurous smell of its water. Seventeen miles farther on, we came to Diamond Springs. From there on the road becomes very dangerous because of two thievish tribes of Indians in the surrounding mountains – the Gossuts and the Kneips. They have destroyed many wagon-trains. We traveled along this stretch with the utmost caution and mostly at night.

On the thirteenth of July we reached Jacob's Well, twelve miles from the last station. The road to it was not only very bad but also dangerous, so that we swayed to and fro and were thoroughly shaken up. After another twelve miles we reached Ruby Valley. This charming valley is eight miles long and five miles wide, has very good water and fertile soil and is surrounded by several hills. The peaks of snow-covered mountains may be seen at a distance. The days here are very warm and the nights, on the contrary, very cold. Food is brought from Salt Lake City. Flour is $8 a hundredweight. Some Sasson Indians are still in the valley. Their chief is called Jacob and is much beloved by his tribe. He is also very friendly and courteous to white men.

After another eleven miles we came to Mountain Springs and then to Butte Station, nine miles farther. Here we rode through the valley of that name, a valley five miles long and between thirty and forty miles wide, covered with sage-brush. Along the way, we came upon a camp of fifteen hundred Indians. The name of their chief is Uncle Billy Rotshis. He is a very peaceful man who has a lot of trouble keeping his tribe from robbing travelers. The road is good, although at times somewhat hilly, and the air very pleasant. Here we also saw the first animal that we encountered since we left Carson City: a little wolf very like the coyotes of California.

Fifteen miles farther on, we reached Round Valley and crossed Stephans Valley. This is said to extend more than three hundred miles, all the way to Humboldt County. The width of this valley, which has several grassy places but no water, is from ten to twelve miles. It runs from north to south. We, however, were always going eastward. Since I crossed this desert on a Saturday, I called it – to myself – the Saturday Desert.* After fifteen miles more, we reached Schell Creek. Very good grass grows for three miles around this station and the soil is very fertile. This is due in no small measure to excellent springs in the immediate vicinity of the station. Four miles east is a mountain ravine

* According to the code of the *Orah Hayim* (first part of the *Shulhan Aruch*), Section 344, Jews who travel through a desert may continue their journey on the Sabbath.

where Indians live. At this station we saw our first birds, very small and black: a sight that in the midst of death presented us with a picture of merry life and cheered us greatly. Those who live here told me that the climate is very mild in summer but so much the colder in winter. At five o'clock in the evening, we left the station and now traveled among the highest mountains that we had met with on this trip. The road was very narrow. The stream, mentioned above, flows swiftly and is surrounded by beautiful trees on both sides. The deepest quiet reigns everywhere – broken only slightly by the gentle murmur of the water and the twittering of the birds.

Before six o'clock we had crossed the mountains. We now met the mail-coach coming directly from St. Joseph. It had left the city on July first and was the first to leave. We were all mutually happy and exchanged news. Since the overland mail now ran daily, from the east as well as from the west, from now on we met a mail-coach every day which on a journey through the deserts gave us, it may be easily understood, great pleasure. Every other day, we also met with a wagon-train traveling to California. Since at most they did not cover more than thirty miles a day, it took them no less than four or five months to go from St. Joseph to California.

At ten o'clock in the evening we reached Antelope, thirty miles distant from the previous station. Instead of only a conductor and driver such as we had previously, we were now for several days – from the last station on – accompanied by two strong men, well armed, for the road was quite unsafe because of Indians. After nineteen miles we came to Spring Valley and then to Antelope Springs, ten miles farther. Although the moon shone brightly and the stars were marvelously brilliant, our fright and aroused imagination caused us to see troops of Indians in many a shadow or in objects dark and distant. Afterwards we learnt that the Indians do not attack or shed blood at night. Often we saw near-by, by way of a mirage, woods or a village reflected in the air and we had the opportunity, many times, to observe the wonderful phenomenon of the northern lights.

After traveling eleven miles, we reached Deep Creek on the morning of the fourteenth of July. The Indians call this place Eibepah. (The word is a compound of *eiba*, meaning "plain," and *pah*, "water.") At every place I had tried to find out what the Indians called it but had very little success, because the white men had only lived there since the mail-route was established and the Indians were scattered in the hills. I am obliged to an American living at Deep Creek for this Indian name.

The valley here is thirty-five miles in length and five miles wide.

For fifteen miles of its length it is fertile and this stretch produces very good wheat and has very good pasture for cattle. The climate is mild in summer. In the month of July, I was told, it rains three times. In winter, on the other hand, there is much snow and it is very cold. South of the valley one sees the snow-covered mountains. In the neighborhood of the foot-hills an Indian tribe, called the Gossus, live. They number only fifty men, but they are so troublesome to travelers that in their neighborhood a man cannot put his weapon down day or night. At a little distance from the station, we tried to organize a small hunting-party and actually managed to secure a little hare. In the morning, we reached the Alkali Desert and went about eight miles across it in a westerly direction, in order to skirt a swamp, before we could turn eastward again: in all we had to travel thirty miles to reach the station at Willow Springs.

The station is in a little oasis that has excellent spring-water. Here we were annoyed by swarms of flies that followed us into the stage-coach, and we got rid of them only gradually in the desert. I asked the residents at the station who had been living there for several years to tell me about the desert and learnt the following: it is more than ninety miles long and between twenty and thirty miles wide; it has no fresh water whatever but many salt-water marshes. An Indian woman of the neighborhood, who died at the respectable age of 106 the year before, had said she remembered that in her childhood the whole region was a lake which suddenly dried up so that the Indians, scenting some devilment, were afraid to walk on the dry bed. They believed that the Devil wished to lure them on it so that when they were where the lake had been he would let the water return suddenly and drown them all. This tale of the original state of the desert is supported by the state of the ground as well as by several places, still to be found, with salt water and by the sprouting of plants that grow only on the beds of lakes. I tried to get the conductor to stop at least an hour, so that I might examine the neighborhood more closely and gather shells, but he could not comply with my request because the mail might not be delayed that long.

We filled our water-bottles here because there was no water to be had for the next sixty-five miles. The road was very dangerous because of the Indians of the surrounding mountains (who belonged to the powerful tribe of Gossuts, here numbering about three hundred men); in many places the road was very sandy, in other places muddy and sloppy. The sun was as hot as in Africa; still, now and then, there was a cool wind from the mountains. We could see the snow-covered peaks not too far away.

After twelve miles we turned southeastward into the mountains because the road through the desert was quite impassable. When we had climbed the mountains, we turned again to the east. In the middle of the desert there is a mountain, far from the other mountains, eleven miles long, a quarter-of-an-hour's journey wide and four hundred feet high, like a bow in shape with crags in the center; it is just as if some giant of old had broken off this rock from a mountain and had thrown it into the middle of the unvaried and monotonous desert. It is called Granat Rock.

Eighteen miles farther on, we reached Poison Spring. I saw many dead animals lying about near it and was told that the spring was so poisonous any animal that wanders here and drinks from it falls down dead within the hour. I wanted to empty my water-bottle and fill it with this water and take it along with me to Europe for chemical analysis. But my companions prevented me from carrying out this plan. They thought I was crazy when they heard that I wanted to change my good potable water for poison. When I tried to explain to them that I hoped in this fashion to serve science, they answered like true Americans that, as far as they were concerned, all science would not outweigh the thirst that the loss of the water would cause them. Since it was impossible for me to fetch this water, I can merely direct students of nature, interested in this highly important problem, to the Overland Mail Company. Its stages pass this point daily.

A mile beyond this spring we came to a deep pool, about a square mile in extent. It is called Fish Spring because of its many fish. However, the water is not fit for drinking by human beings. Three miles farther, we reached the Fish Spring station, thirty miles from the previous station. The water here must be brought twenty-two miles. After another twenty-four miles, we came to Dug Spring Station, where a well has been dug; but this water, too, is not fit for drinking by human beings. Twenty miles beyond, we arrived at Simpson's Station: it is named after the first traveler in this region, an American, whose name we have come across once before. After another twenty miles we reached Lookout Point. Here we found good water. And here we left the desert behind us for we continued in a northeasterly direction and the desert extends from east to west.

Only the talent of a true poet can picture the impression a desert makes on the human spirit. The deathly stillness everywhere, the absence of any living thing whatever, even of plants; the mighty rising sand-hills, the various groups of mountains, in short, the entire appearance of a desert produces in human beings a mood and feelings I must forego from attempting to translate into words.

After nine miles more, we came on July fifteenth to Rush Valley. This station is named after the valley in which it is situated. The valley is sixty miles long and twenty-five miles wide and entirely surrounded by mountains. These are inhabited by the Wibijuhti Indians. They number in all about six thousand. Their territory extends for three hundred miles. At this station I paid 75¢ for a cup of black coffee with sugar (somewhat more than a Prussian *Thaler*), a price that I report herewith to console all those in Europe who are complaining about the high price of coffee.

We rode through a valley that is twenty-two miles long and fourteen miles wide. The stream that flows through it is called Cider Creek and the valley Cider Valley. The Ute Indians live on the mountains. Their strength is about eight thousand men. The two tribes of Indians, just mentioned, are very peaceful and the traveler has nothing to fear. Twenty miles farther on we came to Fort Crittenden, built only two years ago, at the time when the United States was about to make war on the Mormons. At that time many buildings were erected at Fort Crittenden for the soldiers, and four thousand men with twenty-five cannon were sent here. After the conclusion of peace there remained only six to seven hundred men to protect travelers from the Indians. There is a post-office here and a store where all necessary articles may be bought and where one may rest somewhat from the hardships of the journey. Tall, snow-capped mountains may be seen northeast of the fort: these are called the Wasatch Mountains. On the other side of the fort, other mountains may likewise be seen, but I could not find out their name.

After nine miles of travel we came to the Nine-Mile-House. This is also called Dopart's Station. We went through the Utah Valley, about twenty miles long. A little valley is near it, but its name has escaped me. We crossed Botty Creek and drove into Provo Valley which is thirty miles long and one to ten miles wide. It is all covered with grass and on its southern side there is a place called Lion. Parsan, American Port, and other places are in this valley. At the end of the valley, southeast of the mountain there, is a lake called Utah Lake: it is thirty to forty miles long, ten miles wide, and its water is good to drink. It is very rich in fish but is not deep. A stream rises from it which the Mormons have called the Jordan, and this flows for almost forty miles through the Provo Valley and about twelve miles north of Salt Lake City loses itself in the sand. It flows along with a great deal of noise and is rich in fish. At the place where we crossed it, the stream was forty to fifty feet wide and three to four feet deep. Farther down, it is twelve feet deep. After we crossed the stream, we turned

to the north along a broad road that the Mormons have made over a hill. We climbed it and entered Salt Lake Valley going eastward again. This valley is about two hundred miles in length and thirty-five in width, but is divided in two by the mountains along the middle of it. The soil of the valley is very fertile and productive. The Mormons would have liked to have it, but, probably to spite them, in the winter of 1861 it was designated by the President as an Indian reservation.

After another twelve miles we reached Rockwell. This takes its name partly from the tall rocky mountains there and partly from an apostle of the Mormons who bore that name. From now on the countryside became very pleasant and agreeable because we met signs of civilization everywhere in trees that had been planted, in orchards and gardens. We crossed six swift streams that come down from the snows of the mountains and never dry up. The first is called Coton Wat and the sixth Big Coton Wat.

On the fifteenth of July, at half-past two in the afternoon, we arrived at Salt Lake City, very happy to have finished the trip successfully. The distance from the last station was twenty miles.

There are forty-two stations from Carson City to Salt Lake City and the distance is 622 miles. We covered it almost without interruption, for we journeyed on day and night and only stopped a while for meals. From Carson City to Salt Lake City, just then, they were busy completing the telegraph line to the East. There were various gaps but in many places the line was completed for stretches of fifty to eighty miles.

Chapter V

Salt Lake City: the Mormons and Their Church

Among all the appearances in the ecclesiastical domain which, particularly in America, have seen the light of day in such number, the Mormons have deservedly attracted the greatest attention. If the origin of a new sect generally provides the psychologist with the opportunity for the most varied and interesting observations, and if for the most part in such cases the most varied grades of character offer themselves to the attentive searching eye, from the fanatic who gives up his life for what he supposes to be the truth to the clear-sighted speculator who takes advantage of the credulity of others, the Mormons are doubly interesting as a problem: they completely left the Christian Church and on the foundation of a supposed new revelation established a system that is not only contrary to the dogmas of Christian teaching but also to the principles of Christian family life; in spite of this they have met with strongest approbation not only in America but also in many parts of Europe. I think, therefore, that I shall earn the gratitude of the public if in what follows I try to give a completely impartial account of Mormonism, an account that attempts to portray objectively that which has been discovered by means of careful and objective research. The earlier reporters who wrote about the "Latter-Day Saints" went to work, for the most part, with prejudices; but I, *sine ira et studio*, will show the bright as well as the dark sides of Mormonism and will not try to extenuate the steps that the North American government took to suppress it and that did little credit to the government of a free land. Further, I will not refuse to recognize the heroism with which the followers of the new dogma offered their goods, their reputation, their comfort, yes, even their lives for their convictions, regardless of whether these convictions were based on what was true or false. Their Church, too, has been nourished not a little by the blood of martyrs so that involuntarily we are reminded of the well-known words of Tertullian: *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesiae* (the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church). Indeed, this new sect has shown courage and endurance aplenty. It has

fought the rage of human passions and the rage of the elements long and stubbornly. It has contributed much to the cultivation of isolated parts of America and by its marvelously rapid expansion has converted a great extent of land from a desert into a peaceful, quiet, safe and flourishing paradise, so that only a blind man can make any mistake about how little the Mormons deserve to be called a totally useless and parasitic plant on the great tree of the American republic, fit only to be thrown away.

The author arrived on the fifteenth of July, in the early afternoon, in the center of the land of the Mormons – the great Salt Lake City. He sent his card to the present head of the sect, President Brigham Young, and was invited to call that very evening. His house is two stories high and is in a sort of courtyard since it is completely surrounded by a wall that is half the height of the house itself. His office and reception-room is, naturally, on the ground floor and his private apartment and harem are on the upper floor. Behind the house are other buildings and there, too, apparently, is a beautiful garden. On the roof of the house is a bee-hive, the escutcheon of the Mormons, or, as it is called in the speech of their revelation, a "deseret." There is a doorman before the house as a watchman.

I found Brigham Young to be a healthy, vigorous and somewhat stout man, of middle stature, sixty years of age, with a red beard that was clipped short and that had some grey in it. He is a native American and speaks English only. His features show much courage and a spirit of enterprise. His behavior to strangers is on the whole very friendly and courteous, particularly to Hebrews who are called by the sect "brother Jews." A few Jews have joined his church. According to the Mormons, they themselves are descendants of the ten tribes, particularly the tribe of Ephraim. I showed him how false this claim was and, among other striking reasons against the truth of it, objected that the sect consists of people from various lands and nations, namely, Americans, English, Swedes and Germans. In reply, he could only refer to what was for him a divine revelation.

I spent fully an hour with him. Our talk was only of religious subjects. Since he was already acquainted with my name and the purpose of my journey from the newspapers and he saw that I was in earnest about giving a thorough and impartial account of the history and beliefs of his Church in a section of the description of my travels in California, or by way of appendix to it, I could express myself as freely as I wished to this man, who was very friendly in any case. At my request, he readily granted me the use of all the important documents

for the history of Mormonism. Afterwards, I spent about an hour and a half in conversation with several of the apostles.

From members of his Church I learnt that Brigham Young, in his youth, had had little of the usual instruction, to say nothing of scientific studies; I was even assured that for a long time he could not write – not even a word. The Mormons say that by the special revelation of God he has become very learned. I answered that I could not accept any of this as true, but was quite willing to admit that a man who could hold together a religious society of seventy to eighty thousand from the most diverse nations and tongues must be a man greatly gifted by nature. As I have just remarked, his followers consider him a prophet, and, to be sure, this is one of their most important articles of faith. For this reason they also say that he does nothing without special revelation.

Naturally, I could hardly inspect his harem. In this respect, I felt that I was back on the continent of Asia, for I could no more get to see the ladies of a house in Utah than in the Orient. The women, as in the Orient, go out very seldom. Those of Brigham Young's children that I saw, ten in number and about eight to twelve years of age, mostly boys, had no refined features whatever and wore no clothing suitable to their station. He has fifty-two children and thirteen wives. I did, however, see the wives of other Mormons and those of some of the apostles. There is nothing striking about their clothing except that their hats have very wide brims – probably to shield the face against curious glances or the sun. It is not necessary for a Mormon who has no office in the Church to have several wives. On the other hand, officials of the Church, as for example the president, apostles, bishops, or elders, and so on, are obliged by their religious law to have at least two wives. Most of the wives do not live together in an especially peaceful fashion. They are very well treated by their husbands. However, as in many Oriental countries, if they are unfaithful and this is proven, they are put to death quietly and without any stir. This statement is based on reliable information. Such cases have happened.

As for their ritual, it may be mentioned that the foundation of a new temple has been laid and that this will cost more than a million dollars. Until now they have held their religious services in a house near the new temple. Their ritual is very simple and plain. Religious services are observed only on Sunday and consist merely of a sermon and a few prayers. Since I spent no Sunday there, I cannot describe the service in more detail. There are no religious holidays observed except that at Christmas there is a brief mention of the historical facts. I saw them pray before and after eating: they remained seated, put

their hands together and lowered their eyes, while the head of the family read aloud. A favorite theme of their prayers is the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the restoration of Israel in connection with it. I was informed by reliable sources that, after their temple has been built, the three chief festivals of the Jews (Passover, Shavuoth, and Sukkoth), as well as the rite of circumcision, will be introduced. Baptism of children is not customary. Since the fullest freedom of religion and conscience is observed in the sect, every member of a family has the right to select his religion as soon as he has reached the proper age. He is then consecrated as a priest and baptised by immersion. Every member of the Church has the title of priest. The priests, however, are divided into Melchisedek and Aaronic priests.

As for their marriage laws, I asked if they observed Jewish or Christian precepts. But I found to my astonishment that they observed neither, but had, rather, a purely heathen freedom in this respect. I could not help being reminded of my stay among the Druses of Lebanon (see Chapter 6 of my *Eight Years in Asia and Africa*). As proof of this Mormon freedom, a bishop of the Church first married an aged widow and then, in her lifetime, took both her daughters as his wives. Furthermore, an apostle, whom I was acquainted with but whose name I will not mention, married the sister of his elderly wife while the latter was still living. I also became acquainted with her. One of the Mormons married his half-sister – the daughter of his mother. The president always performs the marriage ceremony, but in this respect he has no unlimited power. For example, the three marriages just mentioned were without his approval.

In the following chapter, we will give a history of the Mormons from their origin to the present day according to the information that we secured from Mormon sources. No matter how little these sources may be pure and unadulterated, or how little we ourselves may share in their point of view, this account, we hope, will not be without interest for our readers, for it portrays the bright side of Mormonism, so often and so much maligned. As for the history itself and its point of view, the old saying fully applies: "the truth is in between."

Chapter VI

The Life of Joseph Smith, Jr., Founder of the Mormon Sect and the History of the Sect

Joseph Smith was born on December 23, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. When a child, he went with his father to live in Ontario County, New York, and in 1819 was living in Manchester. His occupation was that of an ordinary farmer and he had little opportunity for a good education. When he became fifteen, he began to consider seriously how best to prepare himself for the next world. Therefore, he surveyed the various creeds of his state but was profoundly troubled in his mind by the controversies and partisan spirit of the followers of Jesus and was filled with disgust for the existing religions. Encouraged by the promise and comforting words of James, "But if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God Who gives to all liberally and upbraids not; and it shall be given him," he withdrew into a little wood to pray fervently to the Lord to show him the way of salvation. There* he was suddenly aware of two heavenly beings, enveloped in shining and radiant light, who instructed him that all the religious creeds of our time had wandered far from the original gospel of Christ and his apostles, as well as from his gifts and his priesthood. All this he was to be made acquainted with in greater detail in his time; in addition, he saw many other splendid things in this vision.

On the twenty-first of September, 1823, as he was engaged in prayer and earnestly trying to strengthen his faith, his room was suddenly filled with a splendor far more radiant than daylight. In the midst of this light stood a being whose countenance shone like a flash of lightning but, at the same time, its expression was of indescribable goodness and innocence. It was an angel charged by God to instruct Smith that the covenant with Israel of old would soon be fulfilled in his descendants and that the great work of preparing for the second coming of Christ must now begin – as a result of which the fulfillment of the

* All this and what follows is in all respects according to the Mormon account and we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the alleged facts.

gospel would be made known to all the nations of the earth. Furthermore, the angel informed him that the original inhabitants of America were descendants of Israel, from the tribe that in the old days of prophecy was deemed worthy, and that records of its history until its national downfall were kept in the bosom of the earth and that the Lord promised to reveal them soon.

The next day the angel returned to show him the place where the holy records were kept. A narrow rock, projecting somewhat above the surface of the earth, covered a chest of stone. He opened it and saw the records.

The angel now addressed him as follows: "At this time you may not have them. And if you are ever to have them, it will only be by prayer and truly religious obedience to God. For they have not been kept here to heap up profits or riches, nor for worldly glory; they are worthless for mankind other than for the instruction that they bring — which is the fulfillment of the gospel of Jesus Christ as it was granted to the ancient inhabitants of this land." The stature of the being was somewhat above the customary height of the men of our time and its raiment was a pure white and seemed without seams.

During a period of about four years Smith received much instruction from this angel. Finally, on September 22, 1827, the angel placed the records of the Lord in Smith's hands. They were engraved on sheets that looked like gold; each sheet was about seven to eight inches in width and length. They were not quite as thick as the usual sheet of tin. Both sides of each sheet were covered with recent writing in Egyptian letters; the sheets were bound together, like the leaves of a book, and held fast by three rings along the edges. These rings ran through the whole book. Beneath these records there was also a wonderful instrument: it was supposed to be the Urim and Thummim of the ancients. Smith, by the might and gift of God and by His wisdom, translated these records and they constitute the Book of Mormon. He himself had the first edition, consisting of five thousand copies, printed at Palmyra, New York.

The "Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints," as the Mormons call themselves, was founded in Manchester, New York, and at the beginning consisted of six members who were baptised by immersion by Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. These two were appointed by divine command apostles and messengers of Heaven and they were the first elders of this new Church.

When the Book of Mormon appeared in print, the Church soon attracted the attention of the editors of newspapers. They immediately directed their arrows against Joseph Smith and the small number who

had accepted his testimony. The alarm-trumpets at once sounded a call for persecution and this became constantly worse and continued for almost all of Smith's life.

Through the activity of Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Oliver Cowdery and other ordained elders, branch churches were established in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, the British possessions and the New England states. A large branch church was established at Kirtland, in Geaug County, Ohio. Since the spirit of persecution at most of the other places was too strong for the followers of the new Church, the Saints began to gather at Kirtland. Soon afterwards Joseph Smith, accompanied by several of his elders, visited Jackson County in Missouri and began to lay out settlements of the Saints there; for upper Missouri at that time was still very sparsely settled.

In June 1831, a conference was held at Kirtland and a number of elders were ordained high-priests by Joseph Smith. He himself, however, remained the leader of the new sect; he was president of the high-priests and the entire Church with the privilege of appointing two counsellors who were to act as assistant-presidents. These three formed the first presidency of the Church.

In June, 1832, W. W. Phelps and Company began the regular publication of a monthly in Independence, Missouri, for the special purpose of spreading the principles of the new gospel and to publish the "Revelations of God to His Church." A store was opened under the firm-name of A. S. Gilbert and Company; several hundred farms were laid out; and the Saints turned to building mills and planning many extensive improvements.

Although the elders were constantly exposed to ridicule, they continued to preach with unabated zeal.

On the twenty-fifth of March, 1832, Joseph Smith and the elder, Sidney Rigdon, were taken out of bed by force, in the town of Hiram, Portage County, Ohio, tarred and feathered, and badly wounded. Strong drink was poured into Smith's mouth and he was choked for such a long time he was thought to be dead. One of his children who was sick of the measles, and at the time when this violence occurred was sleeping in the same bed, was exposed to the night-air and as a result died at once. This child may be called the first martyr of the new faith.

In June 1833, the corner-stone of a temple was laid at Kirtland.

On the twenty-second of July, 1833, the printing shop of W. W. Phelps, in Independence, Missouri, was surrounded by a mob of five hundred men and the press destroyed, the type ruined and the two-story brick building torn down. The damage was estimated at $6000.

These fanatic doings were repeated almost daily. For example, Edward Partridge, the presiding bishop of the Church, completely stripped of his clothing, was tarred and feathered in a public place in the presence of several hundred spectators. Charles Allen, a member of the Church, shared the same honor except that in his case the tar was mixed with some caustic stuff. The store of Gilbert and Whitney was broken into and their goods scattered hither and thither about the streets. Yes, one's life was threatened, various persons were maltreated and a large number of houses unroofed by different mobs who sought out the various settlements. More than two hundred houses were destroyed by fire. Fifteen hundred persons were driven from their homes and scattered throughout the neighboring counties without any means of subsistence whatever. A large number of these refugees died of their wounds and the severe weather that they were exposed to without protection.

The Saints were living along the banks of the Missouri, scattered here and there, and a number of the disturbers of the peace formed a plot to massacre all those to be found on the Jackson side. However, on the morning of October thirteenth, when the outrageous plan was to be carried out, a wonderful natural phenomenon was seen: stars falling from the sky. This made the hearts of the Saints exult. The mob did not carry out their plot; indeed, several of the instigators were so affected at the sight that, expecting the Last Judgment, they shed bitter tears. It is to be regretted that ministers of various denominations sanctioned this move against the Mormons by their presence, yes, even by their active participation.

In the autumn of 1833, a press for printing books was established at Kirtland, Ohio, and Oliver Cowdery resumed the publication there of the *Evening and Morning Star*.

In 1834, Joseph Smith, accompanied by 205 persons, visited Clay County in Missouri and tried to conciliate the inhabitants of Jackson. His Excellency, Daniel Dunklin, then governor of Missouri, informed the legislature in his annual address that the means of keeping order in the State were so insufficient that the Mormons could not be protected. Shortly before, he had written on the sixth of June, 1834, to Colonel J. Thornton: "I am completely convinced that the eccentricities in the religious opinions and in the life of the Mormons are the cause of the ill-treatment that they have suffered." The Saints in Clay County and the adjoining counties had by means of industry, frugality and intelligence begun to acquire a sizable means so that they were able to purchase considerable tracts of land. This provoked the mob in Jackson County and also in Clay County to stir up the fire of

fanaticism. Public meetings were held the result of which was that the Saints were ordered to discontinue any improvements in Clay County and were commanded to buy land elsewhere and to "clear out" of the county. In a resolution, the mob suggested settlement in a new, uninhabited, barren county, consisting of pasture-land and very poor in timber, with the remark that it was fit for nothing but Mormons. The Saints of Clay County bought the land from the government and moved at once to Caldwell.

In 1834, Joseph Smith, Sr., was made the patriarch of the entire Church to bless the fatherless. On February 14, 1835, Joseph Smith, at the command of God, appointed and ordained twelve apostles as special witnesses for all the world of the fulfillment of the gospel and to preside over the Church when the regular presidents were absent. In the course of the year 1835, the apostles visited all the states east of the Ohio, as well as the British possessions, to comfort the scattered branches, to preach the gospel and to plant new branches. During this time many hundreds were baptised. At the same time Smith ordained a body of seventy elders for the same ends. The majority of these spent most of their time traveling and preaching without taking "purse or draft." The construction of the temple in Kirtland had made such progress that it was consecrated on March 27, 1836, in the presence of 416 elders who, on the evening of the consecration, constituted themselves a general council. This temple was a stone building, eighty feet by sixty; the walls were fifty feet high and the tower one hundred and ten feet. It had two main halls, fifty-five by sixty-five feet; an inner court; four vestry-rooms in front; and five class-rooms under the roof. The building was well-built and architecturally a perfect structure.

In June 1837, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Willard Richards and Joseph Fielding, together with three others of Kirtland, set out on a missionary trip to the British Isles. They arrived in England on the twentieth of July without a penny and began preaching in Preston on the twenty-third. By Christmas the new religion had spread from Preston to Penwortham, Longton, Southport, Eccleston, Whittle and Hunter's Hill and numbered about a thousand members.

In 1837, most of the Saints in Kirtland went to Missouri and settled in the counties of Caldwell, Daviess, Clinton, Carroll and Ray. Caldwell County was organized and the town of Far West laid out.

The printing-press in Kirtland was destroyed in December by a fire started out of malice.

In the spring of 1838, most of the Saints still in Kirtland left it to settle in Missouri. In Daviess County, at the Grand River, the founda-

tion of a town, called Adam-ondi-ahman, was laid out. Several hundred thousand acres of land were registered in the Land-Sales Bureau and somewhat more than two thousand large and flourishing farms thereon laid out. In the same manner a village, called De Wist, was laid out in Carroll County on the Missouri River.

From barren pastureland, Caldwell County had become, after three years, one of the most flourishing counties of the State. The corner-stone of a temple, to be one hundred and ten feet long and eighty feet wide, was laid in Far West, a press for printing books set up, and a monthly journal, called *Elders' Journal,* published. In August 1838, at an election held at Gallatin, Daviess County, a barrel of whisky was rolled out, the crowd was encouraged to drink, and then urged to keep the Mormons from voting. A riot followed which ended in the murder of three Mormons (only eight were present). However, twenty-three of the mob had to be carried away in a helpless condition. Immediately thereafter, the alarm-trumpets were sounded again and several hundred men assembled at Millport swearing to exterminate all the Saints.

They were soon scattered by the intervention of General Doniphan. But this had no result except to make them change their meeting-place. They went to DeWitt, in Carroll County, and drove away the peaceful inhabitants. Many of the Saints succumbed to want and suffering; the remainder fled to Caldwell. The common people continued, however, to fill Missouri with false reports about the Mormons. When it seemed as if this would not succeed in its purpose, Lillburn W. Boggs, who represented the executive power in Missouri, issued an order by which it was decreed that the Mormons should be driven from the State, and he ordered Major General Clark to advance to Far West with 13,000 men to carry out the cruel order at once. This army advanced immediately upon the Mormon settlement which offered no resistance to the might of a much superior force and to troops advancing under the semblance of legality.

But the promise that Clark gave the Mormons to act peacefully was cruelly broken. Men, women and children, without distinction, were massacred, women dishonored, houses plundered, horses stolen, fences burnt down and thousands of acres of corn-land and wheat-land laid waste by driving horses upon them. Several hundred persons, without being able to defend themselves, were driven mercilessly into a square by armed foes and forced to sign away their holdings to Missouri to cover the money spent by the State in perpetrating this crime. Almost seventy of the Saints were selected for execution. It was publicly announced that they would be put to death and that the rest would be

permitted to return home and take their families with them, but that they must leave the land at once or suffer the penalty of death.

On November 1, 1838, Joseph Smith and his companions were tried by court-martial. The accused were not present nor permitted counsel to defend them and they were sentenced to death. The order to put them to death was issued by Major General Lucas and read:

> *Brigadier-General Doniphan, Sir.:* You will take Joseph Smith and the other prisoners into the public square of Far West and shoot them at nine o'clock toworrow morning.
>
> Samuel D. Lucas
> *Major-General Commanding*

But Doniphan had some knowledge of law and a human heart. Therefore he replied:

> It is cold-blooded murder. I will not obey your order. My brigade shall march for Liberty tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, and if you execute these men I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God!
>
> A. W. Doniphan
> *Brigadier-General*

The lives of the prisoners were accordingly saved but unspeakable and indescribably pitiful was the condition for which the Mormons were preserved. Imagine 15,000 persons of both sexes, of all ages and from all conditions of life, driven away in the middle of winter from every possession, abandoned, hungry, naked, without home or friend, scattered over the wide prairie two to three hundred miles from the homesteads which they had bought from the United States government and where they had established themselves under the protection of the American flag, driven across the Mississippi: is it to be wondered at if hundreds, perhaps thousands, succumbed to this frightful disaster during that winter, spring and summer? The men died first, for they were most exposed to the extremes of exertion and anxiety, and so left behind innumerable widows and children to be subject to further suffering.

In spite of the embittered state of mind of the inhabitants of Missouri against the Mormons, they permitted Joseph Smith and other elders, after six months in prison (they lived for a while on human flesh), to leave the State, since all the other Mormons had already gone. President Smith went at once to Washington to ask the president of the

United States and Congress for redress. But the most favorable answer that he could get was that of Mr. Van Buren, then president of the United States, who said: "Your cause is just, but the government can do nothing for you." Senator Clay made the cold-blooded remark: "You would do better to go to Oregon." Senator Calhoun said: "This matter touches upon an important question, the question of state rights, a question we cannot touch." A committee of Congress held that the matter was not within their province.

The scattered remnant, although so persecuted, were not disheartened. They attached themselves closely to President Smith and began to build a city in Hancock County, Illinois, in a district so injurious to health that two attempts had been made in vain to cultivate it and the residents who survived in that pestilential air were as few as the graves in the churchyard were many.

The steep places around Nauvoo were cultivated, the swamps drained, and in a few years Nauvoo was just as healthful as any other district of Illinois.

Missouri, however, not satisfied with having acted violently against the Mormons and with having committed robbery and murder within its own State, began a series of criminal proceedings against them as soon as it became clear that the Saints would not all die along the Mississippi. In 1841, the governor of Illinois issued a warrant for the arrest of Smith. The validity of this warrant was questioned at Monmouth before Judge Stephen A. Douglas and Smith's arrest was declared illegal. This proceeding, including the cost of counsel, the expenses of those who went along as witnesses, and so on, amounted to more than three thousand dollars – certainly not an inconsiderable sum for people who had just been robbed of everything.

Not satisfied with the result of its legal proceedings, Missouri now inaugurated a system of abductions. A number of individuals were dragged into the State by force without any show of legality, to be beaten, imprisoned, hanged by the neck and tortured in other ways.

To cover the cost of the Mormon massacre, the legislature of Missouri voted the sum of $200,000, for the property that had been taken as booty was not considered sufficient to pay the robbers.

In 1840, the patriarch, Joseph Smith, Sr., died and his son, Hyrum, succeeded to his office.

In 1842, the governor of Missouri instituted a new legal proceeding. Smith was once more arrested and an attempt made to abduct him to Missouri. A writ of *habeas corpus* was secured in the District Court of the United States for the State of Illinois. Judge Pope, before whom the hearing was held in Springfield, declared the arrest illegal and that

Missouri had no claim to Smith. The judge also ordered that it should be entered in the record of the proceeding that Smith was to be left in peace. This case cost in all $12,000.

The foundation of a temple was laid in the town of Nauvoo. A charter was obtained for the town and the charter granted the town council important rights. A university and a factory association were organized. The society of factory workers began to erect large buildings as potteries. Thousands of persons came streaming to the town from every part of the United States and the British Isles. Streets were laid out, hundreds of beautiful buildings erected, a company was formed to build a roomy hotel with a capital of $200,000. A considerable part of the capital was paid in and the lower story finished along a two-hundred-and-forty-foot front. An extensive plant for printing books, a plant for casting stereotype plates, and a plant for binding books were put in operation. Two Masonic lodges were organized and a roomy and comfortable Masonic temple erected. In various parts of Hancock County and the neighboring counties, as well as in Iowa, several flourishing villages of Saints were established. But this untroubled happiness was not to last long.

Joseph Dunkan, an aspiring politician, eager to be governor of Illinois, visited various parts of the State and aroused every base passion and religious prejudice that might inflame the common people against the Saints and promised, if he would only become the governor, the Mormons should be rooted out and exterminated. This instigation resulted in the establishment of a wide-spread anti-Mormon party. It did not succeed in reaching its goal, for in the elections Thomas Ford was elected governor, but it continued its clever and unfair campaign.

In June 1843, Smith was arrested at Inlat Grove, Lee County, Illinois, by police officers Reynolds and Wilson, by virtue of an order of Governor Ford issued at the request of the governor of Missouri. A zealous attempt was now made to abduct Smith and bring him straight to Missouri, an attempt that might have succeeded if several high-minded citizens of Dinon and Pawpaw Grove had not hurried to his rescue. When the news of his arrest came to Nauvoo, hundreds of the Saints mounted their horses to hurry to his assistance (he had been arrested on the occasion of a visit two hundred and fifty miles away from home). Another struggle against abduction, a new series of judicial proceedings, another writ of *habeas corpus*, another judicial hearing, and another discharge from custody was the result of all the foregoing. The costs were enormous, for the Saints were much too zealous not to protect their patriarch with all their might. In addition, they placed horsemen throughout all the district between the Illinois

and the Mississippi and sent a squadron to the other side of the Illinois to prevent an abduction. About a hundred men rented a steamer to keep a constant watch on ships on the Illinois and the Mississippi so that Smith might not be abducted to Missouri by steamer. A hundred thousand dollars would not cover the costs and the damage that Nauvoo suffered by this arrest. The General Assembly of the State of Illinois during its sessions of 1843 and 1844 made an attempt to suspend the rights granted the town of Nauvoo. This attempt, although not carried out, did not fail to have an unfavorable effect upon the capital worth of Nauvoo's manufacturing and building societies.

In June 1844, a mob gathered in the neighborhood and spread rumors to the effect that Smith and the Mormons scoffed at the laws of the State. Every effort possible was made to inflame public opinion. The editors of various newspapers devoted their time and papers to spreading false reports; and, because of the rumors that the Mormons were determined to defy the laws, Governor Ford went to Carthage, enlisted several hundred men, mostly members of the mob, and then sent a policeman to Nauvoo to arrest Smith and several others. Smith realized that his life was at stake and begged the governor to protect him at least against the violence of the rabble if, for the forty-seventh time, the governor wished to hold him for a judicial hearing. The governor promised this, pledging the good faith of the State. When the matter about which Smith had been accused was examined in a judicial proceeding, he was again set free; but immediately thereafter a new complaint accusing him of high treason made its appearance as a result of which he was committed to jail. Governor Ford now discharged all his troops except one company (the Carthage Grays), known to hate the Mormons bitterly, and so, in this treacherous fashion, permitted the murder of the prisoners. Before this he had held a secret session of the court at which this question was discussed, and the conclusion was reached that the safest way to quiet the mob was to abandon the Saints to their fate.

On the twenty-seventh of June, at 5:23 in the evening, the jail was surrounded by about 150 armed men with blackened faces. Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, patriarch of the Church, were killed; John Taylor, an elder, was mortally wounded by four bullets while trying to escape; while Willard Richards, an elder, escaped from the same room unwounded. Although Smith had repeatedly instructed the Saints that his stay among them was only for a short while and, before he left Nauvoo, had told his friends that he was going like a lamb to the shambles and would never return, no people on earth mourned

more sincerely the loss of a benefactor than the Saints did during the final days.

Those who hated the Mormons rejoiced over his death and were triumphant, loudly and publicly, at their victorious breach of faith. The Christian world, however, exclaimed for the most part: "How barbarous to kill him in this way! Still, it is a good thing he is dead."

At the autumn session of the court a complaint of murder in the first degree against the chief instigators of this butchery was tried. The court, however, that had previously acted with the utmost leniency against them at the preliminary examination, in May 1845, acquitted them completely.

The twelve apostles, who now represented the highest authority in the new Church, returned home at once after these events from their mission abroad – upon the unanimous decision of the Saints – and took their place at the head of affairs in Nauvoo; Brigham Young, president of the twelve, assumed the leadership. The work on the temple which, at the time of the prophet's death, was a story high, continued rapidly, and the Saints continued to assemble at Nauvoo.

The Hall of the Seventy was built, a music-hall and a spacious arsenal of stone were likewise erected, and they set to work to build the Nauvoo House. The brick walls of the first story were finished when the rabble realized that the murder of the Prophet could not check the progress of Mormonism, and an organization, calling itself "Wolf-Baiting," was formed to exterminate the Mormons at Nauvoo. When the news of this organization became public, a council of the leaders of the Church humbly sent a petition to every state and territory of the Union (with the exception of Missouri), phrased in the most respectful language, in which the situation of the Saints was set forth and the right to settle requested. This petition, however, was only answered by silence. Now recourse was had again to the old trick of plotting criminal proceedings against President Young and his fellow members holding the highest authority in the Church. Brigham Young felt no desire to permit himself to be murdered like the Prophet and the Patriarch. He provided himself with good and effective weapons and announced from a platform to thousands who had assembled that he would shoot anyone dead who laid a hand on him or tried to serve him with a warrant, and he displayed a pair of six-shooters that he had for this purpose. Although many were inclined to make the experiment, their courage failed them before they could carry out their intentions.

The legislature of 1844 suspended the rights of the town of Nauvoo and its university. A union of nine counties was formed to root out

the Mormons. The work was begun on September 10, 1845, by burning the houses belonging to Mormons in the settlement at Morley and continued at settlement after settlement in this manner. For two weeks in succession, an armed force of one hundred and fifty men was constantly occupied with this: burning down houses, destroying possessions, driving helpless women and children from their homes and leaving them, homeless and abandoned, to perish. The sheriff of the county called in vain upon good citizens, who were not Mormons, to follow him in driving away the incendiaries and to scatter them. Not a single person answered the summons. On the contrary, a body of the armed incendiaries turned against him and drove him out of the neighborhood so that he saw himself compelled to summon an armed force consisting of those who were robbed of their property by fire and, if only to save his own life, to kill some of his pursuers. He escaped to Nauvoo where he issued a proclamation in which he ordered the Mormons, by virtue of his office as sheriff, to march out and quell the uprising.

Five hundred men were then employed in building the Nauvoo House and it was going up very rapidly. They were permitted by the trustees to leave their work and they made arrangements to drive off the rioters. The sheriff was then successful in gradually scattering the trouble-makers. Soon afterwards General Harding arrived at Nauvoo with four hundred men of the State militia and camped there for several days. He inquired where the Prophet was buried, expressed his opinion that the governor could do nothing to protect the Mormons, and did not once inspect the devastated districts, although more than a hundred houses had been burnt down. The troops remained a while in the county but how little protection they provided appears from the fact that several houses within sight of the camp were burned down and that several persons who, trusting in the militia, relaxed their caution lost their lives.

Shortly before these events, a council of the Church authorities was held and it was decided – a decision kept secret for the time being – to send fifteen hundred men as pioneers to California or Oregon in order to found a settlement there, for there was no longer any intention of remaining in Illinois. As a result, the Mormons proposed to the rabble (the State government was powerless) that the Mormons would leave the State of they would be left in peace until then and if their opponents would be helpful in the sale of Mormon possessions. This proposal was accepted and as a result companies were formed at once, orders placed for several thousand wagons, almost all the wagons in

the neighborhood bought up and all necessary preparations made for departure the following spring.

But, since this agreement was broken and the persecution renewed, on the first of February, 1846, a thousand families set out in the hope that by this the bitterness against those who remained would be lessened. Many a team had to cross the Mississippi on the ice. President Young and the heads of the Church pursued their journey westward with insufficient equipment. For three hundred miles they had to make their own road, bridge many streams and suffer all imaginable changes of weather. In July they reached Council Bluffs. Here they met Captain J. Alten of the United States Army. He requested them, in the name of the president of the United States, to aid the United States in its war against Mexico by a force of five hundred men. The battalion, thus requested, was furnished in full and they left their families for the most part in Omaha County, west of the Missouri, in wagons, without protectors or food. Soon afterwards, the battalion marched away on the road to New Mexico.

The elderly and sick, those who limped and were lame, the blind, and so on, who were not fit to join the battalion, assembled their wagons and established a place, called Winter Quarters, where seven hundred huts were set up during the fall and winter, and here the Mormon families suffered exceptionally from sickness, exposure and lack of food.

As soon as it became known in Illinois that the strongest part of the Mormon camp had entered the military service of the United States, the rabble gathered with redoubled fury and established a regular military camp equipped with artillery in the neighborhood of Nauvoo. This town now held only the poor and helpless, the sick and weak, as well as those who, irrespective of loss, could change their dwelling-place. And this was done by very many during the spring and summer.

The rabble increased its fighting strength until almost 1800 men made an unsuccessful attack upon the town – which had barely 123 able-bodied persons to oppose them – killed and wounded a number of the inhabitants and wrecked many houses. Finally, on September seventeenth, the rabble attained their goal after a bombardment lasting several days: they drove the residents, helpless and stripped of all their earthly possessions, across the river to Iowa. Here the former residents of Nauvoo would certainly have died of hunger had not swarms of quail, so tame that the women could catch them with their hands, served the unfortunate people as food. To crown their victory the rabble set the temple of Nauvoo on fire – the most beautiful building in the western states. It was the first example of a new style in

architecture, a style introduced by Joseph Smith, and had cost a million dollars. The fire could be seen for thirty miles.

In the spring of 1847, President Brigham Young set out with 143 pioneers to find a place where to settle and was led by the hand of the Almighty* – for none among them knew the least about the neighborhood –straight to the Utah Valley. The company reached it on July twenty-fourth, after they had opened up a new road 650 miles in length and had followed the tracks of a trapper for almost 400 miles. In the autumn of 1847, about 700 wagons with families reached the valley. It was so unfruitful that it had only produced a sort of dry grass that grew to a height of four to five inches and the ground was covered with myriads of large black crickets, the food of the Indians.

In this wilderness the great Salt Lake City was laid out. Not a single person of the entire company had sufficient provisions, but each had to live on half-portions or three-quarter portions; and in the same situation, except that they had no provisions whatever, were about a hundred men, a detachment of the Mormon battalion, who found their way to the valley. That autumn, President Young and some of the pioneers returned to the winter quarters and in the autumn of 1848 arrived at Salt Lake City with a thousand wagons.

It was this year that the crickets came down in swarms from the mountains and destroyed a large part of the crops – poor enough without this. They might have destroyed them completely had not gulls descended in great numbers: they would eat up the huge crickets and then disgorge them to be able to swallow still more.

Although the Mormon battalion was in the service of the United States and a large part of their families was lodged in the winter quarters, the Indian Department in the spring of 1848 nevertheless compelled them to leave their huts and move into the state of Iowa across the river, even though it was generally known that they were only camping in the winter quarters until the return of the absent battalion.

In the spring of 1848, several members of the Mormon battalion were the first to discover gold in California and so revealed to the world an incomparable source of wealth.

The presidency of the Church was reorganized in the autumn of 1848. Brigham Young was unanimously elected president of the entire Church. Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards were placed beside

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* Please bear in mind that we are telling what has happened according to the Mormons.

him as councillors and their places in the body of twelve apostles filled by others. John Smith was ordained patriarch of the church.

A provisional government was organized in the spring of 1849. A constitution was adopted by a convention for a state called "The State of Deseret." ("Deseret" is a word from the Mormon "revelation" and means "honey-bee." See the "Book of Mormon," p. 476, edited by John Taylor, Hamburg, 1852. The bee-hive is on the shield of the Mormons; it is to be found on their gold coins and is on the roof of the home of the present president.) A delegate was sent to Congress with the request to be accepted into the Union.

In September 1850, the United States Congress passed a bill recognizing the State of Deseret as the Territorial Government of Utah. The news of the act did not reach Utah until the spring of 1851 and it was not until July 1853 that a complete court of justice was organized. Brigham Young was named governor and occupied this post for four years to the complete satisfaction of the inhabitants, who earnestly wished for his reappointment.

Although the country by nature was one of the most unfruitful in which men ever lived so that, according to the opinion of the late Captain Gunnison of the topographical engineers of the United States, not an acre of 21,000 was watered and hardly a tree or underwood under the snowline could be made to grow without irrigation, no colony has nevertheless made such surprising and uniform progress.

There are settlements across the entire width of the territory, for a distance of 350 miles from north to south, wherever water for irrigating the soil can be had. The Territory has about 50,000 inhabitants who belong, almost exclusively, to the Mormon sect. Within the Territory there are almost a hundred saw-mills and forty coal mills, and among the public buildings are the Deseret State House, where for five years the legislature met, the Utah Territorial House in Fillmore City and the Tabernacle of Salt Lake City – a building measuring 126 by 64 feet. It is vaulted without columns. There are twenty-four good school-houses in this city, each usually twenty by thirty feet, and all well built. All near-by places in the Territory are provided with similar schools.

The labor expended on digging ditches and arrangements for irrigation is much better rewarded than the difficult clearing of farms from heavy timber in the states. Good wheat, corn and vegetables are grown in great abundance by careful irrigation.

Dr. Willard Richards died of dropsy in Salt Lake City on March 11, 1854. Jedidiah M. Grant was elected councillor in his place on April sixth.

Patriarch John Smith died at Salt Lake City on May twenty-third.

The Church has almost ninety-five missionaries in Europe and the same number in Asia, Africa and on the Pacific Islands. In addition, there are a number of native elders in the various missionary fields. A considerable number of Saints are scattered throughout the United States and British shires. The *Deseret News*, edited by Elder Albert Carrington, appears in Salt Lake City weekly in an edition of 4,000 copies. A weekly is edited in St. Louis, Missouri, by Elder Erastus Snow; another in New York by Elder John Taylor. A weekly, edited in Liverpool, England, by Elder F. D. Richards, disposes of 22,000 copies. Another weekly is published in Welsh by Elder Dan Jones at Swansea, South Wales, under the name *Udgorn Seion*. A periodical, *Scandinaviens Stierne*, appears in Danish at Copenhagen. Another periodical appears in Switzerland in French and is edited by Elder T. B. H. Stenhouse. *The Book of Mormon* has been translated into Welsh, Danish, French, German and Italian. The work has an important circulation in Sweden and Norway although the government did everything to suppress it. Its success in France, Germany and Italy has been slower, for which the obstacles placed in its way by the authorities are chiefly to blame. Its success in Denmark and Switzerland was much more marked. Mormonism has made important progress in the Sandwich Islands where about five thousand persons have been baptised. *The Book of Mormon* has been translated into Hawaiian, and a printing-press purchased for publishing it and a periodical. The missionaries on the Society Islands were enjoying a good deal of success until the French government, sword in hand, adopted the system of extermination used by the rabble in the United States.

Missionaries have established several branches and a periodical in Australia; branches have also been established in South Africa, on Gibraltar, Malta and among the army and fleet of the Allies in the Crimea; several branches were also established in India and a monthly was published at Madras. Here, however, the results were very poor.

A thousand Saints emigrated from Denmark for Utah Territory, and this year another emigration is expected. The total Church membership is unknown, although the Mormons say it is 480,000.

A company for the protection of immigrant Saints was soon organized. It is called the "Perpetual Emigration Joint Stock Company." Its capital is a quarter of a million dollars and it is so well organized that it is constantly growing. It offers an emigrating Saint help by advancing money that is to be repaid only after settlement.

The creed of the Mormons is as follows:

We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

We believe that people are punished for their own sins and not for the transgression of Adam.

We believe that through Christ's atonement all men may be blessed by obedience to the laws and precepts of the Gospel.

We believe that these precepts are: 1. belief in the Lord Jesus Christ; 2. repentance; 3. baptism by submersion for forgiveness of sins; 4. imposition of hands for bestowal of the Holy Ghost.

We believe that for one to be called a man of God it must be "through the gift of prophecy and the laying on of hands" by those who have the right to preach the Gospel and execute its prescriptions.

We believe in the same organization that existed in the days of the first Church, namely: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, and so on.

We believe in the gift of tongues, in prophecy, revelation, the Scriptures, the healing of the sick, in the interpretation of the Scriptures, and so on.

We believe that the Bible, in so far as it is correctly translated, is the word of God; furthermore, we also believe that the *Book of Mormon* is the word of God.

We believe in all that God has revealed and in all that He reveals at present, and we believe that He will continue to reveal many great and important things that belong to the Kingdom of God.

We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and the restoration of the ten tribes. We believe that Zion will be built on this continent, that Christ will rule in person over the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and will have the splendor of Paradise.

We claim the right to worship almighty God according to the authoritative dictates of our conscience and acknowledge that all men have the same right – to worship how, when and what they please.

We believe that kings, presidents, leaders and magistrates are subject to the law and should obey, respect and maintain it.

We believe that we must be just, truthful, modest, charitable, virtuous and good to all men; in brief, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: "We believe in all things and we hope for all things." We have endured much and hope to be strong enough to endure everything. If anything at all is virtuous, worthy of love, of good repute, or praiseworthy, we seek to attain it.

Furthermore, we believe in the patriarchal system of marriage.

The foundation of a temple, 193 feet long by 125 feet wide, was

laid in this city; and on the eighteenth of February, 1855, John Smith, the son of the patriarch Hyrum Smith, one of the martyrs, was ordained patriarch of the church.

Appendix to the Biography of President Joseph Smith

containing an account of his imprisonment
from the *Times and Season*, No. 14, Vol. 5, page 192.
Nauvoo, Ill., August 1, 1844. By the "Nauvoo Neighbor."

Two Minutes in Prison

The following took place in perhaps three minutes, but I believe it lasted only two. I have written it for the benefit of many friends.

Carthage, June 27, 1844.

A hail of musket-balls came up the stairway and rebounded against the prison-door of the second story accompanied by many quick footsteps. Meanwhile, Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself, who were in the front room, closed the door of our room against entrance from the head of the stairs and leaned firmly against the door because it had no lock or any hook we could use. The door was an ordinary one with four panels. As soon as we heard our enemies on the upper steps, a bullet came flying through the door and whizzed between us, showing that they recoiled at nothing and that we had to change our position.

General Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor and I jumped away to the front part of the room and General Hiram Smith withdrew towards the rear but was still opposite the door. A bullet came through it and struck Hiram at the side of his nose. He fell headlong backwards and lay stretched out at full length without moving his feet. It appears from the holes in his vest, trousers, underwear and shirt that a bullet from outside was fired through the window and struck him in the back, on the right side; it passed through his body, striking against his watch in the right vest-pocket. It crumbled the glass and face of the watch literally to dust, tore away the hands and crushed the watch. This must have happened at the same moment that the bullet coming through the door struck him in the nose. As he fell headlong to the floor, he cried out emphatically: "I have been killed!"

Joseph looked at him and said: "Oh, dear brother Hiram!" He opened the door two or three inches with his left hand and fired a six-shooter at random. From the door, a bullet grazed Hiram's breast,

struck him in the throat and entered his head, while other guns were aimed at him and several other bullets struck him. Joseph, clutching his revolver, continued to shoot away – around the boards of the door as he had done previously. Three barrels would not fire. In the meantime, Mr. Taylor stood at his side with a walking-stick and warded off the bayonets and guns that did not stop pushing through the doorway. I stood beside him, ready to help him with another stick, but could not get within striking-distance without coming directly opposite the guns in the opening.

When the revolver would not work, we had no other firearms and awaited a sudden rush of the rabble. The doorway was full of guns, yes, they had come half-way through it so that we no longer had any hope and instant death seemed standing there before us. Mr. Taylor jumped through the window – fifteen to twenty feet above the ground. As his body was almost half-way through the window, a bullet from the room struck his leg, and another from the outside struck the watch in his vest-pocket, close to the left side of his breast, and crushed the watch to pieces. The hands remained standing at sixteen minutes and twenty-six seconds after five o'clock. The force of this bullet threw him to the floor. He rolled under the bed which stood at his side and remained lying there motionless.

The rabble continued firing at him and severed a piece of flesh the size of a man's hand from his left hip. They kept on firing into the room, probably with their left hands, and discharged their bullets so close to us on all sides that they almost reached us in the corner of the room to which we had withdrawn. Then I began again to use my stick in warding off the guns. Joseph, in a last attempt to save himself, tried to jump through the same window from which Mr. Taylor fell. Two bullets from the doorway pierced him and one from outside struck him in the right breast. He fell outside and cried out: "O my Lord, my God!" As his feet went through the window, my head was under the bullets that came whistling from all sides.

Joseph had fallen on his left side and lay as if dead. At the same moment a cry went up: "Hiram jumped through the window!" And the mob on the stairs and about the entrance to the room hurried away. I drew back from the window, for I did not think it advisable to jump out upon a hundred bayonets. I stretched myself upon General Smith's body to see if he was really dead. When I no longer had any doubt of it and since I had seen more than a hundred men standing before the prison who would return at once to our room, I rushed through the doorway from which the gun-fire had come, towards the prison-door to see if the doors of the prison were open.

As I was near the entrance to our room, Mr. Taylor cried: "Take me along!" But I went on as fast as I could. Since I found all doors unbarred, I returned at once, took Taylor under my arm, and hurried downstairs to the cellar or inner prison, laid him on the ground and covered him with a bed that he might not be easily noticed because I was afraid that the mob would return at once. I said to Mr. Taylor: "It was a hard task to put you on the ground. But if your wounds are not fatal, I will be glad if you remain alive to tell of all this." I was afraid that I would be shot down the very next moment and stood in front of the door expecting the attack.

Willard Richards,
Apostle of the Mormon Church.

Until this point, we have followed information furnished us by Apostle George A. Smith, closely related to the founder of Mormonism and "historian of the Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter-Day Saints." Now we take the liberty of adding – as follows – several other notices which may throw a clearer light on several special points of the most interesting history of this sect.

Report of the Settlement of the Mormons in Utah as Supplied to Me by the Bureau of President Brigham Young

In the beginning of April, 1847, President Brigham Young accompanied by 142 Latter-Day Saints (usually called Mormons) left their winter-quarters (now called Florence) on the right bank of the Missouri, to find a place of refuge where they and their brothers might be far from those who had so long and obstinately persecuted them on account of their religion, and where they might comply with the demands made upon them by the God of Israel.

On the twenty-fourth of July of that same year the company reached the place where the great Salt Lake City now stands, camped there and began at once to plow, water and plant, to lay out and build a large fort and to make other preparations for the immigrants to follow them and against the approaching winter. All this was at a place several thousand miles from the nearest settlement.

In the beginning of September, President Young and a large detachment of the pioneer company returned to the winter quarters to visit their families and to meet at the big Sandy River, which flows into the Green River, the first wagon-train of Saints who followed in the path of the pioneers. More than three thousand men, women and children arrived that autumn and completed the fort that had been planned

shortly before. They took up their residence in the fort until the autumn of 1848 when, at the return of President Young and the arrival of a large number of other Saints, permission was granted to build on lots of the city, because the settlement was considered strong enough to be able successfully to resist an Indian attack.

On September 9, 1850, Congress organized Utah Territory. In 1851, Fillmore, the capital of Utah, was built on the left bank of Chalk Creek, almost in the middle of the Territory. Since then the settlements have spread from the 37th degree north latitude to the 42nd and, at the broadest stretches, are more than eighty miles wide.

So far as we know, no district presenting so many obstacles has been colonized so successfully. A people, unlawfully driven from their homesteads, carried away with them the scanty provisions and the few tools that they could get hold of and transport; made their way over a vast and, for the most part, trackless plain; settled in a district of sky-high mountains and barren plains, far from civilized places, and built within a few years extensive cities; laid out extensive colonies; built comfortable public and private buildings; put mills and various machines to work; planted orchards and vineyards; and, on the whole, managed their labors so wisely, industriously and successfully that in a relatively brief period they are in a position to satisfy almost every necessity of a civilized community out of their own means: and all this took place in a district where, we believe, no civilized people would have wished to remain very long even if they had received it as a gift.

The political organization of Utah is like that of other Territories of the United States and is divided into executive, legislative and judicial branches. The governor, the chief judge and two associate judges, a secretary, the district attorney and a marshal are appointed by the president of the United States; the members of the legislative body are elected by the people. But the governor has the right to veto an act of this body if, in his opinion, it should not become a law.

The organization of the Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter-Day Saints is in exact agreement with the pattern which the "Savior" set up during his life on earth and in our days again revealed to Joseph Smith; namely, apostle, prophet, evangelist, pastor, teacher, donations, reliefs, powers and whatever else is supplementary and necessary for a complete organization for the salvation of all who are obedient to the heavenly Kingdom of our God.

In the lower valleys of the southern part of the Territory cotton and tropical fruits may be grown and the usual kinds of grain, fruit and vegetables in many districts in the higher degrees of latitude. In all

places land suitable for plowing is comparatively limited; for, to say nothing of mountains, barren hills, deserts and ground containing alkali, the soil at many places where there is no lack of water is not suitable for farming and at other places, again, there is a lack of water so that no crops can be raised without irrigation.

Horses, cattle, sheep and other kinds of live-stock are raised successfully. However, the yield of summer pastures and the stock of fodder for winter is likewise very much restricted by many of the limitations already mentioned with respect to arable land.

In the reports which we have presented to the reader up to this point, the brighter sides of Mormonism have been chiefly shown, and, as is only to be expected from Mormon sources of information, their industry, their frugality, the sacrifices they have made for their religious belief, are stressed. These qualities, noteworthy as they are, should not blind us, however, to the many faults and defects – yes, we may say faults and defects far outweighing those qualities – which cling to the new religion. Among these we name first the belief in continuing revelation, a belief which makes the Latter-Day Saints – without will of their own or resistance – subject to the commands and words of a man who declares himself inspired and a prophet. We also name among these faults and defects their blasphemous doctrine – not at all mentioned in their articles of faith, but nevertheless spread by them – that casts doubt upon the eternity and incorporeality of God.* But we name particularly polygamy as a fault sufficient to mark the appearance of Mormonism as a regrettable and backward step in history. It cannot be denied that polygamy in the Territory has resulted in many casual benefits: for example, prostitution and adultery are almost unheard of in Utah. But, by and large, the depraving influence of polygamy is too great to be compensated for by such advantages. For example, to show the monstrous dimensions that polygamy has attained in Utah, the following, taken from statistical tables, may be worth looking at: in the year 1858 there were:

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* For example, we take the following passages from the *Deseret Almanac* for the years 1852 and 1853, according to the newspaper *Our Time*, Vol. 2, page 379 (Leipzig, 1858): "The following fixed star must be Tamen, the world of perfection, where God has fulfilled the works of his Father, of which we are told in the revelation of John"; or "God was married, for how else could He lawfully beget His Son, Jesus Christ, to be able to fulfil the work of his Father?"

As for the corporeality of God, I refer to the *Book of Mormon*, for example, Book Esher, Chapter 1, verse 16, page 480 of the German edition.

men with seven and more wives	387
men with five and more wives	730
men with four wives	1,100
men with two or three wives	1,400
total	3,617.

Since then, the number of polygamous marriages is said to show a marked increase.

This is the less to be wondered at since the Mormons have made a religious duty out of polygamy and allow no monogamist in the higher offices of the Church. Indeed, not satisfied with the usual polygamous marriage, they have, in addition, four kinds of marriages by proxy, namely: 1. "exalted substitution" when one fulfills the marital duties for a widow until she has a child to be ascribed to her husband in the other world; 2. "retroactive substitution" when women wish to marry holy persons who are dead (for example, biblical patriarchs) but whose marital duties are assumed by a living Saint; 3. "appointed substitution," when, for example, a Mormon missionary leaves the country and leaves his wife with another so that, during his absence, his family may increase; 4. "redemptive substitution," when one takes pity on a man who died a bachelor – and therefore suffering in a sort of purgatory – and redeems his soul by a marriage contracted in his name. All the children of this marriage are ascribed to the dead man.

Something quite different is "sealing." This is a mystical Platonic marriage for the next world by which a woman is betrothed – perhaps without the fortunate man knowing about it – or a couple mutually decide upon it. In addition, no one may take a second wife without the special authorization of the head of the Church. When he has received this, the parents of the new bride and she herself must consent. Finally, the first wife is asked and, if she refuses to consent, the matter is referred back to the head of the Church. He examines her objection and makes the final decision whether or not the new marriage should be consummated.

In any case, in spite of all these limitations, in spite of the regulation that a husband must fulfil his marital duty to his wives in turn, and so on, polygamy is to a great degree demoralizing and, as we have said, will always be a disgrace and able to darken the many sides of Mormonism that are to be esteemed and appreciated. They themselves justify it on the ground that the time of the Messiah will not come – which they also expect – until a fixed number of souls have walked the earth; and, therefore, it is the duty of every man to increase the number of the earth's inhabitants as much as possible.

We add in a note a description of Utah from a book on geography* and take the liberty of adding a few other remarks about the present condition of the Mormons and their most recent history.

The land does not produce much, especially without human industry. Indeed, it is only by the utmost persistence and the hardest kind of work that the inhabitants are in a position to obtain the food necessary to satisfy their needs. The Mormons have thought a good deal about making themselves independent of the world outside and have accordingly built in their state – to require the least possible from the outside – several factories: here they now manufacture leather, woolen goods, pistols, cutlery, and so on.

Brigham Young is highly respected and esteemed by the Mormons

* Taken from *Illustrierte Geographie von Nord- und Sud-Amerika*, adapted from the best and newest sources, by William Rapp, Philadelphia, John Weik, 1857, pages 233-7:

"Utah, originally a part of Upper California, came into the possession of the United States by the treaty of peace with Mexico in 1848 and was organized in 1850 into a separate Territory. On the north it is bounded by Oregon, to the east by the Indian Territory and New Mexico, to the south by New Mexico, and in the west by California. It lies between 37 degrees and 42 degrees north latitude and 106 degrees and 120 degrees west longitude; it measures 187,923 square miles. It comprises the northern part of the great basin of Upper California, the so-called Fremont Basin which stretches between the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains. This basin, from four to five thousand feet high, is surrounded on all sides by mountains; the basin itself is principally mountainous in character. Here and there the mountainous character of the country changes to high plateaus. The mountains surrounding the basin are: the Sierra Nevadas to the west; the Blue Mountains of Oregon to the north; the Wasatch and Timpanogos chains to the east. (The Wasatch Mountains rise from four to seven thousand feet above the valleys and in part are never without snow.) To the south the basin is cut off by a mountain chain as yet nameless. The interior of the basin is also crossed by mountains. The mountainous regions and the valleys are in part very fertile; the plains, on the other hand, deserve to be called deserts.

"The Great Salt Lake, seventy miles long and thirty wide, lies to the northeast from the center of the Territory. It has no visible stream flowing from it. The water is so salty that no living thing can exist in it.

"Twenty-five miles south of Salt Lake is Lake Utah, connected with it by the Jordan River. Lake Utah is thirty-five miles long and the water is sweet. Both lakes are from 4,200 to 4,500 feet above sea-level. Other lakes are: Pyramid, Nicollet, Mud, Carson's, Walker's, and Humboldt's. These lakes have no streams flowing from them but lose the water that comes to them from the mountains only by evaporation.

"Since the Fremont Basin is cut off by mountains, its rivers do not empty into the ocean but into the lakes it contains, or they lose themselves in the sands. The most important is the Humboldt. After flowing to the southwest for three hundred miles it empties into the lake of the same name. In addition there is the Nicollet. It flows to the west and empties into Lake Nicollet. There is also the Bear River, flowing from Oregon, the most important of the streams that empty into the Great Salt Lake; the Colorado, flowing to the southwest towards New Mexico; and so on. Most of Utah is not arable, and even the fertile regions, the valleys and mountain slopes, require irrigation. The principal agricultural dis-

and is regarded as the ruler and the source of all legislation in the Territory. His wishes are carried out as law – without hesitation. His enemies say that he has often instigated the Indians to numerous murders of immigrants, but that is a statement for which we will not assume any responsibility.

The population of Salt Lake City amounts to from thirteen to fifteen thousand. Of these only a few, mostly Americans, are not Mormons. There are five Israelites here. Two of these have become Mormons. The other three are merchants and are doing very well. In general, there is little trading in the city, for most of the inhabitants are engaged in farming.

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tricts are the valleys of the Bear River, of Salt Lake, Utah, Yuab, South, Sevier and Land Pitch. The usual grains and vegetables of the central states grow best here, as well as excellent grass.

"Important woods are to be found only in the mountainous regions and consist mostly of pine-trees and firs. Among the few native animals may be mentioned: the elk, deer, antelope, grizzly-bear, mountain sheep, fox and wolf; water-fowl on the lakes; and salmon in the mountain streams. The climate, in general, is in many respects similar to the great Tartar plains of Asia. The summers are hot and dry, although mornings and evenings are cool; the winters are mild. In the valleys the snow falls seldom above a few inches in depth. Autumn and spring are as a rule mild, but the weather is changeable. Frosts occur in Utah Valley until the end of May and then again from the beginning of August. It rains seldom but when it does the rain is very heavy and often changes to hail.

"The population consists chiefly of Mormons. The Mormons settled there in 1847 after they were driven out of Missouri and Illinois, and their number has increased rapidly by the immigration of members of their faith from the United States and Europe. Orson Pratt, one of their dignitaries, estimated their number in 1853 at from thirty to thirty-five thousand. In addition, the census of 1850 counted two hundred colored persons and twenty-six slaves. There are also several savage and degenerate Indian tribes living in the Territory.

"The principal occupation of the Mormons is farming. By 1850, there were already 926 farms on which grew wheat, rye, corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, Irish and sweet potatoes and other vegetables, besides wool and some tobacco; they also produced cheese, butter, wax, and so on. The live-stock was even then important. Because of their great distance from the centers of civilization and the high cost of transportation, the Mormons have been thrown on their resources in manufacturing. The production of flour and cheap material for clothing has become important. Trade is limited as yet to dealing with the emigrants who go to California by land. Great attention is paid to schooling; school-houses are being built everywhere, and the foundation of a university is in prospect. The religion of the Mormons is sufficiently known; in 1850 they had nine churches and in Salt Lake City a great temple is being built.

"The form of government is like that of other organized Territories. The Mormons themselves call their land the "State of Deseret."

"Inhabited places: Salt Lake City, twenty-two miles south of Great Salt Lake, 4,200 feet above sea-level, handsomely built, with a theater and a temple (soon to be finished). The mountains east of the city are covered with eternal snow. Healthful climate, fertile ground, population in 1853 about 10,000. Other Mormon settlements, extending for the most part along the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, include Brownsville, Ogden, Fillmore (seat of the Territorial government), and so on."

As we have already said, the city is the capital of Utah Territory, the governor lives here and there is a very handsome court-house. The city extends for two miles in length and is just as wide. The houses are very handsome and generally surrounded by trees and gardens. The city is divided into forty-five streets. There are gutters on both sides of a street to remove the dirt. The city is also divided into twenty wards: there is a bishop at the head of each and in each ward a public school. All the school-houses are built alike.

The air is very healthful. Summer is very warm, as a rule, with few rainy days. There is much snow in winter, which lasts for about three months. There are two theaters in Salt Lake City, one large and the other small. A third theater, which will be very handsome and splendid, is being built. Two newspapers are published weekly, one political and the other religious. During my visit, however, neither could appear for lack of paper.

There is a warm sulphur-spring two miles southeast of the city. Before one reaches it, there is a mountainous region to the right from which a current of warm air is felt, so that it is supposed both are volcanic. I visited the spring in the morning of the nineteenth of July and bathed in it. The spring has been left just as nature made it — without roof or any embellishment whatever. The water only comes up to one's knees, but the spring is almost a hundred feet in circumference so that many people can bathe in it at the same time. The warmth of the water is thirty degree Fahrenheit. Pretty little stones cover the bottom. The water is very clear, very healthful to bathe in and comes with great force from an opening in a mountain. This opening is very wide and looks like a pipe. Two miles farther on, there is another spring the water of which is so hot eggs can be boiled in it. There are also other kinds of mineral springs in the neighborhood. Water is conducted from the first spring to the city and a bath-house has been built there.

Fifteen miles west of the city is Great Salt Lake, eighty miles long and forty miles wide. In the middle of it is a whirlpool. The lake fully deserves its name because its water is so salty that not a single living thing can exist in it, and that from three barrels of water it is possible to gain one caskful of salt. The lake has several islands which are fertile and ornamented with beautiful gardens and which have, strangely enough, good spring-water. Many geese are to be found on them and other fowl. All the land about the lake is barren because of lack of water. Lately, almost three thousand acres here have been irrigated by machinery and have proved to be very fertile.

The number of Mormons in the Territory is from seventy to eighty

thousand. Their sphere extends for about 330 miles south of Salt Lake City and about one hundred miles to the north.

The Latest War against the Mormons

In 1857, Congress in Washington decided to exterminate the Mormons from American soil. On July 24, 1858, the Mormons were celebrating a great holiday –the anniversary of their arrival at Salt Lake where they believed they had found peace from their persecutors. In the midst of their festivities they were surprised by the bad news that two Mormons, who had been sent as spies to Washington, brought them, namely, that the government had equipped four thousand men to move against them and had already sent the troops on their way. At the same time there arrived a letter from a former Mormon in Fort Leavenworth, Missouri, to the effect that this military force also carried rope to hang President Brigham Young and his seventy elders.

Upon the receipt of this news, the president ordered all the Mormons dispersed about Salt Lake City to come to the city and every man capable of bearing arms to equip himself against their persecutors. In obedience to this order, all the adherents of the sect gathered in Salt Lake City and even women and twelve-year-old children took up arms. The arms of the Mormons, naturally, consisted only of revolvers, muskets, sabers, and the like, for they had no cannon. The women and children were sent off to the mountains. The foundation of the Temple which, as we have already mentioned, was to cost several million dollars was covered with earth; they buried all their treasure and prepared themselves, the moment the enemy should approach the city, to set it on fire because they wished to leave the place which their industry had built and ornamented as they had found it – a desert – if cruel fanaticism begrudged them this place of rest. They threw up barricades on the mountains which the enemy had to cross and stationed pickets on them.

The military force of the United States advanced to within 130 miles of Salt Lake City and made their camp here. The general, a friend of the Mormons, rode into the city and asked for provisions for his troops in exchange for money. The president answered that they could have whatever they wished if they came in peace but, if they came as foes, he would leave the city and all the neighborhood in ashes, fight as long as possible, and, in case of defeat, he and his people would take refuge in the mountains. The general returned to his force, without having accomplished anything, and ordered them to proceed. In order to reach a favorable location, he set out through the northern mountains.

He sent the baggage-wagons and all the baggage – there were more than seventy-two wagons – a day and a half in advance. But the Mormons had posted pickets on these mountains and their commander, at the arrival of the baggage-wagons, stood in the middle of the road along which the wagons had to pass and ordered the captain going with them to halt and gather all the wagons in one place. He might take from them what he wished or needed, but would then have to return to the place from which he came and would have to leave the wagons to be burnt. The captain asked the commander of the pickets by what authority he gave his orders; whereupon the commander answered that his people by the thousands were lying hidden on the mountains and in the ravines. The terrified captain fled and the Mormons set all the wagons on fire. By this extraordinarily bold stratagem (there was not a Mormon in the neighborhood except for twelve pickets), the teams, amounting to 1300 animals, fell into the hands of the Mormons and were driven to Salt Lake City. The hostile captain returned to his force and brought the sad news that it was impossible to make war on the Mormons, for one reason because they were too strong in numbers and for another because they had placed sentinels everywhere and were hidden in every mountain ravine and cave.

This news terrified in turn the commander-in-chief and he sent a messenger at once to Washington to report what he had heard from the captain who had come back and also to announce that he had neither provisions left nor baggage, and to ask if he should go on or retreat. He received instructions to advance in spite of all unfavorable circumstances. Accordingly, the force made its way to Hamins River, where it camped for twelve days, and then tried to follow the stream in order to reach Salt Lake City from another direction. But this plan failed completely.

The soldiers suffered greatly for lack of salt. When the president of the Mormons heard of this, he sent them two wagonsful as a gift, but the commander-in-chief refused it. A half-breed Indian bought these two loads of salt from the Mormons in order to sell them to the soldiers for a very good price.

When they had spent twelve days in camp, they received orders to march on. In November 1858, the snow was very deep. However, the soldiers succeeded in reaching Port Bridge, north of Salt Lake City and about 130 miles distant. At the news, the Mormons gathered in great numbers and placed many sentries on all the mountains and hills to guard the way to the city. The commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, upon learning of this, spent the winter in camp at

Port Bridge and the Mormons returned to the city and left the mountains only weakly guarded.

At the end of December, Colonel Thomas Kane came to Port Bridge from California to try to arrange a treaty of peace between the government and the Mormons. He spent several months at Port Bridge and, in March 1859, went to Salt Lake City. Here he was greatly astonished to see that the Mormons had assembled to burn the city and to send the women and children to the neighboring mountains and that, although barefoot or half-naked in rain and snow, they had not lost their courage. He was deeply moved by the condition of the women and children and returned to camp. The governor who had recently been named by Washington to govern the Territory had just arrived. He was to live in Salt Lake City but, naturally, he did not venture to enter the city. The colonel encouraged him to go to the city with him and assured the governor that he had nothing to fear.

They were not a little surprised to find no more than thirty persons in the city. These had been left behind to set it on fire in case that measure seemed called for. The governor was sorry to see so beautiful a city, so well laid out, completely destroyed, and so he informed Washington at once that war ought not to be waged against the Mormons and that all that would be achieved by it would be to turn a beautiful city into ashes and a flourishing territory into the desert it had been. His report was read aloud in Congress and Congress decided to make peace with the Mormons – after the war had cost $30,000,000. In June 1859, Major L. MacCulloch and Governor Bonel arrived from Washington with proposals of peace and concluded a treaty in which they agreed to all that the Mormons demanded. At this, the refugees returned to the city, or their farms, and to this day they live there in peace and quiet.

In the present unhappy civil war, the Mormons are decidedly on the side of the Federalists. This was no small factor in gaining for their president the favor of the highest authorities.

Finally, to sum up the impression that the Mormons made on me, I must say that, although in particular matters they are tainted with many faults, still, on the whole, they appear to be a quiet, industrious, peaceful people who claim tolerance for themselves and their supposed truth, but are willing enough to grant it to those of other faiths.

Chapter VII

From Salt Lake City to St. Joseph

On July nineteenth, at seven in the morning, I left Salt Lake City to go to St. Joseph. My fellow-traveler was Captain Witt of New York who had been stationed in Utah to protect the residents of the Territory against the Indians, but who was now called to serve against the Secessionists.

In the beginning, the road ran through mountainous country with beautiful flowery fields which, here and there, were watered by a small stream. After traveling twelve miles we reached Ephraim Hanks, east of Salt Lake City and between Little and Big Mountains. We now had steep Big Mountain before us, and six mules were therefore hitched to our stagecoach. We ourselves went up the mountain on foot and, half-way up, found a very refreshing spring of running water which invited us to rest. We did not refuse and strengthened ourselves beside it for climbing farther by a few swallows of whiskey baptised with water. We laid a wager as to who would be the first to reach the summit: the winner was to have the mountain as a gift and it was to be named after him. Since I had climbed more mountains than my companions, I left the stage with its six mules far behind and was the first at the summit. I immediately fired my revolver as a sign that I was at the top. The mountain, therefore, belonged to me but, since I could not take it along, it was and remains unprofitable capital. Anyway, I made my right to it of some value by naming it "Benjamin" and, as a memento, broke off a branch of a wild cherry-shrub growing on the summit.

On the other side of the mountain is a small stream, called East Canyon Creek. The station has the same name and is fourteen miles distant from the previous one. After we had gone ten miles along a good road, we came to Hogsback. We found no water here. However, we could get plenty of milk. The road from here on led us through hilly land to Weber Valley. The valley is very fertile, fifty-five miles long and two miles wide. The Weber River flows through it and here is Weber Station, twelve miles from the previous station. Opposite

Weber Station, to the north, is a high mountain, quite round in shape. Three miles to the south, a mine yielding much coal was discovered recently.

After twelve miles, we came to Echo Canyon; it was another twelve miles to Houd; another ten miles to Willow Creek; another ten to Beon River; another ten to Pyner Hill; and eleven miles to Muddy. These stretches of road were covered by me at night while I slept sweetly and so I can only give the names of the stations. On the morning of July twentieth, we reached Muddy Hill, twelve miles from the previous station. Muddy Hill is in a valley, ten miles long and four miles wide. After another twelve miles, we arrived at Fort Bridger at about half-past seven in the morning. Three companies of soldiers are stationed here to keep the Indians pacific. This fort is in a very fertile valley, six miles long and just as wide. A little stream, Blakes Back, flows through the middle of it. From there we came to Bigs-Ta. Two streams flow through this valley: one Blakes Back, mentioned above, and the second Smiths Back. The valley is surrounded by mountains where the Snake Indians live. After another twelve miles we reached Millersville. Half-way between this station and the next, there is a round, arched hill, about three hundred feet high and about five hundred feet in circumference; the center of it resembles columns – as if columns had been carved out of the hill. It is called Church Beaut (an abbreviation for "beautiful"). Twenty miles farther on, we reached Hamshork; both streams unite at this station. In the neighboring mountains, to one side, are the Snake Indians; on the other side, but farther north, are the Baneks Indians. These let their hair grow long.

In the evening we reached the Green River. We crossed it by means of a rope-ferry. This stream is about three hundred feet wide and twelve feet deep. It was the first that we had to cross by boat since we left California. Green River Ferry Station is on the other side of the river, twenty-five miles from the previous station.

Here we encountered the first rain since our departure from California. It was very violent and lasted until midnight. The climate here is quite different. After nine miles along a road that had become very difficult because of the rain, we came to Big Timber. Sixteen miles more and we reached Big Sandy on the morning of July twenty-first. We crossed a long, barren valley that stretched far away, called Dry Sandy. To the right it is watered by the Sandy River, but there is not the least vegetation because of it. Little Sandy Station is thirteen miles from the previous station. The air is cool because the snow-covered Rocky Mountains are near-by. We stopped here for four hours. Here, too, there were American prices: a cup of black coffee cost half a

dollar. After fifteen miles we arrived at Dry Sandy. It has its name from the valley that extends even as far as this. After another twelve miles we reached Pacific Springs. This station is in a little oasis, near the Rocky Mountains. A cup of milk cost cents.* Strangely enough, I found a Jewish-American newspaper in this wilderness – *The Israelite*, published in Cincinnati.

At half-past two in the afternoon we left the station and after two miles were on a height, called South Pass, which extends for five miles. This is the half-way point between the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans. In descending from this height we came to the Sweet Water River, and after twelve miles to South Pass Station. Two little streams flow in this neighborhood; one is called Willy Creek and the other Rock Creek. The former is six miles, the latter four miles, from the station. Here Nebraska Territory begins.**

After twelve miles more, we reached Souberry Creek. This station has the name of a stream there. Fourteen miles farther, we came to Rocky Ridge. The South River flows near this station. After another fourteen miles, we came to Hot Springs and, thirteen miles beyond, to

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* The price is omitted in the original. Tr.

** *The Western Territory and Nebraska.* The geographical description of this part of the country has been taken by us from the geography mentioned above.

"The Western Territory includes the rest of the old Louisiana Territory ceded by France and extends from the Platte, or Nebraska, River north to the 49th degree and is watered by the White Earth and Missouri Rivers and its tributaries, the Yellow Stone, the Nebraska, and so on. One of the offshoots of the Rocky Mountains stretches in a northeasterly direction to Lake Winnipeg. The eastern part of the land is covered with many woods, but beyond them lies a vast prairie, covered with grass and flowers and almost completely flat. Because of its fertility, it is admirably suited for agriculture. The climate is cold and raw in the mountainous regions; in the lower parts of the country it is mild and moderate.

"Until recently the land was inhabited only by Indians to whom the United States government, as in Indian Territory, assigned places to live. The Sioux or Dacotah Nation, the Gros Ventre, Mandan and the Arrickera Nations, and so on, were the sole lords of the soil. In recent years, however, individual white pioneers have settled in the Territory and as early as 1845 it was proposed in Congress to raise the status of the fertile and promising land to that of a lawfully organized territory to be known as Nebraska (after the Nebraska or Platte River). A similar proposal was made in 1853, but both times unsuccessfully. However, during the Congressional session of this year (1854), the proposal was renewed by Senator Douglas with much greater scope. According to this, not only the present so-called Western Territory, but also the southern Indian Territory are to be organized. The whole vast domain is to be divided into two Territories with governors and law-making bodies and the southern Territory would be called Kansas (after the Kansas River) and the northern, Nebraska. Since the Missouri Compromise was terminated at the same time that the Douglas proposal was made, the proposed Territories would be accessible to slaveholders. So, in spite of the excitement that the slavery question arouses at present, the proposal has a good chance of success in the Senate as well as in the House of Representatives."

Cold Springs. Twelve miles more and we reached Three Crossings – on the twenty-second of July, in the morning. A stream winds so here that it must be crossed three times: hence the name of the station. It is surrounded by the Rocky Mountains on three sides; on the southern side is a mountain of dark-colored sand. The valley in which the station lies – and which reminds one very much of the shape of a basin – is twelve miles long and five wide. Many buffaloes and deer are caught here. Here, too, there are many black birds, many of which become as large as doves.

We crossed Sweet Valley and, after traveling twelve miles, reached Split Rock. Two high mountains of the Rocky Mountains are here split in two from top to bottom: this is why the valley has its name. Many varieties of birds and wild fowl are also to be found here and there is an abundance of wild cherries. After another twelve miles, we came to Planets. Two Indian tribes are to be found in the neighboring mountains. One belongs to the Snake Indians and the other to the Sioux. We continued our journey following the course of the Sweet River beside the Rocky Mountains and crossed at Devil's Gate. Here, also, two of the Rocky Mountains are split and form a mighty gate through which the Sweet River comes flowing with a mighty and sinister noise. Its course through the mountains extends for almost two miles. On the east side of this mountain range a whole section is covered with pitch-black stones, which look as though a human hand had placed them in their present position. Travelers have scratched their names on various stones, trying to immortalize themselves. But since I was passing them on a mail-coach and the conductor would not listen to my request that we stop, I could not examine them and add my own name. (The mail-coach may only stop at the designated stations.) At the end of the mountains, the road led us back by a sharp turn so that we circled a mountain and came to the other side of the Devil's Gate. From then on, we continued along the right bank of the Sweet River.

After twelve miles, we reached Sweetwater Bridge Station. We were now in a great sand-desert. This was thornier, wilder, less fertile, and sandier – in a word, more dreadful – than the first that we had crossed. The reflection of the sun on the sand gives it the appearance of a lake in six places. The residents designate five of these as "South Lake" but the last, to the north, as "Poison Lake." The first two-thirds of the way is through deep and difficult sand; the last third, on the other hand, is hilly and covered with grass. On the rising ground we encountered, not a little to our astonishment, a fairly large number of small, white wolves near the road. They looked at us savagely and were not in the least frightened at the sight of us. Only a few pistol-shots

could frighten the youthful sons of Isengrim back to the mountains. A short distance farther on, a large deer with its young paid its respects to us. We chased it and went off in different directions in order to surround it – but in vain. Although we all fired at the same time, our revolvers could not shoot far enough. Going downhill, we came to a couple of springs of fresh, cold water: they are called Headville Springs. After eleven miles, we arrived at Horn Creek Station; another ten miles, Willow Springs; another fourteen, Red Buttes. We then crossed the Platte River bridge, and aften ten miles reached the station of that name.

After fourteen miles we came to Maddy. On July twenty-third in the morning, we reached Deer Creek, fourteen miles from the previous station. Near the station were a few tents of Sioux Indians whose chief encampment was three miles from there. They number about seven hundred men. Their chief occupation is hunting the buffalo; this is very important here. After twelve miles we came to Box Elder. The station is named after the river that passes by it. After ten miles we reached La Presbe. This station is also named after a river. We stopped here three hours and bathed in the fresh water of the river. In many places the river only reaches one's knees and is about twenty feet wide; the banks are covered with grass and overgrown with beautiful willows and other trees. At this station, I paid 75¢ for bread and butter and a cup of milk (more than a *thaler*).

After eleven miles of hilly road we came to Steed's Station. Here we found a spring. There is a little stream not far from this station, called Three Creek. It runs dry in the summer and has water only in the rainy season. We came to a rocky hill, about fifty feet high and two hundred and fifty feet in circumference. This is called Brigham Speech Hill, for Brigham Young spoke to his congregation from this hill, when they passed through here on their flight from Missouri: his address was powerful and encouraged them to trust in God; by it he strengthened their hope for a land where they would find peace from those who persecuted them. All those assembled here answered with one voice: "You have strengthened our hearts and may God bless you; whatever you will tell us to do, we will do, and we will not turn aside from your words, either to the right or to the left." Because of this occurrence, the hill has received the name mentioned above.

The road now led through hills and mountains. It struck me that the soil was remarkably red and I asked the conductor to stop for a few minutes that I might examine the stones of this neighborhood. I also took one along with me. Since these have the greatest resemblance to the rock of California containing ore, it is very likely that rare minerals

may also be discovered here. But, since there is no water in the entire neighborhood, the possible wealth of the region will be of no use. The last third of the way to the next station consists partly of desert and partly of woods. After eleven miles, we reached La Bonté; the station bears the name of a little stream. Many oaks grow on the banks. Our road now led over hills and through beautiful valleys, rich in grass and very suitable for grazing cattle. We also found a warm spring and came upon several wolves. We could only drive them away by firing our revolvers. After fifteen miles, we reached Elk Horn: this station, too, has the name of a river passing by it.

Ten miles farther, our road leading only through hills and barren mountains, we arrived towards evening at Horseshoe Creek where there is a very deep well of cold water. This station is splendidly built and the chief agent of this mail service – the first we met since our departure from Salt Lake City – lives here. The surrounding country consists of an extensive, barren and saline valley.

Fourteen miles beyond the last station, we reached Bitter Cottonwood and, after another ten miles, Ward's Buildings, where several Indians of the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes had pitched their tents. After nine miles more, we came to Fort Laramie, where four companies of soldiers are stationed to protect travelers from the Indians. The officers received us in a most friendly fashion and provided us with brandy, wine and food. This was also the case at the first fort, previously mentioned. American officers are as a rule, and I gladly acknowledge it here, friendly and courteous to travelers and try to help them in every possible way. From here we arrived at a place called Gibson House, where there is a deep spring with clear water which bubbles up for twenty feet and is almost like a small stream. The spring is surrounded by a house without a roof. Our road now ran beside the Platte River. The river is about sixty feet wide here and four feet deep. Farther up, it is supposed to be twenty feet deep. Here the American prairies begin and extend for five to six hundred miles all the way down to St. Joseph.

After nine miles we reached Boodeaus and, after fourteen miles, Sucheck, where there is a good spring; after another fourteen miles we reached Horse Creek. The last third of the way to this place is fertile. To our great joy, after enduring so many hot days and having had to do without much, we found ice-water here: it brought us more refreshment than the best champagne could have brought and refreshed our tired limbs not a little. The road followed the river for a long time. To the right and left of us were the prairies with their tall grass and beautiful, fragrant flowers, so that the traveller, who has just exchanged the uniformity and deathlike desolation of the desert for

the equally uniform but rich and life-filled vegetation of the prairies, believes himself to have been transported from hell to paradise.

After sixteen miles, we reached Scott's Bluff. Here I had a cool bath in the Platte River. The water has a very strong current and a sandy bottom; for these reasons it is always turbid. After another ten miles, we reached Scott's Bluff, No. 2. The telegraph from Salt Lake City to this point was already completed, and here lay much material to carry it forward. Between this station and the next there is a tall stone at the right side of the road which looks like a monument carved by the hand of man. It is called Chimney Rock. The next station has the name of this stone and is thirteen miles from the previous station. After fifteen miles of traveling, we arrived at Lindfork and, after another twelve miles, at Mud Springs. Here there is a spring after which the station is named. We stopped here four hours.

On the twenty-fifth of July in the morning we arrived at Pole Creek. This station is twenty-six miles from the previous station and it has the name of the stream passing it. After another fifteen miles we arrived at Pole Creek, No. 2, and, after twelve miles, at Pole Creek, No. 3. All these three stations are near the stream.

We then crossed the Platte River at a place where it is about half a mile wide but only two to three feet deep. There is an island here in the middle of the river. The telegraph-poles have already been set up on it. After six miles we came to Julesburg. This is also known as Carassin. Here the highway divides into two: one road goes to Pike's Peak, 190 miles away, and the capital city of Denver*; the other continues to St. Joseph. I asked the agent at Julesburg to give me a pass to Pike's Peak that I might visit the mountain. He answered that he was sorry he could not do this since my ticket called only for a passage direct to St. Joseph.

On the mountains in the neighborhood of Julesburg live two Indian tribes: one is the Sioux and the other the Cheyennes; together they number about 100,000. They are warlike. Their territory extends for five hundred miles of the mountainous country. There were several Cheyenne Indians in the station just then. They are a strong, powerful breed of men of medium height; their color is like that of all Indians; they do not cut their hair but let it grow long. The hair is braided on both sides of the head and in the braids are beads; narrow strips of beaver, the hairy side outside, are wound about the head; the parting, in the middle of the head, is smeared with a red dye. They also color their faces red and consider this the finest adornment. About their necks

* Benjamin has: "the capital city of which is called Denneville."

they hang silver plates, old keys, and whatever else falls into their hands by accident and may possibly be used for adornment and glitter. Large rings, almost as thick as a man's little finger, hang from their ears. Their clothing is like that of all other Indians. The other tribe differs in no way from the other Indian tribes.

Here the climate changes and constantly becomes more like that of the eastern states of North America. For a long time we saw nothing about us but the endless prairies. The road became better at last. Every two or three days we met teams going to Salt Lake City or Oregon. After traveling thirteen miles we reached South Station and then, after fifteen miles, Diamond Springs; after fourteen miles, Sandhill, where we had a violent rain, and then twelve miles farther to Alkali. But here the rain became so violent it looked as if Heaven were preparing another deluge and as if all the windows of Heaven were opened for the purpose. The rain lasted until midnight. At this station I suffered a very painful loss: by the negligence of the conductor I lost a valuable collection of examples of Indian workmanship and so on. Our baggage was moved to another stage-coach and the conductor promised me to take the best of care of all my effects. I relied on his promise but, next morning, when I examined my things, I found that I had been not a little deceived. Since the collection was lost through his fault, I asked him, in case it was left lying in the former stagecoach or should be found somehow or other, to send it on to St. Joseph for me. However, my lost property was not to be found. The collection included, among other things, a number of Indian bows and arrows. Several of these were poisoned.

After traveling fifteen miles, we arrived on the morning of July twenty-sixth at Uplands Bluff and, after another twelve miles, at Fremont Springs. The Cheyenne Indians live in the neighborhood of these mountains. We stopped here for almost two hours. Near the station, about a quarter of a mile away, I saw at several places posts, about six to eight feet high, driven into the earth and connected with each other on top by a covering like a bed. In reply to my questions as to what these meant, I learnt that this was the way the Indians disposed of their dead. They wrapped them in a blanket and left them lying in this way in the open until they were dessicated; then the bones were burnt and the ashes taken home.

When I heard this, I remembered that the famous sculptor, von Leinitz of Frankfort-on-the-Main, had asked me in the interests of scientific investigation to bring back various skulls whenever possible. I decided at this place to try to comply with his request and, therefore, took a little ladder along, after I had loaded my weapons with powder

and ball in case I should run into some obstacle or other. However, in the beginning I did not see a living soul anywhere in the vicinity. When I reached the posts, my nose perceived an odor not particularly agreeable. In fact, the evil smell was so strong I could hardly breathe. I placed my ladder against a post and spread open one such blanket: a million worms at once began to crawl towards me. Since the body was not wholly gone, I thought I would try elsewhere. However, before I could get my ladder in place again, I saw Indians approaching. I could do nothing better than to return to the station as quickly as possible, although I had not accomplished my object. At the station I was congratulated upon my escape and assured that, had the Indians detected me, my life would have been irretrievably lost. I called the attention of the host of the station to the fact that should he have a chance, for example at night, to get hold of skulls, he should send them to Europe where he was certain to be well paid.

From here on, the mid-day meal cost only 50¢.

After ten miles, we arrived at a station as yet without a name; after fifteen miles, at Cottonwood; after thirteen miles at Gilmuns; after another fifteen, at Midway. Here we found very many birds. We went hunting and killed some. I wanted to take them along with me to have stuffed, but I found out, later, that this species is also to be found in Europe. Naturally, I gave up the idea.

After thirteen miles, we arrived at Willow Springs; after another fifteen miles, at Plum Creek; and after fifteen miles more at Godnis. We passed Fort Grand where three companies of soldiers are stationed to protect travelers from Indians. Here we left the Platte River and went in a southeasterly direction through the prairies. After thirteen miles we reached Chain Station on July twenty-seventh in the morning. Five Indian tribes live in the neighborhood of the mountains: one is called the Rapf Indians, the second Hass, the third Sioux, the fourth Cheyennes, and the fifth Pawnees. The Rapf and Hass Indians are very numerous and are allies. The Pawnees have about 10,000 members. They are restless, quarrelsome, and constantly at war with the others.

After ten miles along the road, we came to Sandhill; after eighteen miles, to Thirty-two Miles Creek; after eighteen more miles to Chain Station; and after twelve more to Liberty Farm. The Little Blow flows near this station; both banks have various kinds of trees growing thickly on them, particularly large oaks. After ten miles along the road, we came to Botlyn-Rang; after another ten miles, we came to a new station of which I forgot to note down the name. After fourteen miles, we arrived at Kiowa Creek; after thirteen miles, at Mell; after eleven, at Big Sandy; after another eleven, at Crisons; after ten miles farther,

on July twenty-eighth, in the morning, at Rock Creek Station; and, after another eleven miles, at Ottu Station. Half-way between this and the next station, we came to the border of Kansas. During the last year, this Territory was admitted to the Union as a free state. After twelve miles along the road we reached Cottonwood.

Here, to my surprise and joy, I heard again, for the first time, the sweet, melodious German speech. This was spoken by a German family from the kingdom of Hanover. They were farming and very well-off. The head of the family was quite satisfied with his situation, particularly since the mail passed through Cottonwood, for he was supplying the horses with fodder and the like and no longer had to send his grain a considerable distance to be sold. Since the family, too, had not heard a word of German from a strange mouth in a long time, they were also very happy to see me among them and I found the friendliest of receptions. The head of the family, who at present has 130 acres, asked me if it were likely that the population of the neighborhood would increase in the future. In that case, he would be very much inclined to buy another 130 acres, for the price was only 50¢ an acre. I advised him to buy as much as possible – even five hundred acres – for the price was very low and, in addition, it was planned that the railway to the Pacific would go through the place. It was more than likely, then, that in ten years the price of land would be considerably increased, for the railway would certainly attract a large number of new colonists. In any unfavorable turn of events, he risked very little with the price so low. He showed me his large, beautiful garden, and told me he had everything in abundance and also that he built whatever he needed; he had to buy only articles of clothing. However, he regretted that the neighborhood had very little timber. The climate, so he informed me, was very warm in summer and in winter there was often several feet of snow which then remained on the ground quite a few weeks. Among wild animals are to be found black and white wolves, panthers, small hares, wild-cats and very many deer; in addition, there are swarms of turkeys. The ground is extraordinarily fertile.

Fifteen miles farther there lives an Indian tribe, called the Utin Indians.

From Julesburg to this place, we often saw buffalo on the prairies. Our German colonist told me that in August and September, when the water dries up in the mountains, they come down in thousands to slake their thirst in the rivers. The Indians then, naturally, hunt them and fill their needs for the whole year. This German colonist also told me that there is in the neighborhood an extensive valley, surrounded by high mountains, where the buffalo graze, and that the Indians who

live on the mountains do not let the buffaloes leave this valley without greeting them with a few pistol shots and, in addition, now and then, when the Indians are badly in want of meat, they go into the valley and kill as many as they need. These buffaloes are not as large as those I saw in the Old World, for example at Gorna in Asia (see my *Eight Years in Asia and Africa*, page 132). The German asked me to spend a few days with him but, since the mail-coach, naturally, was stopping for only a few hours, this was impossible and our parting was all the more painful.

We crossed the Bigblow River, near the next station, and reached the little town of Marysville. It was given this name by the first settler who came there twenty-two years before. Here are to be found several shops and saloons with billiard-tables. A weekly is published here. The distance from the previous station is thirteen miles.

After fifteen miles along the road we came to Guittord's. Here we saw a multitude of birds, as large as pigeons, with bright red heads, white wings, the upper part of their bodies blue and the bellies white. After another eleven miles we arrived at Smith Station. Two miles from this station we crossed William Creek and, after another eleven miles, reached Crockton. At many places along the stream, as far as this place, the banks are wooded. The trees belong to the farmers who have settled there and no one else has the right to cut a tree down. But timber is not too plentiful so that, comparatively, there are few settlements here. I spoke to an old farmer, a native of Alsace, who settled here a long time ago, and asked him what was the explanation for the fact that no trees grew on the prairie in spite of its fertility. He answered that in his opinion the whole neighborhood had been woodland once, but that the Indians had burnt it down and the result was the prairies. He himself had tried to grow trees when he ploughed up the land and this attempt was so successful that now, after ten years, he had the satisfaction of having a beautiful woods. From the last station mentioned on, there is much woodland where tall, thick trees are growing.

After thirteen miles along the road we reached Seneca Station; after twelve more, Log Chain; and after another thirteen Granada. On July twenty-ninth, in the morning, we reached Kennekuk Station, thirteen miles distant from the previous one. Five miles farther, we crossed Wolf Creek and rode through the little market-town of Troy. A mile beyond is the station of that name, fifteen miles from the previous one. We then went through another little market-town, Woddin, with almost a hundred inhabitants. After five miles we came to Elwood, situated on the Missouri. The town has almost two hundred inhabitants. There are extensive woods in the neighborhood and the town is

surrounded by woods on three sides. On the remaining side is the river. It is fifteen miles from the previous station to Elwood.

We crossed the river by steamboat. The river flows with considerable force and does much damage by its frequent floods. In the afternoon we arrived at last in St. Joseph – safe and sound.

I stopped at a large hotel. Here the people marveled at the long journey I had made. I thanked God from the bottom of my heart for the help He had given me on this journey and felt a certain satisfaction in being the first to present a somewhat detailed report of this stretch of territory and so, perhaps, be of service, if only slightly, to the science of geography. I felt very well, although we had been riding from California to St. Joseph for eighteen days, day and night, and had covered a stretch of almost two thousand miles. I believed that I could conclude from this that I was strong enough to undertake a further journey, especially to Arabia and the Orient, for the dangers of the journey I had just made were no less than in the uncivilized lands of Asia, while the hardships much greater. On a journey by caravan one travels during the hot days only at night and rests during the day and, on the other hand, when the days are cool one travels only by day and rests at night; on a caravan journey, moreover, one is able to prepare one's food.

There are ninety-two stations from Salt Lake City to St. Joseph and the distance is 1105 miles. Some assume it is 1200 miles. Let me say, by way of supplement, that all distances given are in English miles, of course, just as with respect to measuring heat I have used the Fahrenheit scale. Is it not remarkable that a journey which would take a caravan no less than four to five months can be made by mail-coach in eighteen days, yes, and that not too far away in the future the iron horse will be able to fly over the distance in at most four to five days? To build a railway would certainly offer few difficulties, except over the Sierra Nevada mountains: elsewhere, there are few bridges to build and few tunnels to dig. The government is responsible for the fact that the railway has not been commenced as yet. If the journey to California were not so difficult and expensive, hundreds and thousands more would have emigrated to California and become happy there. Will not the time come soon when all the continents will be crossed by railways? So that, almost literally, the words of Isaiah will be fulfilled: "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the uneven shall be made level, and the rough places a plain" (40. 4). If we gaze back upon the years of our childhood and compare those years with the present, the progress mankind has made in almost all branches appears to us so magnificent, we have a right to

expect the greatest things of the future – unless a sudden backward movement checks our progress.

After I had taken a refreshing bath and washed myself clean of the sand and dust of the deserts I had crossed, I strengthened myself again with some food which, simple though it might be, tasted of Paradise to one whose palate was dried up and whose stomach starved. At night I could again lie on a bed and there sweet sleep held me until late in the morning; when I awoke, I was like one reborn.

Having strengthened myself by a solid breakfast, I began to gather information about the city. St. Joseph has been recently founded. Since 1840, when only one house stood where the city is now, it has grown astonishingly fast so that now it has about 15,000 inhabitants. The city is built along the Missouri River. The city has suffered often – even last year – from the grasping currents of the river; now and then it has torn away whole streets. St. Joseph lies in a highly romantic district – in a valley surrounded by high hills. The place is of no little commercial importance, important business being transacted here by water as well as by land. A mail-service, which leaves daily for Pike's Peak in Nebraska Territory and for California and which arrives daily from those places, makes St. Joseph a highly important center for exchange between east and west. On the whole, the climate is very healthful, although fairly warm in summer; the hottest it gets is 95 degrees Fahrenheit. In winter there is seldom snow and then it remains on the ground for only a short time.

St. Joseph has three public schools and several private ones, twelve churches, one of which is a Catholic church, a small hospital, two Masonic lodges and an Odd Fellows' lodge.

St. Joseph has 140 Jewish residents. Jews have resided here since 1855. For several years the community was larger, but a number of Jews have since moved away. The Jewish residents have formed a congregation: it consists of nineteen families and is called Adath Joseph after the city. They have rented a house and fixed it up as a synagogue. They also possess two scrolls of the Law and have a teacher who is also the *hazzan* (cantor) and ritual slaughterer of cattle and poultry. The synagogue is attended on festivals and often also on the Sabbath. In the ritual of their synagogue they have done away with the second days of holidays (*yom-tob sheni shel galuyoth*) and only observe the first day of Rosh Hashanah, or New Year's. Most of the Jews of the city are well-to-do.

Chapter VIII

Return Journey through the Northeastern States of the Union

On August 1, 1861, at four o'clock in the morning, the manager of the railway sent to me at the hotel a pass good for a free trip to St. Louis. This city is about five hundred miles away. There are two ways of reaching St. Louis from St. Joseph: one all the way by railway directly to St. Louis, and the other by way of Hannibal, 206 miles from St. Louis, where one leaves for St. Louis by steamship along the Mississippi. At that time the shorter way was very dangerous because of the war then going on, for the Secessionists constantly harassed the trains by volleys of gunfire. I chose the way by water, for I believed I had no enemy bullet to fear on the river.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I reached Hannibal and found the town in a state of great excitement. The manager of the railway, who had declared that he was for the North, had been taken prisoner in his own house at night by the Secessionists and carried off no one knew where. The commander-in-chief of the Federal army corps stationed in this district had four of the most respected men of the town, who had declared themselves for the South, arrested as hostages for the abducted railway-director and had threatened that, if a hair of the man's head were harmed, the hostages would have to pay for it. It was feared that at any moment there would be an outbreak against the soldiers and for me and for my fellow travelers who arrived with me the situation was particularly an anxious and distressing one. In addition, the water of the river was so low the steamship could not arrive at the scheduled time: this kept us a long time in a state of great anxiety.

It was not until after midnight that the steamship *Hannibal* arrived at last and we could leave the town with hearts somewhat lighter than they had been. Here the Mississippi has a very powerful current, but we did not think there was any danger to be feared. Indeed, everything went along smoothly until morning. Then, however, something happened suddenly that frightened us greatly. That morning (August

second), just as we were strolling up and down the deck and admiring the splendid spectacle of the sunrise and the highly romantic scenery on the banks of the river, we were suddenly startled out of our looking about. Suddenly the cry rang out – all the more frightening because unexpected – that the boat was fast on a sand-bar. At first we believed that the captain was a Secessionist and intended to leave us stranded and then to summon the Secessionists in the neighborhood that they might rob us and then take us away as prisoners of war. We passengers, accordingly, all prepared ourselves for any possibility and each had his weapons ready. But we soon had to ask the honest captain's pardon in our hearts when we saw the efforts he made to set the boat afloat again. He succeeded with the assistance of the strongest passengers after two hours of struggle. At three o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at St. Louis, safe and sound, without further adventure.

St. Louis

I intended to remain in this city for some time to recover from the hardships of my journey through the deserts. But I was much mistaken when I hoped to find any rest here. Everybody, with the exception of the Germans, was for the South. The soldiers had marched against the enemy and Major-General John Fremont, head of the army corps of the West, held the city with only a small detachment of troops to protect it from the enemies within it. Here, too, an uprising in favor of the South was to be feared at any time. The chief reason for this fear was in the fact that a Secessionist army of 23,000 men, under the command of Generals McBolk and Preuss, was approaching the city.

General Fremont sent an army of 8,000 against them under the command of General Liens and Colonel Franz Sigel, a German. The colonel was in command of the left wing. The armies came to blows nine miles from Springfield, more than three hundred miles southwest of St. Louis, and it was the small Northern force that on the tenth of August, in the morning, attacked the large Southern army unexpectedly. The latter did not like to be disturbed at breakfast and offered a brave resistance. General Liens fell and Colonel Franz Sigel took over the command. The battle lasted until two o'clock in the afternoon; during this time, Franz Sigel with his German soldiers performed miracles of bravery. Two thousand dead and wounded of the enemy covered the battlefield, many more were taken prisoner, and the enemy camp was completely consumed by fire. Of the Northern force, only 150 fell as against 3,000 wounded. They were masters of the battlefield and forced the enemy to retreat.

Colonel Franz Sigel, now in command, did not venture to pursue the enemy with his own greatly weakened force, for he feared a surprise attack, and therefore retreated to take up a strong position. After the threatening danger had been escaped in this manner for three days, a major by the name of Sturz appeared and demanded that Sigel turn over the command of the force to him, and it was turned over without much delay. This caused a great deal of excitement among the German soldiers; in St. Louis also, the incident touched off much unpleasantness, particularly among the Germans. As soon as the matter became known, Sigel was made a brigadier-general and then received command of the army. General Fremont did his best to hurry the commission to him and Major Sturz had to turn over the command to Sigel, now a brigadier-general. Thereupon, the army withdrew to within two days' journey of St. Louis.

In the meantime, the spirit of Secession had grown ever stronger in St. Louis, so that finally General Fremont saw himself compelled to declare the city in a state of siege. He had all the important men of the city who had declared themselves in favor of the South arrested — including the police-commissioner. He freed only those who took an oath of loyalty and kept the rest imprisoned. Gradually important reinforcements reached the city, so that the excitement fell off somewhat. The story of the further events of this ever-memorable war, I leave to the historian.

During my stay in St. Louis, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Emil Seemann to whom I was recommended by his famous brother, Dr. Berthold Seemann. Since Dr. Emil Seemann is an excellent physician known throughout St. Louis, he was named surgeon of a regiment and was in camp at Cairo with his regiment. For this reason, I did not meet him on my first visit and his wife mailed my recommendation to the camp. The result was that Dr. Emil Seemann arrived at the city in a few days, received me in very friendly fashion, and did me much honor.

The city has about 190,000 inhabitants, most of them Germans. It is situated on the Mississippi and does a very lively business. Many steamers and railway trains arrive and leave daily. Although during my stay, as I mentioned above, there was a good deal of confusion in the city, trade was brisk and the streets full of people who did not seem to be concerned at all about the hot battle that raged in the immediate vicinity. The city is three miles long, has beautiful environs, and, where nature has been somewhat tight-fisted with its gifts, art has known how to help out. The climate is on the whole healthful. It can be as hot as 107 degrees Fahrenheit; on the other hand, the cold is rather mild here and the winters quite tolerable.

There are two Jewish congregations in St. Louis. One is Achduth Israel; it has eighty members and its ritual is Polish. It was organized in 1842 (5602). Mr. Keiler is president. Two years ago, the congregation erected a very beautiful synagogue on Sixth Street: it cost about $13,000 to build. The money was borrowed and interest has to be paid for it. It has been anounced twice that the synagogue would be sold to the highest bidder, for the members of the congregation could not, or would not, pay the interest. However, the synagogue is still owned by the congregation. The reason for these financial troubles is that too much, about $2,000, was spent for the consecration of the synagogue, perhaps because they did not stop to consider that consecrating was not as important as maintaining it.

A further reason is that a certain Mr. Ritter, of England, was hired at $1,200 annually, chiefly because of his knowledge of music. He introduced a choir of men and women. Since a sufficient number of capable Jewesses could not be found, they did not hesitate at all about hiring Christian young women for the choir. These young women, naturally, did not wish to sing without salary. The expenses, much too heavy, occasioned by all this, are the principal reasons why the congregation is so heavily in debt that it cannot even pay the interest. Mr. Ritter resigned his post and returned to England when the congregation could no longer pay him so large a salary and he could not be persuaded to take less. When he went away, that was the end of the choir. I visited the synagogue on a Sabbath but must report to my regret that the number necessary for public services (*minyan*) were hardly present.

The second congregation, B'nai El, consists for the most part of Germans and Bohemians. The congregation has been formed by uniting two congregations, formerly separate: the Bohemians had called themselves B'nai Berith and the Germans Emanu-El. Both congregations united in 1853 (5613) under the name mentioned above, which was intended to express their fusion: they took one word from the names of each of the former congregations; from B'nai Berith the word *B'nai* and from Emanu-El the word *El*, and so Congregation B'nai El was formed. The united congregation has about 120 members. A kind of Reform ritual has been introduced, although the ritual is not fully Reform. For example, men and women sit together, several prayers of the old ritual are no longer read, and there is a choir and an organ. Mr. Freder is the president, Mr. Singer the vice-president. Mr. Busch – a man much respected by Christians as well as Jews – has the office of treasurer of the congregation. Mr. Kuttner, an excellent man, is the *hazzan*, teacher and preacher. He peforms his duties faithfully and is

much beloved by his congregation. The congregation has built a beautiful synagogue and it is often quite crowded.

Charitable Societies

There are three of these in St. Louis. They are called Hebrath Meshibath Nefesh, founded in 1842; Touro Society; and Ladies' Society. The purpose of these societies is to assist the poor, sick, and so on. The number of Jews in the city is almost a thousand. Among them are several who are well-to-do. Among American Jews the Jews of this city have a poor reputation for liberality and perhaps this is not wholly unfounded.

Chicago in Illinois

On the twenty-second of August, at seven in the morning, I left St. Louis, crossed the Mississippi and went by railroad to Chicago. I reached the city at seven in the morning. It is 261 miles from St. Louis; the fare is $10.

The place now occupied by Chicago was still in the possession of the Indians as recently as thirty years ago. But they had to make way for the white men and withdraw into the interior of the country. There are still traces to be found in the neighborhood of the city of the great primeval woods that once covered this district. The city is six miles long and three miles wide and lies on a plain at the southwest corner of Lake Michigan. This lake is three to ten miles wide and seventy miles long; it is very deep and has much traffic. The Chicago River flows through the center of the city and gives it its name; the river owes its name to the Indians. It flows from Lake Michigan and divides into two: one branch flows to the south and the other to the north. The southern branch is eight miles in length, the northern four, and both empty into a little lake. There is much traffic by boat on both branches; a large bridge crosses them, under which steamships and sailing-vessels can pass if they take down the funnel or mast.

The city is very beautifully built, with handsome houses along broad, paved streets; a few of these have rows of trees on both sides. It is quite a lively city; much business is transacted here, particularly in all kinds of grain. A very handsome court-house, three stories high, facing a splendid public square, is one of the finest ornaments of the city. The building is a massive structure, all stone, with a high tower in which hangs an alarm-bell. I visited this splendid building on August twenty-eighth. From the ground-floor one reaches, by means of a broad staircase with fourteen steps, a very large open space onto which all

the rooms of the first story open. Twenty-eight steps higher, there is a second large open space upon which, likewise, all the rooms of the second story open. Finally, thirty-seven steps higher, one may well believe himself on one of the lower floors, for here everything is arranged as below. From here one must climb 110 steps along a winding iron staircase to reach the top of the tower. One reaches first a small room and from here steps out upon the parapet of the tower; the parapet is surrounded by an iron fence. There is an indescribably beautiful view from this place: one looks down upon the great, beautiful city, its surrounding countryside and shining Lake Michigan; also the railways and the constant traffic of vessels going and coming on the lake. The surprising view is so overpowering that I cannot undertake to describe it.

There are three Jewish congregations in Chicago. They are:

1. Anshe Ma'ariv ("Men of the West"), founded in 1847 (5607); in 1851 (5611), the congregation built a very beautiful synagogue, consecrated June 13, 1861. This congregation consists mostly of Germans; its ritual is, likewise, German and consequently still truly orthodox. The president is Mr. M. M. Gerstley; the *hazzan*, preacher and teacher, Mr. Adler, a truly pious man. His school, in the basement of the synagogue, is excellent not only for instruction in Hebrew but in other branches of knowledge. This congregation is the largest in Chicago.

2. B'nai Sholom, founded somewhat later than the former, has no teacher; it follows the Polish ritual.

3. Sinai, founded in 1861. This congregation bought a church which, on June eleventh, was consecrated as a synagogue by Dr. S. Adler of New York. It is a resolutely Reform congregation, has introduced into its service the use of a choir and an organ, and has adopted Dr. Einhorn's prayer-book, *Olath Tamid*. It has adopted the three-year cycle of reading the Torah and permits men and women to sit together in the synagogue. Here, too, the second day of holidays has fallen a victim to the rage for Reform. Mr. Baruch Felsenthal is the *hazzan* and preacher – a highly intelligent man who is not unacquainted with the Hebrew literature.

The Charitable Societies

of Chicago are the following:

1. Hebrew Benevolent Society, founded in 1852 (5612). Its purpose is to assist the poor.

2. B'nai B'rith. We have spoken of this order previously.

In addition, there are several other charitable societies. I did not pay particular attention to them and, therefore, cannot enumerate them.

Chicago has about 1,500 Jews. The total population is 12,000.

On August twenty-fifth, the three congregations mentioned above met in the synagogue of Congregation Anshe Ma'ariv and founded the Benjamin Society to assist me in my travels. The resolution adopted on this occasion was sent to me in writing by the president of the congregation. I still have his letter.

There is an Indian tribe living near Chicago. They are called the Coscinom.

Milwaukee in Wisconsin on Lake Michigan

On August twenty-eighth, at seven in the evening, I left Chicago and arrived at Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan, at eleven. The distance is eighty-five miles and the railway fare $2.50. The city was founded in 1830 by a Frenchman, born in Canada, named Junio. A few Americans settled there gradually until the true promoters of culture, the Germans, arrived in great number. The city is four miles long and one mile and a half wide and has about 50,000 inhabitants. A third of these are Germans. The Milwaukee River flows through the center of the city and divides it into two parts. The part adjoining the lake is called Milwaukee; the other, Walker's Pond. Both parts are connected by bridges. Most of the houses of the city are built of wood and are generally two to three stories high. The streets are wide and paved. The city's industry is as important as Chicago's.

Two Indian tribes live near the city. One has the name of a river of the neighborhood, Minominis; the other is called Tschibowis.

About a thousand Jews live in Milwaukee, most of them Germans, Poles, and Bohemians. In 1840, a congregation called Emanu-El was founded. But since the Germans and Poles could not get along because of their different rituals, the congregation divided and the Poles and Bohemians formed a separate congregation. In 1858 the two congregations united again, abandoned both rituals, and adopted one that was a sort of Reform. A synagogue was built in 1859. The congregation has, however, only ninety members because many Israelites were opposed to the union.

The Charitable Societies

are: 1. Hebrath Nashim Gemiluth Chesed, whose purpose is to help the poor; 2. B'nai B'rith.

Chapter IX

Detroit in Michigan, and Cincinnati

On august twenty-ninth, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I went on board a steamer and sailed along Lake Michigan. At half past ten at night we reached Grand Haven. From there I went by railway to Detroit and arrived on the morning of the thirtieth. The distance from Milwaukee is 186 miles and the trip cost in all $18. I stopped with Mr. Hermann Friedmann, a very rich man, who owns the largest dry-goods store in the city and is a son-in-law of Mr. Michelbacher of New York.

The city is situated on the Detroit River. One bank of the river belongs to the United States and the other, on which Windsor is situated, forms part of English Canada. On the American side business is at its liveliest; on the English side, on the other hand, everything is as quiet as in a village. Detroit is seven and a half miles south of St. Clair and eighteen miles north of Lake Erie. It is very beautifully built, has handsome houses on well-paved streets and enjoys a lively trade by water as well as by land. It is not necessary for me to set down further details about this city: it is among the oldest of North America and has been described by many travelers.

There are about 150 Israelites here. In 5610 (1850), they formed a congregation called Beth El, with a German ritual. They rented a house for religious services. Later, they built a synagogue. It was consecrated on the very day of my arrival. The consecration ceremony was conducted by Dr. Wise of Cincinnati, who had been invited to Detroit for that purpose. The consecration took place with much festivity and was celebrated by the Jews of Detroit with great happiness and as a festive occasion. Mr. Lasar, the newly engaged *hazzan*, contributed much to the celebration by a well organized choir. The congregation has about thirty members.

The sole charitable society here is the Hebrath Bikur Cholim, a society to help the sick and bury the dead. It was organized in 5611 (1851). Most of the Jews of the city are well-to-do.

On September 2, 1861, at two o'clock in the afternoon, I left Detroit

in the company of Dr. Wise and reached Cincinnati on the morning of September third. The distance is about four hundred miles.

I remained in Cincinnati until January 15, 1862, and busied myself chiefly with arranging the diary of my travels in America to have it examined by Dr. Lilienthal and Dr. Wise and have these men, most trustworthy with respect to Jewish-American affairs, remove any errors that might have crept in. In this connection, I am greatly indebted to both these reverend gentlemen. During this time, I was zealously occupied with my work and, since I have no private means, certainly no money in the bank, and since America is a very expensive country, I was soon badly in need of money. Dr. Wise called the attention of my fellow Jews to this in an article in his newspaper *Deborah* (vol. 15, no. 20, Nov. 1861). The article reads as follows:

> "For several weeks, Mr. I. J. Benjamin II has been living here and writing a report of his travels in America, including California, Oregon and all the territory up to the island of Vancouver in the part of America that belongs to England. He is the only Israelite who is trying to make himself useful to the world as a traveler. He was of service to science, particularly to the knowledge of Jewish history, and he will again prove useful to Europe and Asia with his new work and be especially of service to the hundreds of thousands who read no European language but do understand Hebrew. I have read quite a few pages of his writings about California and find his statements most interesting with respect to geography as well as ethnography – particularly that of the Indian tribes and the comparisons made with other savages. The newspapers have repeatedly reported the fact that Mr. Benjamin was writing such a book and counts upon the support of the public. Thus, everyone who reads knows that the work is now quite ready in German, since Benjamin has been sitting here for weeks and writing; but no one has asked him whether he was living on air or needed any kind of help. It has occurred to no one so much as to inform himself what Benjamin is doing or intends to do. To what a miserable state we have sunk! We have only business in mind and news about the war. Benjamin has traveled through – what few can accomplish – the interior of Asia, North Africa, almost all of Europe and North America including the western deserts; he has brought us news about the most distant countries and is now preparing a work to bring information about us to those distant lands; he is forging a link in the chain between us and the Israelites of other parts of the world. With his writings about California he is serving science generally. As a stranger among us and as a man who has seen much, he merits our attention. But we have none to give him. We have sunk to a coarse materialism, a materialism that is nourished and fostered by the spiritual and the learned. This Benjamin is an altimeter of our spiritual condition.

"I write this in German, not because I intend it to be read by women, but because I am ashamed to expose this situation in English to the larger public."

But since the Jews of Cincinnati, although they are very well-off, have little interest in spiritual matters, this article remained without any effect. However, God, Who has protected me hitherto on all my journeys, did not forsake me now. Mr. A. Aday, the consul, and Mr. Henry Mack, as I have said in the first part of this work (pp. 312-313), helped me out of my difficulties. I thank them here again from the bottom of my heart.

It is remarkable, as I believe I have mentioned, how many Americans look like Jews. I once discussed this with Dr. Wise. He told me that the reason for it was that the Jews who first came to America were unmarried and married the daughters of the land and that is the reason many Americans have inherited a Jewish appearance. Several non-Jewish families still have Jewish family names dating from those times. When I asked what proof he had for this assertion, he told me the following. An American who was very friendly to him once invited him to his home. When Dr. Wise was there, the American said he would like to ask his advice about an important matter. Dr. Wise answered he was ready and most willing to advise him as best he could. The American went away for a moment and then re-entered the room with a little bag under his arm. He said that the bag had been given to his father by his grandfather who had made his father promise to keep it, as it was an heirloom in the family. Now the bag had come into his hands and he asked Dr. Wise, as his friend, to be helpful in explaining its contents. After looking at it and fingering it, Dr. Wise opened the little bag and found in it – a pair of *tefillin* (phylacteries). Perhaps these *tefillin* were not only to show the Jewish origin of the family but were also to summon the later descendants to return to the original religion.

Dr. Wise also told me other similar incidents. The following is one of these. Once, when he was in the vicinity of Syracuse, he was invited by a farmer – who wished to see what a rabbi was like – to visit him at his farm. Dr. Wise accepted the invitation, but was not a little surprised to find a replica of the Tabernacle erected there (on a smaller scale, naturally). Then the farmer told him that for twenty years no pork had come into his house, that he did no work on the Sabbath and the festivals and fasted every year on the Day of Atonement. This man too, most likely, was a descendant of Jews.

I should like to remark here, because it is unusual, that Dr. Wise

has recently bought a farm, seven miles from Cincinnati. It has fourteen acres of land. He moved there in the winter of last year. Among all the rabbis of the Old World and New, with whom I became acquainted, he is the only one who has followed the example of Elisha (I Kings 19. 19).

During my stay in Cincinnati, a stone was found within the State, about 150 miles from the city among a heap of stones which was supposed to be the ruins of an Indian camp. The stone, four to five inches long, one inch wide at the bottom and about three inches wide on top, was like an irregular quadrangle in shape. Both the other sides were from one to two inches each in width. It had carved on all sides of it Hebrew in square characters. On the broad sides were *Kodesh Kodoshim* and *Torath Adonai;* on the narrow sides *Melech Erez* and *Debar Adonai.* Articles were written about this find in several American papers and the boldest hypotheses were based on it. I, too, was interested in the matter but, finally, it seemed to me only one of the usual Yankee "humbugs."

About the middle of October, while I was in Cincinnati, the news arrived that the telegraph from Salt Lake City to New York was completed and the first telegram sent by Brigham Young to a good friend in New York. On October twenty-fourth, at forty minutes past seven in the evening, the first telegram was sent from Sacramento to the President. It read as follows:

> To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:
>
> During the temporary absence of the governor of the state, I was requested to send you the first message to be transmitted over the wires of the telegraph line that unites the Pacific to the Atlantic states. The people of California congratulate you on the completion of this great work. They believe that it will be the means of strengthening the attachment that binds the West as well as the East to the Union, and they wish in this first message across the continent to express their loyalty to this Union as well as their resolution to stand by the government in these days of trial. They esteem and love this government and will remain true to it under all circumstances.
>
> Stephen J. Field,
> Chief Justice of California.

The President received this message in Washington on October twenty-fifth at half-past eleven in the morning.

On October twenty-fifth, the following telegram came directly to New York from San Francisco:

San Francisco, October twenty-fifth.

To the Mayor of New York:

San Francisco sends its greetings to New York and congratulations upon the completion of the work that binds the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. May the prosperity of both cities increase by means of it and may those who have undertaken this important work share in the glory and rewards.

H. F. Teschenaker,
Mayor of San Francisco.

The rate for telegrams from New York to San Francisco is $5.95 for ten words and 48¢ for each additional word. The distance is about four thousand miles. The telegraph-line between New York and San Francisco is no small proof of the great spirit of enterprise that animates the Americans, for it goes through great deserts, over mountains, canyons, and so on, so that one is tempted to call it the eighth wonder of the world.

According to the latest reports, the Union has 22,000 miles of railways. The fare is 3¢ a mile, first-class.

Chapter X

Journey from Cincinnati to Syracuse

On January 13, 1862, I prepared to take my leave of Cincinnati and return to the East. But my friend, Jacob Fuerst, kept me in the city another day, which we spent together very pleasantly. As a memento he gave me a gold penholder on which his name and mine were engraved. On the fifteenth, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I left Cincinnati and reached Columbus, the capital of Ohio, at ten o'clock at night. The distance is 110 miles and the trip costs $3.50 by railway.

The city has about 25,000 inhabitants. The streets are broad and paved. The city is beautifully built. It has fifteen churches, two Masonic lodges, four Oddfellow lodges, a Druid lodge, and a Redmen lodge. There is also an institute for the deaf and dumb, a hospital and a medical faculty.

About forty Jewish families live here. The first to arrive settled here

in 1842. The Jews of the city formed a congregation in 5612 (1851) and called it "Columbus Congregation." The congregation has rented a house for a synagogue and owns two scrolls of the Law. Mr. Goudersheimer is the president, and the secretary is Mr. Klaimann, a very well educated and charitable man. Mr. Liepmann is the *hazzan*, teacher and ritual slaughterer of cattle and poultry.

I left Columbus on January sixteenth, in the afternoon, and reached Cleveland at nine at night. The distance is 138 miles; the fare $4. The city is built on a plain beside Lake Erie. It is a very lively place and of great commercial importance because of its very favorable location due to the railways and, in addition, its connection by canal with Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania. It is a beautiful city with broad, paved streets, and it has from 60,000 to 70,000 inhabitants.

About 15,000 Jews live here. They have three congregations. These are:

1. Ansche Chesed, founded in 1841 (5601). It has about 120 members and follows the German ritual. However, it has a choir and organ. Mr. Cohen, formerly serving in Cincinnati, is the *hazzan* and teacher. The congregation has a good elementary school and, in addition, a Sunday school for instruction in Hebrew.

2. Tifereth Israel, founded in 1850 (5610). It has about twenty-five members. This is a Reform congregation and has a choir and organ. Men and women sit together. Nevertheless, the prayers are according to the old ritual. But it is planned to modify these in the future. The congregation has no Jewish elementary school and there is no provision made at all for instruction in Hebrew.

3. A small Polish congregation, recently founded and as yet without a synagogue (unlike the two former congregations).

The Jewish societies of Cleveland are:

1. Hebrew Benevolent Society (to assist the poor).

2. A lodge of the B'nai B'rith. It has 400 members and a fund of $3000.

3. Chebrath Naschim (likewise for charitable purposes).

4. A literary society. The president is Mr. Benjamin Frankel.

5. A singing society called "Zion Singing Society." It has sixty members, both men and women. They have rented a house where they meet on certain evenings.

The Jews of Cleveland have two cemeteries.

On January nineteenth, there assembled in the hall of the literary society a large number of men and women. The president of the society announced my presence and the purpose of my journey. It was unanimously resolved to organize a society to assist me on my travels.

Buffalo in New York

I left Cleveland on the evening of January twenty-fourth and reached Buffalo on January twenty-fifth in the morning. The distance is 198 miles.

The city has about 90,000 inhabitants and is situated near Lake Erie. It has an important trade by land and water and is also connected with Albany by means of the Erie Canal. Two streams, one called Buffalo Creek and the other the Niagara River, flow through the city.

There are four Jewish congregations in Buffalo. They are called:

1. Beth El, founded in 1847 (5607). It has about thirty-five members. The ritual is Polish.

2. Beth Zion, founded in 1850 (5611). It has about twenty-five members. The ritual is German.

Two other congregations were recently organized. I do not have their names. Each has from fifteen to twenty members.

There are two charitable societies here. They are called: 1. Chebrath Bikkur Cholim; 2. Benevolent Society.

Buffalo is the poorest community I have come across in America. There are very few who are well-to-do. Several Indian tribes live near the city. Inasmuch as I have given a detailed description of the Indian tribes in the first part of this volume, I do not have to enter into any particulars about these now.

On January twenty-sixth, I went to see the falls of Niagara. They are twenty-eight miles from the city. These falls are not very high, only 165 feet, but the way in which the river falls is remarkable. A suspension-bridge has been built at the place where the river begins to sink and to flow with more force. At this place the river is about two hundred feet wide. If one follows the course of the river as it flows with constantly increasing strength, one comes to an island after a walk of about ten minutes. Here the river divides into two and each branch, after flowing in a half-circle about the island which is shaped like a half-moon, suddenly plunges down. After this, both branches of the river unite again and flow along quietly as if, after the furious and difficult exertions of their race, they feel a particular need for quiet.

Rochester in the State of New York

On the evening of January twenty-eighth, I left Buffalo and reached Rochester at ten o'clock at night. The distance is about ninety miles.

There is a Jewish congregation here. It has no particular name. It was founded in 1847 (5607). The congregation has about ninety

members. Mr. I. Katz is the president. The *hazzan* is Mr. Hiss. As yet the congregation has observed the old ritual but, for some time, several members have insisted upon the introduction of a new one. However, they have not yet succeeded in accomplishing this.

There is also a charitable society here: Chebrath Nashim Gomloth Chesed to assist the poor. The Jews of this city are, in general, very friendly and charitable.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth of January, several members of the congregation invited me to the synagogue that I might tell a number of my fellow Jews who were assembled there about the Jews of the Orient. I did not decline the invitation and went to the synagogue. I was surprised, however, to find a great number of people, women as well as men, all eager to hear me. They wished to lead me to the pulpit but I declined that place and spoke, from where the *hazzan* stands, fully an hour about the Jews in Asia and Africa. All listened with great attention. All invited me to their homes and those I visited considered it a great honor. This is some evidence of the fact that the Jews, no matter how far they are separated from each other and no matter how many seas and deserts divide them, still feel themselves to be members of one family and are glad to receive news of their brothers.

Chapter XI

Syracuse

On January thirty-first I left Rochester and reached Syracuse in the afternoon. The distance is ninety-five miles.

There are two Jewish congregations here. They are:

1. Keneseth Schalom, also called Concordia. The congregation was founded in 1846 (5606). It has eighty members; they are all German

and have adopted the ritual of Fuerth. Dr. Deutsch, formerly a preacher in Philadelphia, lives here as a private person and preaches now and then on Saturdays and holidays to this congregation.

2. Beth Israel. This has a Polish ritual and less than twenty members. This congregation was established soon after the former one.

There are three charitable organizations. They are called: 1. Chebrath Ahabath Achim; 2. Chebrath Rodeph Chesed; 3. Chebrath Nashim Gomloth Chesed. All three are for the purpose of helping the poor and sick, orphans, and so on.

The Erie Canal cuts through a section of the city. Nearby is a little lake called Lake Dege.

I left Syracuse the night of February third and in the morning of February fourth arrived at Albany. The distance is 150 miles. I stopped at a hotel, but Mr. Joseph Sporberg, a native of Altenstein in Bavaria and a nephew of Rabbi Dr. Stein of Frankfort-on-the-Main, invited me to stay at his house and here I found the friendliest hospitality.

There are three Jewish congregations in Albany. They are:

1. Beth El, founded in 1838 (5598). The members are German and the ritual that of Fuerth.

2. Beth Jacob, founded in 1847 (5608). The ritual is Polish.

3. Anshe Emeth, founded in 1850 (5611). This is a Reform congregation and has adopted the same ritual as the New York Temple. It has about 120 members and they are German. Joseph Sporberg is the president; the *hazzan* and teacher, Mr. Labessini. At first their rabbi was Dr. Wise, now in Cincinnati; he was succeeded by Dr. Elkan Cohen, recently called to San Francisco; and, during my stay, I was told that he would be succeeded by Dr. Meyer, formerly the rabbi of the Portuguese Reform congregation of Charleston.

The societies are: 1. Chebrath Gomel Chasadin, to help the poor; 2. Chebrah Kaddisha, to help the poor and sick and also to bury the dead; 3. Chebrath Naschim Gomloth Chesed (Women's Benevolent Society); 4. Literary Society, founded in 1849, now with eighty-four members, each contributing $3 annually; 5. Singing Society, Emil Labessini, president; 6. Chebrath Naschim Gomloth Chesed, to help widows and orphans; 7. Chebrath B'nai B'rith.

There is also an elementary school here.

The number of Jews in Albany is from four to five hundred. Each of the congregations mentioned above has its own cemetery.

The city has about 80,000 inhabitants. It is situated on the Hudson River and is a very lively place, partly because of its trade and partly

because it is the capital of the State of New York. There is a good library here and an agricultural institute.

Boston in Massachusetts

On the sixth of February, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I left Albany and arrived at Boston at two in the morning. The distance is 200 miles.

The city of Boston, famous as the center and source of the great American Revolution, is so well known that I do not have to describe it in detail. I will only say that while I was there the temperature was 24 degrees Fahrenheit and this degree of cold will give some notion of what the climate is like.

There are four Jewish congregations here. They are:

1. Oheb Schalom, founded in 1842 (5602). It has a German ritual.
2. Beth Israel, founded in 1849 (5610). The *hazzan* is Mr. Jacob from London. The congregation has 120 members; the membership is partly English, partly Polish.

The other two congregations were founded recently and consist of Poles and Lithuanians.

Before I take my leave of the Jewish congregations of America, I should like to remark that, during my stay of almost three years in that country, I very seldom heard the blessing of the priests in a synagogue, that is to say, *duchenen.* The Reform congregations, having separated themselves from everything that can remind them of the Temple and the days of the Temple, have also banished the priestly blessing from their synagogues, although this blessing is based upon a commandment in the Bible (Numbers 6. 22 ff.) The Orthodox, on the other hand, will not concede this honorary right to those *Cohanim* (priests) who violate the laws of the Sabbath and other religious laws (and most of the *Cohanim,* just like the other Jews of America, offend against the precepts of their religion), although the religious law (*Orah Hayim,* Chapter 128, Paragraph 39) allows every descendant of Aaron, who is not guilty of murder, to pronounce the priestly blessing. Nor do those *Cohanim* who do not observe the religious laws dare to make any claim to their honorary right.

On February tenth, I went to Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, to pay my respects to the famous Professor Agassiz. He received me in the most friendly fashion and his son showed me his museum which contains a large zoological collection.

On February eleventh, at half-past four in the afternoon, I left Boston and went to New London by rail. From there I went by steamer

along the Hudson River to New York and arrived there on the morning of the twelfth. The distance from Boston to New York is two hundred miles and with that my travels across the western continent came to an end.

Chapter XII

Journey Back to Europe

I stayed in New York until March twelfth and made use of the time to bid farewell to the friends I had made there. I also went to Philadelphia and bade farewell to several friends there, particularly Dr. Einhorn. On the tenth and eleventh, I said farewell to the men who were closest to me in New York: Dr. S. Adler, Dr. Raphall, *Hazzan* Isaacs, Mr. Naphtali Rosenfeld and his brother, Mr. Lazarus Rosenfeld, Mr. Michelbacher, Mr. Seligmann, Mr. Spiegelberg, and Mr. Eugene S. Ballin, Mr. A. Kastor, and Mr. Charles Sander, the bankers; and finally to my friend, Abraham Kaufmann and his family, and his worthy brother-in-law, S. Kaufmann, the lawyer. I thank him again heartily for the many favors he did me.

Indeed, I found in America, as a rule, so obliging a spirit and so many favors that I will always count the time I spent there as among the pleasantest of my life. I must thank, particularly, the following steamship companies for the free passage, first class, that they granted me:

1. The Pacific Company, which gave me, free of charge, a ticket for a trip from New York to California. This would have cost $225. This company also gave me a free ticket from San Francisco to Vancouver, which otherwise would have cost dollars.*

2. The Navigation or California Steamship Company. From this company I had free passage on all my trips on the rivers in the interior

* The number is omitted.

of California, as well as along the southern and northwest coasts of the Pacific.

3. The steamship companies of Oregon and Washington Territory which gave me free passage several times on the Columbia and Willamette Rivers.

In addition, I must thank Mr. Louis McLane of San Francisco, to whom I owe my free trip by stage-coach from Sacramento to St. Joseph – a distance of two thousand miles. This would have cost $200.

I must also express my sincere thanks to the railway companies for their kindness in letting me travel free from St. Joseph to New York. And, finally, I am deeply obliged to the agents of the Hamburg-New York Steamship Company, Messrs. Konhart, Richard and Boas, who gave me a free passage, first class, from New York to Hamburg, as well as to Captain Trautmann for his friendly, courteous treatment during the trip.

On the twelfth of March, at one o'clock in the afternoon, our steamer left the harbor of New York; at four we were on the high seas. The weather was very fine and the sun was shining in all its splendor as we saw only the Atlantic about us. At noon on the following day, exactly at the time we had left New York, we were at 40 degrees, 26 minutes, north latitude and 69 degrees, 29 minutes, west longitude and had covered 208 miles. On the fourteenth, we were at 40 degrees, 26 minutes, north latitude and 64 degrees, 30 minutes, west longitude and had covered 229 miles. The wind was favorable and all sails were spread. On the fifteenth we were at 40 degrees, 26 minutes, north latitude and 60 degrees, 8 minutes, west longitude and had covered 200 miles. On the sixteenth we were at 40 degrees north latitude and 56 degrees, 17 minutes, west longitude, and had covered 180 miles.

During the night between the fifteenth and sixteenth, a great storm arose which made progress difficult and which only abated somewhat on the afternoon of the sixteenth. We believed that we had fortunately escaped all immediate danger and sat greatly pleased at our meal when, suddenly, the first officer entered quickly and informed the captain that large icebergs were approaching. Naturally, this news frightened us not a little and at first the captain himself was unable to escape the general feeling of apprehension, but he recovered quickly and said that as long as he had been sailing the ocean he had never seen ice in those latitudes. In more northern regions, on the other hand, as for example near Newfoundland, he had encountered mighty icebergs often: in the sunshine they shone clear and transparent as crystal and had caused much danger. These icebergs had been very high and towered up out of the sea like giants; sea-birds were making themselves at home on

the peaks probably because, in his opinion, they could not pay their fare on a usual ship. This somewhat feeble joke could not dispel our uneasy mood and we all left the table and went on deck to see the icebergs that were steadily coming closer. We also saw close to us smaller pieces of ice – which had probably detached themselves from the icebergs – floating past without doing us any damage although they were so near. The wind that was moving these pieces of ice followed a more northerly direction than the course of our ship.

On the seventeenth we were at 42 degrees, 18 minutes, north latitude, 53 degrees, 50 minutes, west longitude and had covered 140 miles. The reason for our slower progress was a very strong adverse wind. On the eighteenth we were at 45 degrees north latitude and 48 degrees, 50 minutes, west longitude, and had covered 233 miles. The wind had become favorable. On the nineteenth we were at 46 degrees, 10 minutes, north latitude, and 13 degrees west longitude, and had covered 260 miles because we had a very favorable wind and all sails were spread. On the twentieth we were at 47 degrees, 16 minutes, north latitude, and 37 degrees, 15 minutes and had covered 256 miles. The wind was now sideways but we were making very good progress. On the twenty-first we had to endure the foggy and dismal weather that is common in the waters near Newfoundland. We were in great danger and had to signal as we went along, as is usual with ships crossing this stretch. On the twenty-second we were at 49 degrees, 43 minutes, north latitude, and 27 degrees, 14 minutes, west latitude and had covered 125 miles. On this day there was a dreadful storm and the waves would lift our ship sky-high only to let us plunge suddenly into a bottomless pit. The sea, whipped up by the howling storm, had an awesomely beautiful aspect.

On the twenty-fourth we were at 49 degrees, 41 minutes, north latitude, and 19 degrees, 23 minutes, west longitude and had covered 200 miles. In the meantime the storm had abated. On the twenty-fifth, we were at 49 degrees, 43 minutes, north latitude, and 14 degrees, 5 minutes, west longitude and had covered 205 miles; and on the twenty-sixth, after covering 250 miles, at 49 degrees, 22 minutes, north latitude, and 8 degrees, 13 minutes, west longitude. That day, at eight in the morning, we saw, through spy-glasses, a ship showing a signal of distress. Our captain was at once ready to offer help and steered towards the ship. We were now at 40 degrees, 49 minutes, north latitude, and 13 degrees, 30 minutes, west longitude. Our captain hoisted his signal-flags. After about half an hour a small boat approached us, manned by several sailors, and informed us that their ship was from Jamaica bound for Liverpool. On the way, they had had the misfortune of having

their steam-engine break and were compelled to rely on sails. Thereupon they gave our captain a letter to their company in England which he was to mail in Southampton so that they should not think the ship had sunk.

After we had left the English ship, we continued on our way and reached the Channel during the night. On the twenty-seventh, in the afternoon, we passed the group of rocks, called "The Needles," and great was our joy when, after seventeen long days at sea, we saw land again for the first time. All came up on deck to greet Europe which appeared before us in the form of the English coast with its beautiful, tilled fields. We were all so happy at the sight of land that we completely forgot the weariness and hardships of this voyage.

In the afternoon, at five o'clock, we stopped at Cowes, near Southampton; a small steam-launch came alongside to forward the mail and let a few passengers who were going to Germany board us. Towards evening we continued on our way. It was very foggy all night along the English coast so that the captain had to signal as we sailed and had to keep close to the French coast where it was somewhat clearer.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth we reached the North Sea and practically the whole day the fog was so thick we could almost – as the saying goes – take it in our hands; the ship had to signal as it went along to prevent a collision with another vessel. The fog lasted into the night, so that we could not see the light-houses. We became greatly alarmed because of a small sailing-vessel that we glided past, only a few feet away. The danger, however, passed without accident. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, we reached the Elbe. In the afternoon, we passed close to Stade and had to anchor because of the tide. Here we had to wait until morning (the thirtieth). Then a small boat from Hamburg arrived and took off all the passengers, together with their baggage, to take them to Hamburg. In the afternoon of that day, I was in Zing's Hotel.

I sent a telegram at once to my son, Meyer Haym, in Hanover, to inform him of my safe arrival. At eleven o'clock in the evening he was in my arms. How great our joy was may be judged by one who – after he has been away for three years full of danger – is reunited with his son. On April second I went to Hanover and busied myself finishing the present work.

It has been my strange fate that I should receive the news of the death of one dear to me on each occasion when I returned from my long journeys. When I reached Constantinople again after my first journey – in the Orient – I received the mournful news that my father, Joseph, had died. On my return from America, I received a letter, dated the

eighteenth of May, saying that my mother, Fega, had passed away to a better life. I had seen neither since beginning my first journey – seventeen years before. The blessing that they gave me when I left them for the first time were the last words that I was to hear from their lips. However, soon after hearing of my mother's death, I was to have the happiness – all the greater under the circumstances – to be surprised on the morning of June fourth by the arrival of my wife, Esther Malka, and my daughter, Blume. I had not seen them for several years. After many years I saw myself suddenly reunited with my family – in a foreign land!

And so I end this work in which are stored the results of the uninterrupted and most attentive observations for three years. However modest may be the contribution that I am able to make to knowledge, I am bold enough to hope that my efforts have not been wholly fruitless and that I have succeeded in revealing many new aspects of the transatlantic continent and its many forms of life. After the publication of the continuation of this work which is devoted to the description of the interior of California,* I intend to direct my pilgrim staff again to the Orient, the cradle of the human race, and journey through Arabia, Afghanistan, China and Malabar. I shall be happy if the sympathies of my esteemed readers accompany me on these expeditions and if I am granted the privilege of placing before them the result of these journeys, too.

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* Published above, pp. 1-125 [Tr.].